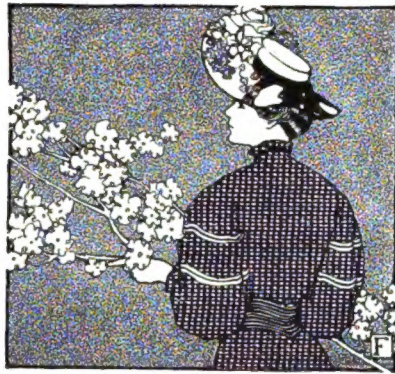
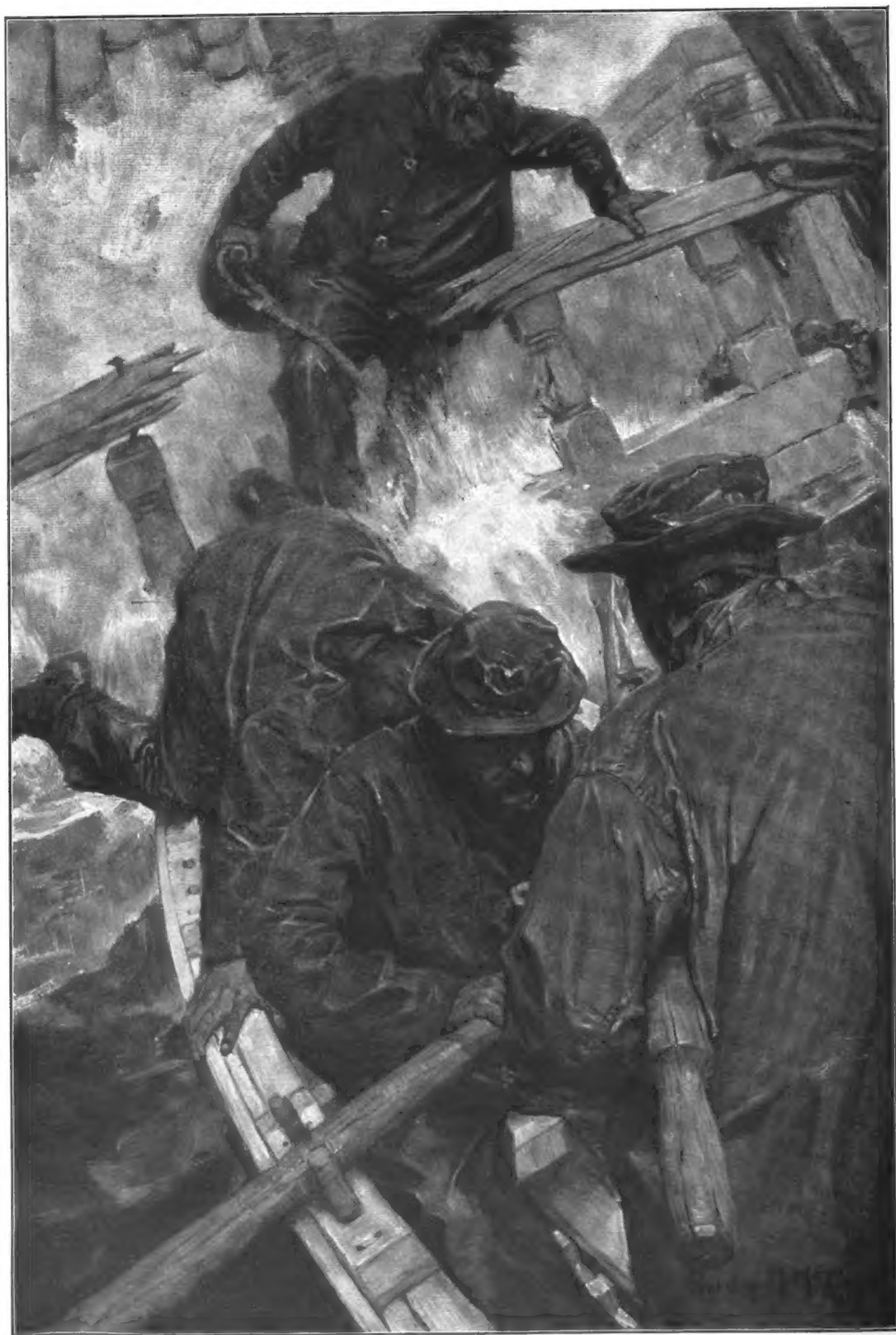




May



"CA'AST OFF!" HE CRIED HARSHLY.

—*"The Barrator,"* page 590.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI
MAY, 1907.

What Good Does It Do?

By BRAND WHITLOCK

Author of "The 13th District," "The Turn of the Balance," etc., etc.

Illustrated with Photographs and with Drawings by John Sloan

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The city of Toledo became world-famous through the efforts of two of its mayors to conduct municipal affairs on applied Christian principles. Brand Whitlock, successor to Mayor Jones, is one of the younger type of men who recently have entered American politics with the avowed purpose of giving effect to their theories of social and economic reform. Long before his election to public office, Mr. Whitlock became prominent as a writer on political subjects, and his novel, "The 13th District," showed a rare knowledge of machine trickery. To-day, he finds himself chief executive in his own home of those very institutions against whose maladministration he so bitterly protested. The following article is a frank statement of his individual feeling toward our prison system. It does not strike us as strictly fair throughout. We know that many police magistrates remain untainted by the brutalizing influences of their surroundings, and that they strive to make their judgments merciful and just. But Mr. Whitlock attacks a condition that does exist. His character, his achievement, and his experience entitle him to a hearing.



AS we came out of the police court we had visited that morning, glad to inhale the keen wintry air again, my friend said: "Oh, well, cheer up and forget them." Forget! Forget those faces that moved by in slow procession, turning their sad eyes up in dumb appeal? Forget them, and forget those others—the judge with his cynicisms, his cheap sarcasms, his petty jokes at the expense of the miserable wretches who paraded daily before him; the prosecutor with his professional and detached manner; the flippant reporters striving to find some humorous side to all that squalor and wretchedness; the clerk mumbling the oaths to witnesses; the line of

policemen; the bailiff striking order now and then with his gavel; the ribald, morbid, steaming crowd, with its intent faces, finding a sensation for its starved life; then the incessant, interminable talking of the lawyers, their patent insincerity, their sophistry—as if they must never say a thing they meant!

No, it was impossible to forget that melancholy procession; more than this, it was wrong to forget; for what were these creatures but the very ones whom Jesus had in mind when he said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren"? And what was being done to these least of His brethren by us?—yes, us, all of us, for the magistrate, the prosecutor, the policemen, were but our representatives, hired and paid to do the work we would not do ourselves. How they endured this work, day after day, it was impossible to imagine; surely, they could not have endured it had they not been hardened by the process. For the

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SING SING.

"And those in prison are so invariably poor that it might almost be said that the only crime consists in being poor."

long line of human beings that dragged itself through that room every day, one could have but a sickening sense of pity—pity for their helplessness, their poverty, their marvelous patience, their trivialities. They were but the jetsam and flotsam of society, cast up each morning on the tide of life to be pushed back into the great ocean of misery by the magistrate and the prosecutor and the horde of men in various official positions whom society employed to keep them submerged, hidden, out of sight and mind.

The atmosphere of the court room was dense and hot, foul with the feculence of the bodies that were huddled in it; but more than all, it was foul with a moral disintegration. But this did not arise wholly from the presence of the convicted evil-doers; it came as much from the unconvicted evil-doers, the magistrate, the prosecutor, the policemen, and the others who did the punishing. The business seemed to have told as sorely on them as on those they punished. And yet they were all careless and indifferent. The magistrate sit-



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CONVICTS AT WORSHIP UNDER GUARD IN A PRISON CHAPEL.



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CONVICTS FILING THROUGH THE PRISON YARD AT SING SING TO THE DINING HALL.

ting on the bench, swinging from side to side in his chair, a figure that might easily be fancied as the incarnation of society's hatred of evil-doers, was evidently all unconscious of the fact that lightly, carelessly, each moment of the morning, he was dealing with human souls, disposing of human destinies, and pushing men along the dark road from which there was no return. What did it all mean? What good did it do?

Well might one marvel at the confused morals involved in a scheme that wrung money,

by way of fines, from those who had sinned to obtain that money, and paid it out again to support those who condemned the sinners—that is, the judge, the prosecutor, the clerk, the bailiff, the policemen, etc. And then, it seemed strange that two men could commit the same sin or break the same law, and one escape by paying a fine and the other go to prison because he lacked the money to pay the fine. Nor could one reconcile with our stated doctrine of crime and its punishment—to say nothing of abstract justice—the fact



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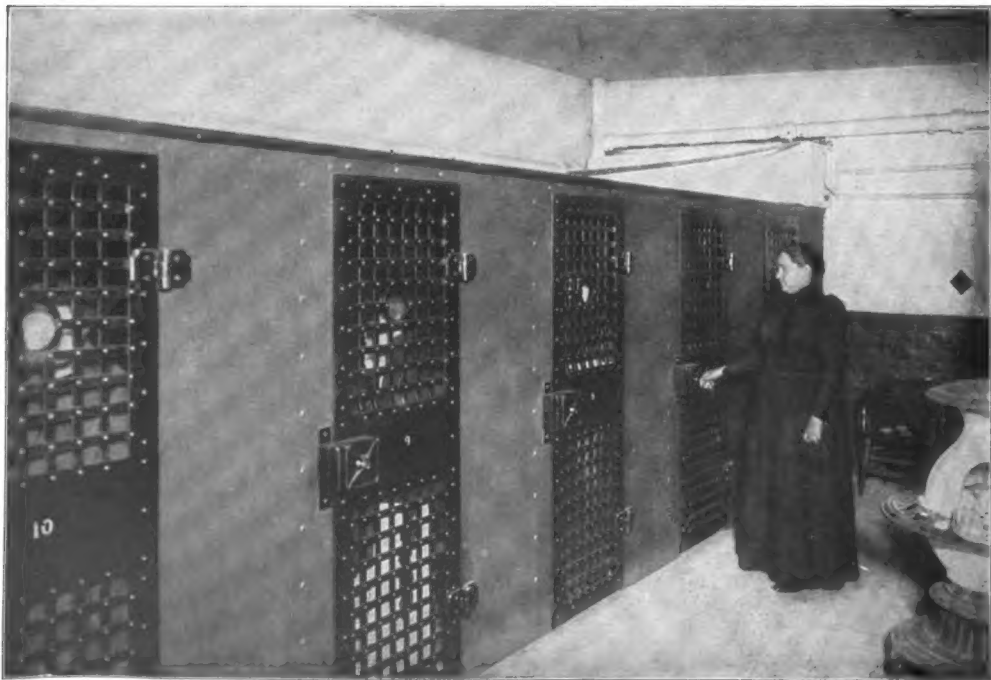
TWELVE HUNDRED HUMAN BEINGS DOOMED TO THE GHASTLY MONOTONY OF THREE MEALS DAILY IN SILENCE AND GLOOM.



SAD EYES IN DUMB APPEAL.

that a man, having been suspected of a crime which the police could not prove he had committed, should thereupon be punished, sent to prison, merely because they had suspected him! These were a few of the inconsistencies that any one, coming to that scene with what

the painters call a "fresh eye," could not have failed to notice. Of course, those who were concerned in the business could not bring a "fresh eye" to bear upon their work; they had been at it too long, they had grown used to it, and were satisfied with it. In thinking over this whole matter, I was conscious of that annoying, troubled sense—the psychologists, I think, have some name for it—of having had that identical experience before, of having seen those very same faces: and then, suddenly, it came back in a flash, the remembrance of a morning in the slums—one of those ineffectual, shuddering visits to, or descents upon, the poor, from which it is quite impossible to keep a certain moral condescension and patronage. The scenes and sounds of that day came back: again the screams of the whipped child; again the boy coming out of a door, cursing a woman who lived in the same house, his mother following and cursing the woman also; the negro with the bloodshot eyes, and the white woman who sat in the room with him; the dim form of the dead little girl lying under the soiled quilt in the miserable room, with the stricken mother standing haggard and dry-eyed, and the little brother sailing chips in a pool of filth in the yard. The memory made me faint and wretched, just as the police court made me faint and wretched; the effects were



Photograph by G. G. Bain, New York.

THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS IN THE ELDRIDGE STREET JAIL, NEW YORK.

identical. The people in the police court were all poor; just as the people in the slums and tenements were all poor; they looked exactly alike. What mysterious connection is there between poverty and crime? Why do they always move thus together?

"Why, of course," laughed my friend, "it's very simple: if they were frugal and industrious they would not be poor; they're too lazy to work; they feel, I suppose, that they must live, and so they steal. They spend their money in drink, and——"

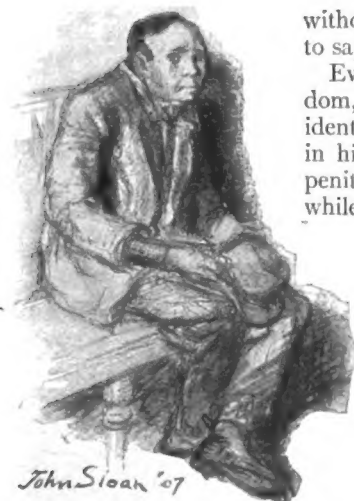
I had, of course, heard this before; especially that about frugality and industry. And yet there are many who are neither frugal nor industrious, and yet are far from poor; they are very rich; and the most extravagant, wasteful, and at the same time the most idle people anywhere. And they, too, spend their money in drink, and even in other forms of debauchery, though in a more refined, and, as it were, respectable, or at least respected,

way. There was scarcely a crime for which man or woman had been punished that morning in the police court which these others do not commit, and of which they could not be convicted: drunkenness, licentiousness, gambling, begging—that is, living in idleness off the work of others; vagrancy—that is, living



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THE CELL OF NO. 806 IN SING SING PRISON.



CAST UP ON THE TIDE OF LIFE.

without work; stealing—that is, obtaining something for nothing; to say nothing of being, on occasions, suspicious persons.

Every day in every city in the United States, or in all Christendom, for that matter, this same police-court scene is repeated, identically reproduced; and connected with it are similar scenes in higher criminal courts. And then come workhouses, jails, penitentiaries, where these same persons are confined for a while, and whence they emerge, to appear again in police court, then in higher criminal courts—then to disappear again in workhouses, jails, and penitentiaries. They move in a constant circle, an endless procession, round and round, round and round—police court, workhouse, and police court again; criminal court, penitentiary, and criminal court again; and so on and on, round and round, over and over again the same. And this goes on day after day, year after year, and has been going on year after year, decade after decade, century after century. This process is called our "penal and correctional system," and is considered, especially by the wise and prudent, by statesmen, lawyers,



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IN THE JUVENILE COURT, THE PURPOSE OF WHICH IS TO HELP RATHER THAN PUNISH YOUNG OFFENDERS.

scientists, and clergymen, as proper and indispensable. They believe that it protects society, or atones for or avenges wrong, or makes people good — one or all of these things. And society willingly spends vast sums of money annually to pay the men who do this work of punishing—judges, prosecutors, jurors, bailiffs, clerks, stenographers, turnkeys, wardens, guards, matrons, detectives, policemen, constables, hangmen, etc. Yet, any one can see that the number of “criminals,” as they are called, is never diminished, that no one is ever benefited by the treatment, that the procession is always the same, passing each day under the eye of the magistrate, lifting its haggard faces to him, only to be pushed on, and down again into the black abyss. And when, as is always happening, some one drops out because he has

succumbed to his miserable environment, or has been worn to death by the brutal and illegal punishments administered in prisons, or has been killed legally, the gap is promptly filled, the ranks close up, and the procession fares on.

Every now and then some learned and distinguished man, whose words seem to be invested with a certain importance and authority, delivers an address on “Crime,” deplores its increase, quotes statistics, and talks of the “criminal classes.” These speeches are always and invariably the same; nothing is ever said in them that has not been said for years and hundreds of years, and always and invariably the same cure is proposed — more



THE JETSAM AND FLOTSAM.

punishment; that is, more of the same thing; in a word, these people must be hurt more. Gravely and solemnly these speakers say that

the death penalty must be extended, that life imprisonment must be inflicted for more offenses, and, now and then, the whipping-post is urged. And yet all these high personages know or ought to know that the death penalty was long ago used to punish and discourage hundreds of crimes, and that it failed and was, for the most part, abandoned; that life imprisonment has been tried, has failed, and has been largely abandoned; and that not only the whipping-post, but the pillory, the stocks, the thumbscrew, the rack, the wheel, and countless other barbarous instruments of torture have been tried, and, having failed to make men good, have likewise been abandoned. But these men, who seem to know almost everything, do not know this, or do not appear to know it.

THE IGNORANCE OF THE WISE

They are, indeed, like the country-woman who, when remonstrated with by the doctor for keeping her new baby bound and smothered in many blankets, shook her head obstinately and said:

"I kept my four other babies wrapped up that way and they all died. I'm not going to lose this one, so I'll wrap it up tighter yet."

These learned ones, who but reflect the orthodox—that is, the prevailing—sentiment with respect to crime, have, of course, good motives. That they can find in their hearts no sympathy or pity for those unfortunates is due doubtless to the fact that they have not studied the question at close range—that is, in police courts and in prisons, places which are seldom or never visited by any except the vulgarly curious, or by cold, official committees, or by the friends and relatives of the victims, who are quite as poor and unknown as the victims themselves. Thus, not having seen those sad, appealing human faces, not having learned of their tragic, if squalid, fates, they do not think of them as human beings at all. In all other relations, these people, like people generally, are not found lacking in sympathy or pity or the other higher, nobler qualities of the human heart which link it to the divine. Suffering of any kind, presenting itself to them concretely and personally, cannot fail to touch and move them; they will express noble rage at the spectacle of a brutal teamster beating his tired and overworked horse; they will sigh over suffering—even the suffering of imprisonment—as it is expressed

in poems, or exaggerated in romances. And, of course, should any of their own, a son or daughter, or nephew or niece, or even a friend, commit crime, they will move heaven and earth and make any sacrifice, even financial sacrifice, to prevent these criminals receiving that same punishment which they insist on having dealt to any one else who commits the same offense. And the state itself recognizes that its processes do not accord with the higher sentiments of humanity, by forbidding any relative, near or remote, of the one charged with crime, to sit on the jury that is to judge him. Yet if, as they assert, punishment is good, those nearest and dearest to the offender should be the very ones to prescribe it.

But to hear these same persons discuss crime in the abstract, one would imagine that two facts or principles had been absolutely and indisputably established, and that all men everywhere believed and knew them, and could not do otherwise than admit their validity. These are:

1. That there is a certain portion of mankind, called the "criminal class," which differs from all the rest, and not only wishes to sin and commit crime, but is determined to sin and commit crime.

2. That the only way to stop these persons from sinning and committing crime is to punish them, to threaten and hurt them; to create, as it were, some fearsome, horrible monster, and set it up before them.

THERE IS NO "CRIMINAL CLASS"

(1) In the first place, the notion that there is a "criminal class" is the naive belief of amateur sociologists and "slummers." There is no "criminal" class; there is simply a punished class, or a caught class. Any one can see that this is so by looking at the world about him for a single day, or, if he cannot see things himself, by reading of things in the newspapers which so imperfectly see them for him. He will see hundreds of men who are doing wrong, committing sins and crimes and violating statutes, but no one ever thinks of looking on them as belonging to the criminal class; no one regards them in any such light at all. And yet men commonly speak of the "criminal" class as if mankind were arbitrarily divided into two distinct classes, one class composed wholly of "good" people, and the other of "bad" people; and they go on to speak as if the "good" were gradually rounding up all the "bad" people, corral-

ing them in prisons, and branding them, and as if as soon as they got them all caught and all penned up the world would be "good." But the fact is that there are no bad people and there are no good people; that is, there are no people who are wholly one thing or the other. All men, at times, yielding to the impulse of the lower nature, commit acts, that is, do things or say things or think things—for a thought is a deed quite as much as a blow is—that are wrong, and that they know to be wrong, the essence of the evil deed being, of course, in the knowledge that it is wrong or immoral. For wrong is relative; a child in the slums might swear or steal without wrong, because it had never been taught better, because it had had no higher ideal set before it and was wholly unconscious that there was any higher ideal; whereas the child of the avenue could not do these acts without committing wrong. Just so, a man might kill without committing greater wrong than you or I, were we to lie about a neighbor or refuse to stand for a principle we know to be right.

GOOD AND BAD ARE MIXED IN ALL

No, there are no "good" people, and no "bad" people, but people merely, with good and bad mysteriously mixed in all of them, but the good strongly prevailing. The so-called "hardened" criminal—who quite often is not nearly so hardened in heart as the judge who sentenced him; that is, not so wanting in sympathy, pity, love, faith, all the higher human qualities, those that are emanations from the divine and prove the divine in man—does many more good things than bad, has many kindly, generous, even noble impulses, but perhaps has had little chance of developing them, or little incentive to do so. There are as many kind deeds in prisons on the part of the prisoners themselves as there are out, perhaps relatively many more, considering how great is the forgiveness that must be shown by the prisoners toward those who put and keep them there. There is no great moral difference to be discerned between those in prison and those outside. Every prison in the land is a denial of every church in the land. They make a grim, stupendous paradox; if men believe in the churches, as they say they do, they ought to pull the prisons down; if they believe in the prisons, as they say they do, they ought to pull the churches down.

All men commit crimes or, at least, commit sins, because all men are human; but so are all men divine, and all men do good. There are, to be sure, men in prisons who have got drunk or fought or stolen, but so are there such men out of prison. And those in prison are so invariably poor that it might almost be said that the only crime consists in being poor. This statement will not be found to be very far from the truth. Rich men, prominent, respectable, emulated men, do wrong, commit crimes; there is not a swollen fortune in the land that does not rest upon human tears and human suffering; those fortunes are nearly always stolen, or as good as, or worse than, stolen; that is, they are extorted by cornered markets, or by manipulations of printing-presses so that stocks and bonds result; or by the corruption of legislative bodies, as with special privileges. But their possessors, after having extorted these fortunes, do not go to prison; instead, they put stained-glass windows in churches, or endow chairs in universities. That they are thereupon defended and extolled by the pastors of those churches and by the presidents of those colleges does not change matters any; even if their extortions be legal, that does not alter the fact. Their acts are legal only because they control legislatures and make the laws themselves. Suppose the burglars were to control the legislatures for a session, and have the laws against burglary repealed, would it alter their moral status? And it may as well be added—lest some grow self-righteous—that the poor who are willing to become rich on the same terms are just as bad.

SOCIETY IMPLACABLE

It will be said that there are professional criminals; that is, men who are, as it were, by occupation, burglars or pickpockets or counterfeiters. But this, at least partly, is because society will not permit them to be anything else; for the first offense, it sends them to prison; when they come out it will not receive them, and they are forced to do the only thing it will let them do. Instances of reform of prisoners are rare because society will not permit them to reform. Society will never forgive a first offense; it compels a man to pay the penalty all his life long, though, by the mercy of nature, his life cannot be very long. This is the only semblance of a criminal class; society makes it, and perpetuates it, and then hates and complains of its own work.

Ours is a property civilization, and nearly all our crimes are crimes against property. Burglaries, arson, thefts—of all their complicated kinds—fill the statute books, and a vast majority of crimes against the person—assaults, batteries, murders—are committed in disputes that arise over property. Add to this all those crimes that come as the indirect result of a lack of property—that is, those that are committed because brains, through poverty, have been improperly or inadequately nourished—and there will remain very few crimes that can be ascribed to the innate wickedness or depravity of the human heart.

Our criminal system is a system only as the bed of Procrustes was a system; no more scientific, no more modern; it understands human nature no better. Indeed, it understands human nature not at all, any more than it understands divine nature. It treats the men it seizes upon just as afterward it compels those same men to treat the stones in the stone pile, and similarly uses them to mount on.

THE FALLACY THAT PUNISHMENT DETERS

(2) The naive belief, which holds it as axiomatic that punishment deters or atones, would be amusing if it were not fraught with such terrible consequences, not only to those on whom its pains and penalties directly fall, but on all those upon whom its consequences are indirectly visited, i. e., the officials concerned in this business of punishing, who invariably become hardened and brutalized by the cruel work they do. They, too, are to be pitied, and should be spared. They discharge their functions, for the most part, with no conception of what they are doing to the people brought before them; they wholly lack any world concept; to them their business of punishing—that is, of hurting and being cruel to hosts of their fellow mortals, for the most part exactly like themselves—is simply an incident of the day's work, a means of making a livelihood. They go about it in the same spirit in which firemen rush to a burning building and begin to pour water on it and to batter down its walls; they go about it in the same spirit in which a gang of laborers take pick-axes and shovels, strike them into the earth, and so dig a trench for sewer pipes. Or, if there be any difference between their spirit and that of the laborers, it is a difference altogether in favor of the workmen, for they, at least, have the consciousness that the work they are doing will be of some use to man.

But a magistrate goes to his daily work without, one might almost say, any thought of its effect. He mounts the bench; human beings are brought before him, all miserable, weak, unnourished, and poor; they are charged with having done this thing or that thing; a few minutes are devoted to hurried, one-sided accusation and denunciation; a few persons, all interested in seeing the charge maintained, are heard, and however honest they may think themselves, or may actually be, they must of necessity be so biased that their memories recall events as they wish to recall them. The magistrate looks in a book, reads the description of the offense, reads the penalty, and guesses off a number of days or dollars, and makes an announcement of this number. Then others take the prisoner, and put him in a cage and keep him there the prescribed number of days. Sometimes they make him work while in the cage, and when they do, they take from him, by force, the product of his labor—a thing, of course, they have no right to do, no matter how he may have sinned. Besides this, while in the prison he is compelled to look on all sorts of misery and degradation, and oftentimes to observe those in charge of him themselves stealing from the state; and he is compelled to endure or to witness hideous corporal punishments. While in prison no high ideal is set before him; he is subject to no refining influences; all is low, degrading, brutal, and cruel, so that he comes out from that cage embittered in soul and a worse man than when he entered. And even then he finds that he is not free; that he has not wholly paid the penalty, after all, for he is distrusted by everybody, refused a place in the world, hounded by the police, and soon, on the slightest pretext, again subjected to indignity and torture. Thus it happens that all sentences to prison are sentences for life. Or else these officials take the fine that has been assessed—no matter if the money be part of the proceeds of the very sin for which the prisoner is being punished, as in the case of prostitutes. However, this does not often happen, because those with money are seldom found in the prisoner's dock.

NO "SYSTEM," BUT A MAKESHIFT

All this is called a "system," but, upon close examination, it is found to be no system at all, but a clumsy, whimsical, erratic makeshift. Because it depends on human nature—having nothing else to depend on—person-

ality plays its part here as in all human affairs, and the punishments decreed are determined quite as much by the temperament, or whim, or eccentricity of the magistrate as by any fixed rules or principles. Often, indeed, they depend on the temporary state of the magisterial health. If the magistrate's stomach is deranged—for instance, if he has been intemperate and has committed gluttony—the drunkard arraigned before him that morning, who has been intemperate in another way, must pay a larger penalty; if things have gone badly with the judge, things go badly with the prisoner. The situation might not be so serious if the magistrate were not confused by the belief that he is acting according to principle, and hence is not responsible to his victims themselves for what he does to them. He thinks he can treat these people impersonally, as it were. The magistrate, of course, has no way to tell how many days or weeks or months in prison are necessary to expiate a given crime, for there is no way for him or anybody. So he has to guess, and in this process of guessing he is controlled or affected by a thousand influences for which his victim is in no wise responsible.

JUDGES IGNORANT OF REAL CAUSES

The judge does not realize this, of course; he does not realize anything; he is not aware that the angry word he spoke to his wife before he left home fills him with a spirit of evil and hatred which he visits on the man brought up before him. But many men in prison are suffering for the sins of the judge that condemned them quite as much as for their own. The magistrate has no means of knowing the really significant things about the man before him, what strange, occult, mysterious currents of human will or fate, moving in the man's mind or in the minds of his ancestors, impelled him to his deed; he has no means of knowing how far the man has been the prey of economic forces that the judge does not understand, or what hidden physical defect may have created moral defect or obliquity in him. All the judge knows is that in a certain book it is printed that between minimum and maximum limitations there is a mysterious number of years that must be prescribed for burglary, another number for larceny of a sum over \$35, another for stealing a horse, another for forging a note, another for firing a dwelling; or that there are so many days for larceny of a sum

under \$35, so many for getting drunk, for creating a disturbance, and so on. It would be just as sensible for doctors to say that a man with typhoid fever must go to a hospital for two years, a man with smallpox seven years, a man with appendicitis three years; a man with a boil thirty days, a man with a carbuncle ninety days, a man with a cold ten days, and so on. When a man is cured of a physical disease, he is discharged from a hospital; when a man is cured of a moral disease, he should be discharged from a prison, that is, assuming that a man could ever be cured of a moral disease in a prison, which, of course, he cannot—as society itself admits by continuing the treatment when he does get out. But then the law, on the criminal side, has made no progress in two hundred years, and so cannot be compared with medicine.

Such is the state of mind or vacuity of mind of those agents of society who do this miserable work for it; the state of mind of society itself is even more inane. The average, respectable, well-meaning man, even the man above the average and of considerable cultivation, adopts this attitude toward crime and its punishment; that is, those men do who consciously adopt any attitude toward it. They hate crime, sin, brutality, but they do not distinguish between the sin and the sinner; and if any man sin, they immediately begin to hate him as the embodiment of that sin, and keep on hating him until this hate is visited upon its object in some violent form, and then they forget him.

THE RIGHT OF MIGHT

Thus it was with the magistrate in police court that morning when a man was brought before him for beating his wife. The magistrate, of course, knew that it was a cowardly, brutal, despicable, and evil thing for the man to beat his wife, and this knowledge immediately stirred him to indignation. But he could think of nothing else to do than to be brutal himself, and to beat the man, and to beat him more severely than the man had beaten the woman. So he urged the establishment of the whipping-post. There was but one reason why the man beat the woman; that is, that he was stronger than the woman; and the only reason society would beat the man was that it was stronger than he. This is the only reason why any one ever beats any one else. If the woman had been stronger

than the man he would not have whipped her, because she would not have let him.

The history of crime and punishment is very simple; wherever, in any epoch, cruel crimes have abounded, cruel punishments have abounded. Not that either one produces the other; instead, both emanate from and express the cruel spirit of that epoch. Crimes and punishments have decreased in cruelty as mankind has grown wiser, better, kinder, and more brotherly, though in spirit the system has not changed. And in the spirit that informs the system is found its own condemnation.

THE FOLLY OF VIOLENCE

Violence never makes, it only breaks; never builds up, it only tears down; hence the folly of trying to make men good by violence. Though we are no wiser than the men of Blackstone's time in our dealing with those we catch doing wrong, we are not nearly so honest. They, quite candidly, punished men in order to be revenged on them. But we gradually grew ashamed, feared to admit as much, and so invented a new excuse: we claim to punish for the sake of the example to others, which in addition to showing our disingenuousness, if not hypocrisy, shows also our folly. To hear men talk, one would suppose that a burglar before entering a house at night consults the statute against burglary, and then investigates the records, examines the reports, and looks up the citations to see what the courts in that jurisdiction have done with offenders in like circumstances. Burglars do not consult lawyers before they commit their crimes; only secret rebaters and exploiters do that. If example were of any avail, the millennium, indeed, would long ago have dawned. The example is seen to do no good even to the one selected to afford the example; he is confidently expected to do the same thing again at the first opportunity. But by what right do we select one man to act as an example for the behoof and betterment and benefit of another man? If the punishment is not for revenge, but for example, if it cannot correct or reform the offender himself, and, hence, if it bears no relation to his offense, why not now and then select some good man, and send him to prison, and make him work, and steal from him the product of his work and give it to a contractor, and beat him with a sanded paddle, and give him the water cure,

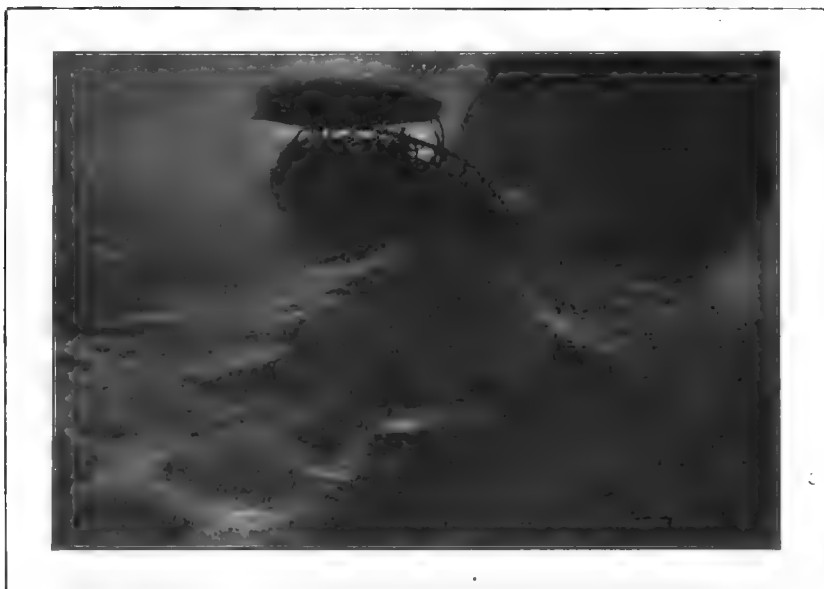
and hang him up by the thumbs, and put him in solitary confinement, and give him consumption, and now and then hang or electrocute him, so that your bad man by this example may become a good man?

Some day, perhaps, we shall learn that, properly, we can have nothing to do with punishment. No man is good enough or wise enough to judge or to punish another man; no human mind can sound the infinite and mysterious profundities of another human mind, weigh the influences of heredity, environment, physical and psychic forces and phenomena; we have no psychologist great enough for that. Only Omniscience can plumb those mysterious and awful depths. Man's attempts to do so are profanations. All that society has a right to do is to protect itself by restraining those of proved dangerous tendencies; it has no right to hurt them while doing so; and its duty is to do all it can to help the erring, wandering souls back into the right path. *We have lately made such a beginning in our juvenile courts, the principle of which, let us hope, is to be the pervading principle of all criminal courts in the future*, when we shall have learned that our grown-up offenders and delinquents are but big children, who, like so many of their more fortunate—that is, uncaught—brethren, have “lost the innocence, while retaining the ignorance, of childhood.” We need not trouble ourselves to see that others are punished for their sins; the higher inexorable law takes care of that. Sin, if it is not its own punishment, brings its own punishment in its own time. God is not mocked.

LOVE, THE PANACEA OF NATURE

I should like to conclude with a quotation from Emerson, probably considered “dangerous” by those in whose libraries it has so long, in its beautiful levant binding, remained unread:

But there will dawn ere long on our politics, on our modes of living, a nobler morning than that Arabian faith, in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes possible. Our age and history, for 3,000 years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. Our distrust is very expensive. The money we spend for courts and prisons is very ill laid out. We make, by distrust, the thief, and burglar, and incendiary, and by our court and jail we keep him so. An acceptance of the sentiment of love throughout Christendom for a season would bring the felon and the outcast to our side in tears, with the devotion of his faculties to our service.



THE BARRATOR*

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

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Illustrations by Gordon Mallet McCouch

EZRA PAYNE, master mariner, drifted slowly on the tide of his fellow worshippers out into the glowing summer sunlight. Among the groups of chattering townspeople and brightly dressed summer folk he loomed grim and gray and serious, like some great ocean freighter threading its way to sea through a fleet of white-sailed yachts.

The scriptural words of the minister were dinning in his ears: "My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves." Yes, that described it: a den of thieves! Yonder stood Ephraim Hobson, who held Ezra's note for thirty days at a usurious rate of interest and also a mortgage on his cottage, which he was preparing to foreclose. Near by stood John Purdy, fat and bland and greedy as the hog he so much resembled, who had taken advantage of Ezra's loss of fortune to maneuver him out of the

share he owned in the four-masted schooner Richard Oakley. Standing near the side entrance and talking to a brother thief, as it appeared to Ezra, was Newton Frisilius, whom Ezra had himself staked in the shipchandlery business and who now refused him all credit. The massive figure of the Yankee skipper seemed to shrink within itself as he looked on every side, only to sight a creditor. And such petty creditors, whose claims would have been no more than current accounts for a man who was not known to be in straitened circumstances! It had all been so different before the Isaac M. Harding had been burned at sea and the Martha Payne had foundered in Canadian waters, barely beyond the reach of her insurance.

Ezra paused in front of the church to wait for his daughter Anne. Old neighbors passed him quickly, with friendly words, to be sure, but no one stopped to chat as of old when Ezra had been pointed out to strangers as a sea captain who had made his fortune in the coasting trade. Now he was classed

* BARRATOR.—"One who, being the master of a ship . . . commits any fraud or fraudulent act in the management of the ship or cargo, by which the owner, freighters, or insurers are injured, as by . . . sinking or deserting her. . . ."—*Century Dictionary*.

with the great, contemptible army of men who have "lost their money"; a financially stricken man, too old to begin afresh and fated to a senile beggary.

So he stood by the churchyard gates, gauntly massive, stern of feature, fiercely keen of eye as any old eagle, braving the fire of half-pitying exultation in his fall; as he read it, and frightening off the few who might have approached him, by the harsh aloofness written in the big, deeply scored features.

Presently there approached his daughter Anne, accompanied by a shrewd young fellow named Perkins, the girl's accepted suitor and one who prospered in the new industry of the gasoline engine. The two were soon to be married.

"Morning, Capt'n Payne," said Perkins, as they neared the solitary figure of the skipper. "Anne tells me you're sailin' to-night for the Delaware."

"Cal'late to," answered Ezra. "Got a load o' granite fer Philadelphia."

He fell in beside the two and they strolled slowly homeward. Anne went into the cottage to set the table, and the two men drew their chairs to the shady end of the porch.

"Captain," said Perkins presently, "I got a business proposition I been wantin' to talk over with you for some time."

Ezra shook his head. "I'd ruther not talk business on the Sabbath day," said he.

"Well," replied the other evasively, "this ain't 'xactly business; it's just a sort o' plan for business some time in the future."

Ezra crowded the tobacco into the bowl of his pipe without answering. He was a man of scant speech.

"It's like this," continued Perkins. "I been makin' good money for the last year sellin' gas engynes, but right now there's a big openin' for buildin' all kinds o' power boats. I've saved a little over five thousand and know where I c'n get five more; now if I could get a partner who understood the business and could put in another five thousand and his services, we could get rich!"

Ezra continued to smoke in silence, but the words of the other man had kindled a gleam in his deep-set eyes. He had made his own start in life as foreman in a Bath shipyard, where it had been said of him that no man in the plant possessed so practical a knowledge of the craft as Ezra Payne. In the hints thrown out by his prospective son-in-law he

seemed to see the keel laid for a new and swifter prosperity.

Perkins continued: "What's the use in a man o' your age and abilities rammin' up and down the beach in an old hooker like that?" He waved his cigarette toward the harbor where, lying at anchor, was the old three-masted schooner Thomas G. Polk, commanded by Ezra. "You still own in her, don't you, captain?"

Ezra took his pipe from his mouth and nodded slowly. His \$5,000 share in the Polk was all that remained to him of his once considerable fortune.

"Coastin' vessel stock is up just now," Perkins resumed. "If on'y you could feel like sellin' out in the Polk and comin' in with me we'd make money fast. We could make it go from the start, just installin' gas engynes; as we was able we'd build. I'm pretty well known hereabouts and your name and reputation for square dealin' is a pass-word up an' down the coast. It'd give tone an' character to the business."

Ezra's eyes narrowed; he looked with a furtive but searching scrutiny at the face of the younger man, but Perkins, absorbed in his scheme, had pulled out his pencil and note-book and was making calculations, and as he figured, Ezra's brain was working swiftly.

Of the dozen men who owned in the Polk he alone was insured in full. Several of the others were not insured at all. Their confidence in the integrity and professional skill of the Polk's captain was all the insurance that they required.

Now it happened that only a few days before the schooner had begun to load her granite and was riding high in the water, Ezra had passed under her stern in his dingey, and glancing casually down her starboard side, had been struck by a peculiar curve. He looked again, glanced critically along her sheer strake, then turned away. But that one keen glance had been enough. A little later he went aboard the vessel and, first making sure that he was unobserved, took an ax and went down into the hold. Within a few minutes he returned to the deck, pale and shaken. His worst fears were realized. All along her starboard bilge clear down to the garboard-strake the amidship frames of the Polk consisted of stiff crusts surrounding fiberless masses of punk, the textile strength of which was nil!

"Why, she ain't fit fer the canal!" muttered

Ezra to himself. "How the nation she's held together like she has beats me!" And then he thought of his fully insured \$5,000 share, his run of phenomenal misfortune—and his sleep had been fitful ever since!

"Dinner's ready, folks," called Anne from the doorway.

"I'll tell you more about it when you get back, captain," said Perkins, springing to his feet.

Ezra gripped the post of the piazza and drew himself up slowly to his full height. In his mind was brewing a resolution that seemed to steal from the great frame its massive strength and to etch deeper the lines that grooved his stern, masterful face.

The tug cast off her hawser and the crew of the schooner hauled it in through the chock; the head-sails were hoisted and the deep-laden Polk, crawling along under tons of New Hampshire granite, paid off until she stood upon a course that would carry her well clear of Thatcher's.

The night was murky; the wind was north-east, moderately fresh, yet carrying more weight than a blustering, superheated sou'-wester and breathing an ominous promise of trouble in its shifting trend. Ezra, near the wheel, felt its note moodily as he caught its true course in the hum of both ears and noted how restless it was and how it carried chill flaws alternating with warm. To him came presently the mate, a man old beyond his years, whose sea instinct would long ago have made him skipper, had it carried force. He had been forward, grumbling at the hands as they went about their routine work, and had left them with vague orders of "Ease sheets, some o' ye, 'n set th' fore-tops'l." Getting scant sympathy from the crew, he assailed the skipper.

"'Tain't no use gittin' under way t'night, Ezra," he complained. "Wind's a-fixin' t' haul ahead 'n it's gittin' thick, tew. Durned ef I c'n see why ye be in sech an all-fired sweat."

Ezra was sitting, pipe in mouth, upon one of the granite blocks of the deck-load. He looked up at old Nathan, the mate, as one might look at a peevish child, a silly woman, or some such elemental tax upon the patience of man.

"Cal'late the breeze may hang in the east, mebbe," he answered evasively.

"'Twon't do no sich a thing, yeou see naow!" snapped the mate. He cast about

him a weatherwise eye which had forecasted many an atmospheric condition baffling to the sluggish instruments of man's science. "Ye ca'ant tell nothin' 'baout a east wind this time o' year. Kinda looks t'me like she was fixin' fer a sou'wester."

"Glass's stiddy," answered Ezra, in a mouthful of smoke. His quick eye clove the darkness beyond the long stretch of deck. "Head-s'ls aback, Joe," he said to the man at the wheel. "Sailin' yer course?"

"Sou'-sou'eas', sir."

Presently Ezra sent Nathan to his bunk; the old man had been in feeble health, and when Ezra offered to take his watch, he lowered himself down the companionway mumbling peevishly and predicting tedious work with probable ultimate disaster. Ezra did not hear his senile complaints; as motionless as the granite block on which he sat, he smoked and pondered, while the night deepened and a humid warmth suggesting tepid seas and tropics and treachery wove itself through the fickle breeze . . . And still Ezra smoked and stared into the dark until his third pipe went out unheeded and his great hands were frozen in their grip about his knee, while his straight back swayed gently with the sluggish lurch of the heavy-laden vessel.

The man at the wheel stared at him with furtive wonder, not daring to tell him that the hoist of the mizzensail was all aback and that he could not sail his course with full canvas, as the soft, southern gale dragged the wind away from the chill damp of the Banks. Pale fires glowed from the tourmaline sea; the night was full of soft menace and vague threats; forward, the watch on deck slept through the humid murk, and even the lookout drowsed and yawned and, in the swimming blindness, confused the sparks that live deep in the human vision with haze-hid stars and splashes of phosphorescence in the uncertain sea. It was such a night of mystery as comes in great wastes before momentous happenings, and those who were not asleep became afraid, and the man at the wheel grew blind from gazing at the swimming slit in the binnacle; and so the Polk, aged and aweary, her ancient frames and timbers a-crawl with a creeping paralysis, walked on into the night and sailed her own course in her own way.

Ezra, outlined darkly against the flat sheen of the stone on which he sprawled, gave no sign of life or motion. Presently there came

a sharp sound, amplified in the tension of the dense atmosphere. Ezra's pipe fell rattling between two of the granite blocks. Half of the pipe-stem remained clenched between his teeth. At the moment when his mind had passed its verdict, the iron muscles of the jaw had contracted and the strong teeth had cloven through the horn mouthpiece.

For the Polk was sailing her last voyage.

Ezra picked up the pipe and shoved it into his pocket. He walked to the weather rail and stared deeply into the formless void. His soul was seething, but all conscience was frozen numb. The sea had robbed him of his fortune; it should get no more.

Pride, his strongest passion, declined to accept beggary. There was scant godliness in the man; he craved the regard, not o' God, but of his fellows. Pride filled in his soul the space for religion. His creed was framed by his standing in the community, the respect of his neighbors. It was pride that formed his code of morals, made him an upright man and a church-member, and kept his heart clean of the sins common to his craft. He asked but little of the world; only that this decent pride might be sustained. A neat cottage, flawless credit, raiment suitable and of dignity, a proper horse and carriage, the power to help a friend. Substance was his ambition; not riches nor power nor display, but modest substance, solidity. It was this that was craved of his soul and toiled for by his iron body.

Ezra had known old sea captains, men of worth, whose fortunes at the last had been swallowed in the sea. He had seen these old men broken and dismantled, eddying down into an undesired old age, rheumy, querulous, shabby, their usefulness forgotten, a burden to friends and family, or worse, to the commonwealth. He had seen them sitting uncertainly in taverns, an annoyance to the publican. He had noted their eager searching of each new face; the pathetic straining for a recognition that might be taxed to the value of a pipe or a glass.

God of the waters! Was such to be his fate? The damp burst from his forehead; his flesh crawled. Sooner would he cast away a dozen vessels than come at the end of life's voyage to such a port!

It would be easy of achievement; all that need concern him was the safety of his crew . . . and a grim laugh rumbled in his throat as he thought of the rotten frames between them and the abyss. Danger! All

hands aboard the Polk were in danger every minute that she floated! Nothing could better insure their future safety than to have her cast away now, before her condition became worse, in such a manner that all might escape.

Suddenly he roused himself to the knowledge that the schooner's canvas was aback.

"Trim sheets!" he shouted harshly, and the watch clambered to their feet yawning, grimy knuckles in their eyes.

Ezra peered into the binnacle. Nathan was right: the wind was hauling.

"If she heads ye so's ye ca'nt steer yer course, call the mate," he said to the man at the wheel. "Keep her so's to give Thatcher's a wide berth. Look's like 'twas goin' to thicken up and I reckon we might as well go down outside, 'stid o' 'cross the shoals. Ye ought to pick up Thatcher's a p'int on y'r sta'board bow."

He lowered himself through the hatch, and the brave old Polk, her ancient timbers groaning beneath their heavy burden, lurched heavily seaward to meet her doom.

The dawn showed a doubtful sea with long, spume-streaked swells and a driving mist through which one saw dimly the slaty scud racing close to the topmasts. Ezra was awakened by Nathan, who was shaking his shoulder with the tremulous roughness of an old man, frightened and angry.

"Git up, Ezra; git up!" he snapped. "What the nation you a-thinkin' of, a-standin' aout t' sea all night? Ain't ye goin' acrost the shoals?"

Ezra roused himself heavily. "Kind o' cal'lated to go down outside, seein' as it's so thick," he answered.

"Aoutside!" screamed the old man. "Aoutside o' Nantucket Island in this old hooker chock-a-block with stun . . . an' a south-easter a-blowin' tew? What the nation you a-thinkin' on, Ezra Payne?"

Ezra sat up and rubbed his eyes, for he had slept heavily. As his faculties cleared, he became conscious of the shock of pounding seas and the racking jar caused by big sails jerked against the wind by an overlaid hull. There was an ugly stagger to the old vessel that told of racked spars and shrouds.

"Reckon 'tain't nothin' but a summer squall, Nathe," said Ezra, buckling himself into his storm clothes. "A hard gale at this time o' year 'ud be onseasonable."

"Jes' the same we're a-goin' t'git some heavy weather!" persisted Nathan doggedly.

"I never see a wuss-lookin' sky, an' the sea's a-makin' tew."

Ezra followed the old man to the deck and peered about narrowly in the storm-darkened dawn. The Polk was under her jib, fore-staysail, foresail, mainsail, and double-reefed mizzen-sail. The wind was blowing a fresh gale, but the stone-laden vessel stood up straight as a church steeple and sloshed through the rising sea like an old-fashioned Monitor. Closehauled as she was, her headway was scarcely perceptible.

"Sound the pumps, some o' ye," ordered Ezra. Two of the hands grabbed the brakes and brought up several gallons of sudsy water.

"She ain't leakin' nothin' to speak of," said Ezra to the mate. "It's jes' kind o' swashin' in through them upper seams." He searched with a keen eye the mist-driven horizon, smelled the wind, glanced at the straining sails, then turned to the companionway.

"This ain't a goin' to amount to nothin'," he said to Nathan. "Jes' one o' them summer breezes o' wind."

He dropped quickly below, half afraid lest the mate might notice the exultation in his face. Ezra felt reasonably sure that the fierce little blow would last through the day, and if so, and it still remained thick, nothing could better forward his ends. At dark he would put about and reach across toward the Cape, ostensibly for shelter in Chatham or Provincetown, according to the course of the wind. Then at some place between these two points he would lay the old Polk firmly on the beach, where it would not take her long to break up. There would be no danger to the lives of any aboard, for stone-laden as she was and almost flat-bottomed, the old schooner would stand straight up long enough to enable the life-saving crew to get all hands ashore. Should she suddenly open up before he could beach her, it would be necessary to take to the big boat and abandon her—not a very difficult achievement, as the long, heavy hulk could be hove to in such a manner as to furnish a comparatively quiet lee.

By noon the velocity of the wind was greater and there was a heavy southeast swell, the crest of which began to break across the granite-laden decks of the Polk. Ezra was surprised to find that the old vessel made but little water. Laboring as she was and with her starboard amidships frames so soft

that a man could almost dig them out with his fingers, he would have expected the planking on that side to wring until the calking was spewed out of the gaping seams and the water came pouring in. And Nathan, even though he was not aware of the true condition of the schooner's timbers, continued anxious.

"Tain't right, Ezra," he complained, "to put no sech strain on a old hooker like this one. Why don't ye put into Provincetown an' wait 'ntil she moderates a mite?"

"Sho, Nathe," replied Ezra, "this ain't nothin' but a fresh midsummer gale. She'll all peter out, come sundown—you see now."

But sunset brought only a lightening in the eastern sky and a sudden fierce increase in the force of the wind. Ezra was obliged to lower the mainsail. The wind was still from the southeast and by nightfall the seas were beginning to mount and comb. Ezra, fearing that this might betoken a clearing of the weather, announced that it looked ugly and that he had decided to reach across to Chatham. He put the Polk about and stood in toward the Cape.

At midnight he was aroused by the crash of a sea across the deck; a moment later there came the clatter of sea-boots down the companionway and in the dim glow of the standing light he saw old Nathan, the water running from his oilers, beside his bunk.

"Tha'ar naow, Ezra!" cried the old man in a shrill, peevish voice. "I hope ye're satisfied. She's a-blowin' a hurr'cane, jes's I said 'twould! We jes' got swep' an' the big boat is stove all to kindlers. The hands are a-hoistin' the yawl-boat into the lee riggin'."

Ezra pulled on his clothes and hurried on deck. It appeared that Nathan was correct; the wind had backed a little into the east and was blowing a hard gale. The old Polk was churning along in a wild smother of phosphorescent spume with the spray boiling between the granite blocks wedged upon her decks, and with geysers of flaming water spouting high into her straining canvas.

For the first time Ezra was anxious concerning the safety of the crew. The loss of the big boat had put a different face upon affairs. On sounding the pumps he again found but little water in the hold and he marveled at the endurance left in the old hulk; nevertheless, wrenching and straining as she was, the planking was in constant danger of being torn from the rotten frames, in which case the schooner would sink like a cracked pot.



"WHAT'S THE USE IN A MAN O' YOUR AGE AND ABILITIES RAMMIN' UP AND DOWN
THE BEACH IN AN OLD HOOKER LIKE THAT?"

They were well offshore, and deep as she was, the Polk wallowed along but very slowly. Even at the risk of increasing the strain upon her, Ezra decided to jettison his deck-load.

"Git all hands on deck and chuck that stun over!" he called to Nathan.

The steam winches were started, tackles were rigged, and one by one the big blocks were swung out and dropped into the sea. As Ezra had feared, though the schooner gained in speed she labored more violently and her leakage increased. The steam-pumps were started.

"Ye'd done better to ha' left that deck-load on to her, Ezra," cried Nathan. "She's a-leakin' like a lobster-pot. Them steam-pumps is jes' abaout holdin' her. What ye goin' to do? Run fer Provincetown?"

Ezra shook his head. "Depends on where we make a landfall," said he. "I cal'late to fetch up off the Highlands and if so I'll run fer Provincetown, but if we're more to the east'ard or somers along the beach . . ." He shook his head. "I got a notion that if we tried to p'int up or pay her off so she gits a-rollin', she's liable to open up on us, Nathe."

"Then you cal'late that ye might hev to beach her, mebbe?" cried Nathan, glancing sharply at the skipper. Ezra's face was set like one of the granite blocks.

"I ain't reskin' no human life fer any sech old stun wagon as this one!" he answered harshly.

Onward rushed the crippled schooner, lashing the phosphorescent water into flaming spume. The seas now swept her at almost every plunge, although the pressure of the beam wind held her comparatively steady. Ezra's doubtful tone as to where they might bring up was all a blind; he knew his position to a dot, but his primary consideration had now become the safety of his crew. He was racing for human lives, and as he glanced at the mounting sea and the yawl-boat swung up out of harm's way there was borne upon him an ugly fear that the race might be a close one.

At midnight the Polk was swept by a green sea which stove the hatches of the forward deckhouse and temporarily disabled the steam-pump. Half an hour later another sea mounted over the quarter-rail, sprung the mizzen-boom, and tore the mizzen-traveler out of the dock. The sea that followed it wrenched loose the rudder-brace and twisted the wheel out of plumb. At two o'clock they

drove into a maelstrom of furious water where every sea was combing, and the crew were forced to take refuge in the rigging.

Ezra judged that they must be nearing the land. He was braced with straddling hands gripping the rim of the cabin table, the water running in a stream from his grizzled chin upon the greasy chart when old Nathan came below. The mate was sodden to the skin and shaking and sobbing with the senile fear that comes to most old sailors who have stayed at sea beyond their time.

"Naow ye done it, Ezra!" he sobbed. "The water's a-gainin' fast with both sets o' pumps a-goin'. Haow fur be we from the beach?"

"Not fur, I reckon," answered Ezra.

"Why don't ye keep her off an' run fer it?"

"She'd roll herself open in a dozen heaves," answered Ezra. He went on deck. The first glimmer of dawn was lighting the wild scene. The men were pumping for their lives, and it seemed to Ezra that both wind and sea were moderating.

The Polk was in a desperate condition. The rudder had worked so loose that she would scarcely steer; the starboard waterway seam was gaping wide and the water was washing into it. Rails and skylights were gone; the foremast had worked loose from the terrific wrench and jerk of the granite on the keel, and the big spar was lurching with every roll, snapping and tearing at the slackened lanyards and threatening every moment to go by the board. A glance showed that the schooner was settling fast, and the faces of the men as they labored at the pumps were pinched and desperate.

Ezra saw that the Polk had not many moments more to live. Overhead the sky was brightening. He sprang into the main rigging and searched the horizon for land or a sail, but the light was still vague and elusive. Gripping the shrouds he leaned far over the side and looked down to see the water spouting in cascades from the gaping seams as the vessel lifted sluggishly upon a sea . . . and as he watched and then turned to where his crew were working manfully at the pumps, there came a grayness athwart his soul.

Five thousand dollars! . . . the price for the lives of seven strong men and a lad! He had sold these hardy heroes to death at the rate of about six hundred dollars a head! And they, the bartered ones, glanced up at him, as they toiled, with looks of hopeful

confidence; their rugged faces were turned to him expectantly; there was in them something of the expression of the tired child wishful to be carried by its parent. The faith of these men in their skipper was absolute; no vessel commanded by Captain Ezra Payne could ever founder with all on board. Such a thing would be contrary to the planetary almanac and the law of storms.

Ezra, his rigid features frozen to the calm of one for whom mere death holds no terrors, watched his men in silence, then measured with his eye the gradually deepening plunges of the foundering Polk. Above and about him the day lightened; he glanced overhead; there was a rift in the clouds in the western sky. Ezra knew that the storm was over. Like most midsummer gales the wind would drop of a sudden and the sun would blaze out hot and humid to flash and glitter on the startled sea. He knew well what the tumbling water would do to the sinking Polk when the steadying pressure of the wind should be withdrawn.

Nathan, at his elbow, was searching the heavens with rheumy, resentful eyes. It seemed to the old man that Providence was acting with small consideration for one of his age.

"Durn the luck!" he grumbled. "She's all bustin' away . . . now that it's too late t'do eny good. Don't see nothin', Ezra?"

But Ezra had seen something; he had seen an opening wound in the schooner's side into which barrels of water sucked thirstily with every roll.

"Git yer oil-bags over the bow!" he cried fiercely to Nathan.

"Eh . . . what! . . ."

"Git yer oil-bags over! I'm a-goin' to heave to an' abandon ship. Git a move now!"

Nathan, terrified at the stridency of the usually steady voice, shambled off forward. Ezra sprang down upon the deck.

"Vast pumpin'!" he bellowed. "All hands lay aft on the mizzen-sheet! On the jump, now!"

Dazed, but with alacrity, the men came stumbling aft. Ezra grabbed the wobbling wheel from the hands of the helmsman.

"Flatten her down lively, boys!" he cried. "We're a-goin' to heave to an' leave her. Hustle now; she's a-goin' fast!"

With all of his tremendous strength he jammed the spokes of the wheel to windward and slowly the weary vessel, sick unto death,

swung staggering up to meet the gale. Slower she came . . . and still slower, while forward, old Nathan and the boy got out the oil-bags and hung them over the deep-plunging bows. The oil, oozing sluggishly, flattened the angry slash of the seas into heavy, undulating billows.

"Fetch aft one o' them bags!" bawled Ezra, and Nathan, the sack upon his shoulder, came clutching and clawing aft, his face a puckered mask of yellow skin, blanched with mortal terror and bleached from hours of soaking brine.

"What ye goin' t'do, Ezra?" he cried.

"Git that yawl-boat over!" roared Ezra. "Make that bag fast on to her painter, you!"

"That there boat won't carry the hull of us!" whined Nathan.

"Prit' nigh . . ." answered Ezra grimly. "Look sharp there, boys . . . she's settlin' fa'ast!"

Many hands slacked down the boat and dropped it into the oily lee formed by the Polk as she lay heavily on the wind.

"Hop in, Joe!" cried Ezra, "and grab the mate. He ain't so spry as you be."

Strong arms fended the stanch little vessel from the schooner's side; a seaman leaped into her, sprawling across the thwarts.

"Now then, Nathe!" cried Ezra cheerily. "In with ye, old hoss!" He gripped the old man by the shoulders and swung him like a child into the arms of the waiting sailor. "Hop in now, the rest o' ye!" he shouted. "Lay down in the bottom, you fellers!" He tore the boat-hook from the hands of a man and with all of his massive strength held the overcrowded boat clear of the schooner's side. The Polk lay like a reef awash, the seas boiling over her in spume waist-deep. Heavy as she was and motionless, she formed a lee for the crowded boat as it rocked in the oil-streaked water.

Only the second mate was left at Ezra's side upon the sinking vessel. Ezra snatched the boat's painter from his hands.

"Git in!" he thundered.

The man hung back. "She won't hold no more, cap'n," he mumbled. "I'll stay here along o' you."

Ezra turned on him, his face white as the frothing water.

"In with ye!" he roared. He gripped the man by both shoulders, swung him over the rail and into the boat, where he fell among his mates.

"Ca'ast off!" he cried harshly, and flung

the boat's painter with its attached oil-bag into the sea. A big wave caught the boat upon its crest and carried it far to leeward.

Ezra sprang into the lee rigging and climbed half-way to the hounds; he snatched at the loose end of a rope and caught a turn about his body, then, shading his eyes from the growing light above his head, he peered through the haze-hung distance at the boat, which was lying head to sea like a swimming gull.

Above him the scud was flying into scattered fragments, and all at once a rent was torn in the eastern sky and the sun blazed through, to paint with flaming color the ragged edges of the storm-clouds and the scurrying crests of the seas. In another quadrant a black rain-squall was swimming off over the horizon, and as the sun smote against it a radiant arc sprang from the zenith and spanned the doomed ship with its bow.

Ezra turned his haggard face upward and slowly the iron set of his features softened and the tortured eyes were filled with a great peace. He dropped them once more to the face of the waters to search the spume-flung distance for the boat. He saw her, riding

on a patch of burnished sea . . . and a radiant light glowed on his weather-worn face and his suffering mouth was wreathed in a smile.

"Thank God!" he whispered fervently. "The boys are safe . . . the boys are safe! If she was a-goin' she would ha' gone by this!"

He looked slowly about the brightening sea. "It's moderatin'," he murmured. Then his eyes dropped to the eddying decks. The spars appeared to rise straight from a frothing maelstrom.

"Ain't no time to grab nothin' . . ." he muttered, "and there ain't nothin' left to grab if they was!" He smiled grimly, then stared curiously downward, and as he stared the seething deck sprang of a sudden upward, and a great rush of air smote him from beneath and swept his feet from the rat-lines. A green mass of bland, translucent water welled upward and spread like a fan about the deck. From the lungs of the ship there came a shuddering groan, a choking gurgle, a Titan sigh . . . and then the sweeping seas stretched off to sleep while the wind breathed lower, and above, the rainbow faded in the brightening sky.



REPARTEE

CY: "Not mentionin' no names, I should say them hogs knows 'most as much as some folks."

REUB: "Yep. An 'still suppressin' the names, there's some folks knows 'most as much as them hogs."



The Snow-Shoe Rabbit*

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Author of "Wild Animals I Have Known," "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," "Animal Heroes," etc., etc.

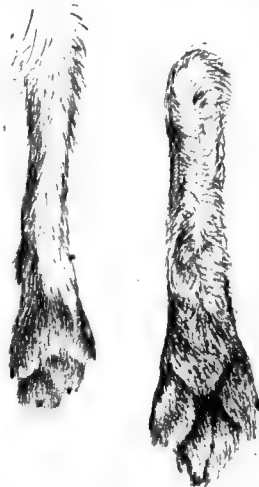
Illustrations by the Author

THE terror of the northern woods is not the cold—there are many ways of meeting that—but deep snow. Snow is the fearful menace, snow which covers up the food supplies, which robs the swiftest of its speed and leaves it at the mercy of the foes that are winged or otherwise equipped to follow fast and lay it low.

Nature has tried many means of saving her own from the snow death: some, like the Woodchuck, she puts to sleep till the snows shall be over. Others she teaches to store up food and to hide—so she deals with the Woodmouse. To still others, as the Moose, she furnishes stilts. The last means she employs is snow-shoes. This, the simplest, most scientific, and best, is the equipment of the Snow-shoe Rabbit, the Wabasso of Hiawatha,—a wonderful creature, born of a Snow-drift crossed with a little Brown Hare.

The Moose is like the wading bird of the shore that has stilts and can wade well for a space, but that soon reaches the limit beyond which it is no better off than a land-bird. But the Snow-shoe is like the swimmer—it skims over the surface where it will, not caring if there be one or one thousand feet of the element below it. In this lies Wabasso's strength.

Here are the feet of a Snow-shoe Hare that weighed but three pounds, and here the corresponding feet of its cousin,—a Jack-rabbit that weighed six pounds. The latter is at the mercy of the hunter in deep, soft snow—the former skims over it, so lightly that none can follow far; it scoffs at all pursuit, even as its thick, soft fur enables it to mock at the raving storm.



FRONT AND HIND FEET OF A KANSAS JACK-RABBIT.

Wabasso has another name—the Varying Hare—because it varies in color with the season; and the seasons in all its proper country are of two colors, brown for six months, white for six. So all summer long, from mid-April till mid-October, the northern Hare is a little brown Rabbit. Then comes the snowy cold, the brown coat is quickly shed, a new white coat appears, the snow-shoes grow fuller—and the little Brown Hare has become a White Hare, the Snow-shoe Hare of the Woods.

It is essentially an animal of thick cover, this Hare of varying colors—the thicker the better, provided there are some open spaces where it can enjoy a sun-bath. Tamarack and cedar swamps, if not actually wet, are much to its taste. Open forests, with nothing but big timber, have no appeal for it, but dry copses, varied



FRONT AND HIND FEET OF A SNOW-SHOE HARE.

* Copyright, 1907, by Ernest Thompson Seton.

with open glades, and willow thickets so dense that the Fox, the Lynx, and the Wolf have no chance in open chase, are its ideal homes.

No wild animal roams at random; each has its own little home region. And the home ground of this particular little free-footed ranger is marvelously small. It varies in size somewhat with the kind of country, but in very thick brushy woods I should think it certainly not more than twenty or thirty acres; in more open woods, perhaps twice as much. Some individuals, I believe, will even pass their lives within a radius of 200 yards, never venturing outside unless hard pushed by pursuit. The circle that a White Hare makes when a hound is on its trail is usually around its home range, and thus it shows the hunter exactly where it dwells.

On my own land I had a White Hare, brought from New Hampshire, which spent all summer within a radius of one hundred yards, although it had the freedom of a hundred acres of thick woods. It was easily distinguished by its having but one eye. I could count with certainty on finding it any morning in one or another of three forms or beds under the brush; in the evening it was usually feeding in the open not far off. I never saw it in other parts of the woods, and all attempts to drive it elsewhere were futile; it merely circled about its own corner. The fact that it was maimed may have limited its range, but I think, nevertheless, that it showed the usual habit of its kind.

Another Snow-shoe on my grounds passed all its life within sixty or seventy yards of a certain rocky knoll. Its tracks in the winter were found only near this, and in the summer it was never seen far away. As it was the only White Hare in my woods at the time, the observations were reliable. When chased it merely dodged about this knoll.

In five or six cases I had Cottontails and White Hares in a wire enclosure of about an acre. They were kept in for a month, then two large gates in their prison wall were thrown open; but they continued to haunt the same place as though still fenced in; and if they chanced to run out of one gate, they would go butting their heads at the wire fence in their efforts to get back to their little home ground. All of this goes to prove that the individual range of the White Hare, like that of the Cottontail, is very small—probably still smaller in summer than in winter.

Snow-shoe Rabbits are not very sociable little creatures. They hardly ever come together except when their numbers are such that they cannot help it; and on the whole, they are not benefited by close association. The only advantages they reap are that the pathways are kept well-worn and open by numbers, and that they can notify one another of danger by stamping, by running, or, in extreme cases, by squealing. As a matter of fact these Hares intercommunicate little but trouble and disease.

There are exceptions, however, to this solitary habit of the White Hare. My friend, Charles G. D. Roberts, informs me that in New Brunswick he has frequently seen half a dozen Hares gathered on moonlit winter nights. They come together as by appointment and have a sort of game chasing one another in some open space and through the adjoining woods. It is interesting to note that the animals do not share the prejudice against moonlight that exists among certain human races; indeed, there are many species that make the moonlight nights their chosen time for sallying forth.

On the 25th of June, 1884, near Minnedosa, Manitoba, I saw two Hares chasing each other among the willow thickets. On being "collected" both proved to be males. The energy that they displayed, however, was suggestive of battle, rather than of play.

Again, while camped in the Bitter Root Mountains of Idaho in September, 1902, I saw something that looked like a social gathering among the Snow-shoes. I had captured a half-grown one and at night put it under a box. It soon made the forest ring with a loud tattoo beaten on the box with its front feet. Shortly after, a full-grown Snow-shoe Rabbit darted across the open camp space and into the dark forest again. Another and another appeared, and we heard the alarm thump in the woods around. Armed with an acetylene lantern and a camera, my companion (Mr. W. E. Bemis) and myself went forth to investigate. As we set the lantern on the ground, a Rabbit rushed into the light, gazed at the lantern, and disappeared. Another came, gazed, gave an alarm thump, and vanished. Then two came, then more, and still more, till at length a dozen Snow-shoe Rabbits were gazing into that marvelous light. One gave the alarm and all dashed off. But they came back, and yet closer, and began to caper about in the light, and to chase each other in play, leaping over the lantern, which

I held on the ground, and over the camera, which my friend was holding.

At length one of them jumped on the camera between my friend's hands, and he seized it. It shrieked with terror. In a twinkling every Rabbit had disappeared, and though we were two weeks longer in that camp we did not see another wild Snow-shoe.

Another illustration of the fascinating power of a lantern I find in my Journal for September 16, 1904. I was then at Ingolf, Ontario, and during a stay of twenty-four hours, I and two companions saw twenty live Rabbits in the woods and found six dead on the railway track. These, the station agent said, had been killed by the trains. At night they get on the track, and are so bewildered by the headlight that they run before the engine till overtaken. Apparently it does not occur to them to plunge out of the brightly lighted dangerous space into darkness and safety at one side. The figures above show that a considerable number may be thus destroyed.

I said that White Hares squeal only in extreme cases. I have often heard them give a loud squeal when in great fear, but, I think, *not* when in great pain. This squealing is uttered also by the Cottontail, the English Rabbit, and the English Hare. The female of the English Hare is said to have a soft, plaintive call for the young. The Jack-rabbit of Kansas, I know, makes a snarling sound when fighting with its own kind. Probably these sounds also are uttered by the Snow-shoe.

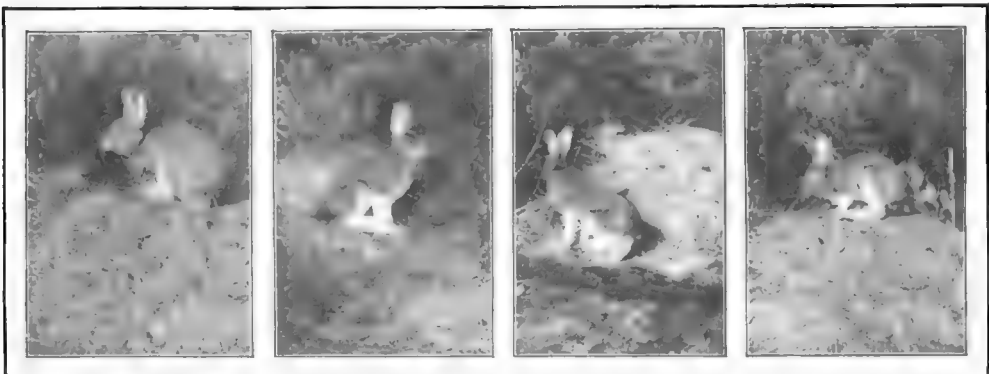
In Manitoba the mating season is about the first of March. What the marriage customs of the White Hare are has not yet been ascertained. Most observers consider the Hare

promiscuous or polygamous, but the evidence of those kept by Dr. Bachman is in favor of true mating. For the fathers seemed to take an interest in the young, to derive courage, indeed, from their presence; and among animals a good father means a good husband.

The Snow-shoe's period of gestation is probably thirty days, as is the case with the European Hare, but I have no direct evidence. On April 10, 1882, I shot a female White Hare at Carberry (that is, where Carberry was afterward founded). It contained two very small embryonic young. They were probably of two weeks' development, and due to be born late in April. Litters are produced all through May and even as late as the first week of June.

The nest of the Hare is said to be made in a sheltered place on the ground, much like that of a ground-bird, admirably concealed and closely resembling the nursery of other Hares. Like the rest of the family, the Snow-shoe mother lines her nest, and covers her young with a thick wad of fur plucked from her own breast. When she leaves them she pulls this counterpane over them so that they are not only warm but concealed from view. The young are usually two, sometimes three in number. Cases are on record of four and six. Mr. C. W. Nash tells me that he once found seven embryos in a female of this species. According to all testimony, the young are born with eyes open and are covered with very fine close hair.

"The males," says Bachman of those that breed in his rabbit-yard, "did not evince the vicious propensity to destroy their young which is observed in the domesticated English rabbit; on the contrary, they would frequently sit beside their little family, when



THE SNOW-SHOE RABBIT'S FEET AND EARS ARE THE FIRST PARTS TO TURN WHITE.



SOMETIMES THE BIG-TAILED FOX SNEAKS UP ON THE SLEEPING SNOW-SHOE—

they were but a day or two old, seemingly to enjoy their playfulness and to watch their progress to maturity. These young ones left their nest in ten or twelve days, and from that time seemed to provide for themselves and to derive little sustenance or protection from their mothers." (*"Quadrupeds of North America,"* Vol. I, p. 91.)

During several years of experience among these Hares I have looked in vain for a mother followed by her brood; my impression is that like the Grouse, the Hare brood, once they leave their first home, never return to it. They do not even keep close to the mother, on quitting the nest she has made; indeed they are seldom seen together.

On June 21, 1883, I was seeking for birds' nests in the Carberry spruce forest, Manitoba. A White-throated Sparrow was chirping plaintively near by, and I was peering into every likely place for the nest, when un-

der a brush-pile I saw a young Hare squatting as still as a moss bump. I cautiously reached down through the branches and caught it. It squealed vigorously, and an old Hare, doubtless its mother, came running through the woods. She rushed about in distress at a distance of twenty yards, seeming half disposed to attack me. But the little one ceased squealing when I put it in my pocket, and the mother disappeared.

The place where it sat was a mass of twigs, but I think not the nest; no sign of fur or lining was to be seen there, nor were any brothers visible. Besides it was now a quarter grown. Judging its development by that of the domestic Rabbit, it was about three weeks old and therefore had been born about June 1st. On September 7, 1902, in the Bitter Roots of Idaho, I caught another half-grown Rabbit in the same way, but saw no parent.



BUT DOES NOT ALWAYS CATCH HIM.

The young of the Snow-shoe are usually full grown by autumn, but do not breed till the following spring. They are mature at a year old, and are believed sometimes to live for eight or nine years. More frequently, however, the Remorseless One removes them as soon as their powers begin to wane, which happens considerably before that age.

The Hare's safety is chiefly in its speed. It can clear eight or ten feet at a bound and make four bounds to a second, thus going at the rate of over twenty-six miles an hour. It has further the two advantages that any light creature possesses—it can get up full speed at once and can dodge with marvelous adroitness. And above all it has its faithful snow-shoes to turn the dreadful snow-drifts into stanch allies.

Like the Jack-rabbit, the White Hare will sometimes make an observation hop, or high leap, as it runs, to take in the situation, but

it does not do this so often nor so well as its prairie cousin; obviously the act is of less service to the woodland species.

Few persons know that this dry-land, fluffy thing can swim. It does not love the water; nevertheless it does not hesitate to take the plunge when it needs must, and it swims well for considerable distances. The following instance I recorded at Carberry, in November, 1886:

The frost came suddenly and with great severity that year. The weather had been bright and warm all through the autumn, but a strong north wind with flying snow set in on the evening of November 21st. In the morning the ponds were frozen over for the first time. The ice on them was not clear, but largely composed of floating snow, and there was a thin coat of snow on all the land.

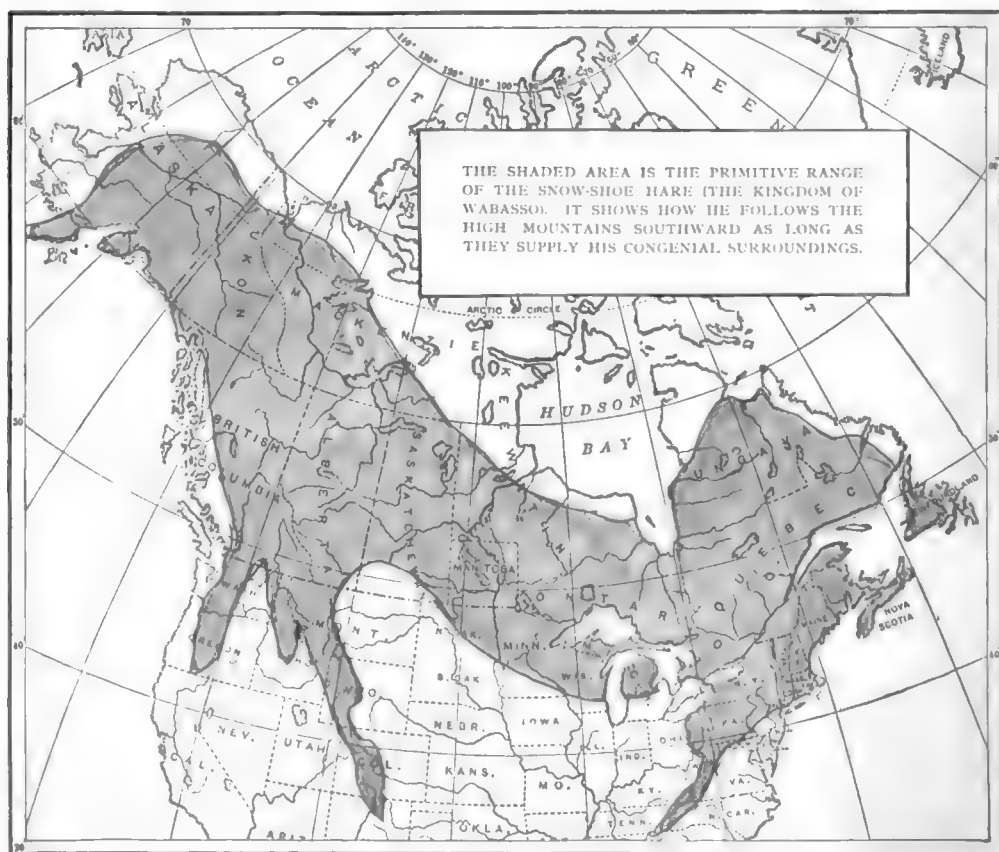
As I crossed a small pond near the south

side of Chaska-water I came across a curious and tragic record—a common Snow-shoe Rabbit frozen in, near the north margin of the pond. The marks in the opaque ice showed how it had leaped into the water from the south side, apparently to escape a Fox, had plunged through the weeds, and swum across the open part. But the course grew crooked, showing that its strength was going, and at the north end, near the bank, I found its body hard frozen in the new ice. Its head and back were out of water and dry, its eyes wide open, its legs spread as though striking out. The entire course it left in the ice was about fifty feet.

Dr. Merriam records several cases of Hares afloat thus ("Mammals of the Adirondacks," 1884, pp. 309-11): "Rabbits are not commonly supposed to swim, but Mr. William Brewster has kindly written me of a case that fell under his personal observation. He says: 'While at Lake Umbagog, Maine, in the summer of 1873, I saw something which may interest you. I was paddling up Cambridge River

one warm July morning, when, upon rounding a bend, my attention was attracted by a slight splashing sound ahead, and looking closely I discovered a Rabbit (*Lepus americanus*) evidently about to attempt the passage of the stream, which at that place was, perhaps, one hundred feet wide, and at least eight or ten feet deep. He entered the water deliberately, but without apparent fear or hesitation, and was soon beyond his depth and striking out boldly for the opposite shore. A more ridiculous (albeit successful) attempt at swimming can scarcely be imagined. He literally hopped through the water, using only his hind legs, and kicking with such vigor that the whole forward part of his body was raised above the surface at each stroke. Between the strokes he would sink back until, sometimes, only the tip of the nose was exposed. I fancy that an immense bull-frog, weighted after the manner of Mark Twain's "Daniel Webster," would cut a somewhat similar figure.

"This method of progression was naturally



fatiguing, and before the animal reached the opposite bank the strokes became feebler and the intervals between them longer, until I began to fear that the tired creature would be drowned. At length, however, he struck bottom, and, loping across a stretch of bare mud, disappeared in the woods. *Such an*

has as great an aversion to the water as any house cat.

"Mr. Nelson Harris, a well-known Adirondack hunter, tells me that while still-hunting in northern Michigan, a few winters ago, he saw a White Rabbit that had stumbled into camp and was "cornered," plunge fear-



"WABASSO HAS ANOTHER NAME—THE VARYING HARE."

appearance as he presented upon emerging from the water—the lankness of his form revealed by the clinging and bedraggled fur, the ears drooping, and the whole expression one of dejection and shame.

"None of the guides or trappers of my acquaintance," continues Mr. Brewster, "has ever seen a Rabbit swim, although I have been told of an instance where one was observed to take to the shallow water on the margin of a pond and run through it for several hundred yards before leaping again into the woods. The purpose of this maneuver was apparent a moment later, when a Sable appeared on the Rabbit's track and following it to the water's edge, lost it there.

"On the occasion just described, however, no pursuer appeared, nor do I think that *this* Rabbit entered the water under compulsion, or for the purpose of obliterating the scent of his tracks. On the contrary, the action was undertaken so deliberately, that I believe the animal to have been impelled by some idle whim, merely—such as a desire to try fresh pasturage, or, perhaps, to see what the world was like on the other side of the stream. However this may be, the case is doubtless exceptional, for *Lepus americanus* ordinarily

lessly into a swiftly flowing river and swim to the other side."

The Snow-shoe population of a given area in the Northwest is more variable than that of any other mammal. The species goes in cycles of multiplication. In some large districts it increases for a period of years to enormous numbers, then is subject to a plague which sweeps it away, leaving few or none.

I should say, then, that Hares are very scarce when there is but one to a square mile of woods, and abundant when there are 1,000 to the square mile. I have, nevertheless, seen as many as 10,000 to the square mile. In this connection Mr. R. MacFarlane contributes an item of exceptional interest. "A litter," he says, "usually consists of three or four; but when on the periodic increase, females are known to have as many as six, eight, and even ten at a time, and then gradually return to three or four" (*"Mammals of the Northwest,"* p. 740). These swarms are periodic and occur about once in six or eight years, as is shown by the records for the past century. Their cause is not understood, although many theories are afloat.

THE PROGRESS OF A WHITE HARE



There is, however, little doubt about the reason for the Snow-shoes' disappearance. They are killed not by the swarming birds and beasts of prey that fatten on them, but by an epidemic that wipes them out in a single season. It is characterized by swelling of the throat, and by sores under the armpits and in the groin.

The denser the Rabbit population the more drastic is the ravage of the plague. Apparently none is left in the year immediately after one of most marvelous abundance.

When I first lived at Carberry, Manitoba, in the spring of 1882, I could find, perhaps, two Rabbits in three or four hours' tramping through the woods. In 1883 they seemed no more plentiful; in 1884 one might see a dozen or more in a morning's walk; in 1885 they were perceptibly more numerous, but the following year was the greatest Rabbit year ever known in the Western country. The area of abundance began thirty or forty miles east of Winnipeg, and included all of the poplar country west and northwest of Winnipeg. The abundance that year was prodigious.

It so happened that the snow was late in coming, the first not falling till November, and promptly in October the Hares had donned their winter garb of white, so the vast brown country was speckled and dotted, streaked and crawling, with snow-white Rabbits in myriads. Wherever one looked in scrub country it was the same. Mr. Hine wrote me: "In October of this year, on the Stinking Water, I killed seventy-five Rabbits in two hours. I could have killed 500 in a day. I knew of four men killing 500 in one day."

At Carberry they were even more plentiful. At no time were the near bushes without two or three twinkling ghosts of bunnies flitting silently by. Many of the neighbors killed a few hundred to lay away for chicken food. I could at any time have bagged fifty an hour. They were in similar abundance over all the poplar country from Pembina to Pelly between the great lakes of Manitoba, and in all the wooded mountains of the western part, —throughout the Province indeed, excepting in the Pine Forest and the open Prairies.

Near the spruce hill at the edge of the poplar woods, south of Carberry, I stood, and looking around, counted the Rabbits within a radius of thirty yards. They numbered eleven, and there were evidently many that I did not see; twenty would be a safe estimate. That is over twenty to the acre, or, say, 10,000 to the square mile. Assuming, then, that the high rate of population was confined to the poplar belt that stretches across the Province from Dufferin to Swan River, we should have here a population of at least 100,000,000 Rabbits.

To the naturalist, there is an inexpressible joy in seeing so much life. But the farmers who knew of the ravages of the Rabbits in Australia began to have the greatest apprehension. Where would it stop? At present the bunny millions were confined to the woods. But another year of increase might, indeed must, make a change. Already the woods were suffering from the ever hungry hordes; in another year the Hares would be driven forth into the crops. Then farewell to our old-time prosperity; good-by to the golden grain.

But the fear was groundless. Before the winter waned the plague had stalked through the woods, had done its work, coming and working mysteriously, silently, but effectually. The country from Whitemouth to Whitesand, 250 miles long by 100 wide, was flecked with the bodies of white-furred Rabbits. My friend, Mr. Miller Christy, who spent 1887 in Manitoba, writes: "On the side of the line (C. P. R. R.) as it runs through the wooded country between Portage la Prairie and Carberry, a distance of about fifty miles, the dead bodies of the Rabbits lay literally in hundreds, if not thousands. In some spots several bodies were to be seen lying near one another, and over considerable distances a fluffy white Rabbit's body might be seen every few yards as the train rushed along, lying on the edge of or close to the track."

The plague seemed to have taken the entire Snow-shoe population. The summer and fall of 1892 I spent in the same region and I did not see a single Snow-shoe. I have heard of

TOLD BY ITS TRAIL IN THE SNOW.
Speeding—Bounds Four to Ten Feet.



one or two small regions in eastern Manitoba where a temporary abundance of Rabbits has been marked since then, but never has there been another such Rabbit year as 1886.

Mr. Miller Christy in an article entitled "Extermination of Rabbits in Australia" (*Zool.*, November, 1892) brings forward the question: "Why cannot we find in this disease a remedy for the Rabbit Plague in Australia?" Is it not possible that Science may discover a mighty weapon in the virus of the stricken White Hare? The difficulty hitherto has been to bring together disease and pathologist. But an unexpected chance has recently brought about this desirable conjunction.

The park about my home at Cos Cob, Connecticut, I had stocked with Rabbits—Jacks from Kansas, Prairie Hares from Manitoba, Snow-shoes from New Hampshire, and local Cottontails. They were in abundance. I could see dozens of Rabbits every day, when late in the summer of 1903 they began to die, and in a few weeks all were gone. The plague had come and swept them clean away.

Specimens were sent to Drs. Seelye Little and Casey of Rochester, and to Dr. W. Blair Reid of the New York Zoological Park. Their reports show that while hemorrhagic septicemia was rife, these unfortunate bunnies had besides nearly every known complaint "except sunstroke and housemaid's knee."

Here seemed to be the plague for which Australia has long been looking, to offset the Rabbit pest. But, alas!—One corner of Wyndygoul Park, my place at Cos Cob, was stocked with Wild Belgian Hares, a breed of the common Wild European Rabbit, and these amid all the slaughter went untouched, showing surely that from this plague the Australian Rabbit, which is of course the same as the European, also would be immune.

The knowledge that the Snow-shoe Hare is so subject to disease may keep many from using it for food—thus exemplifying the danger of a little knowledge. For it should be remembered, first, that there is no record of any one's getting disease from Hares that they have eaten; second, that every kind of human food, whether animal or vegetable, is

more or less infected by microbes. If this fear is to have weight, we must never again *eat a bite of anything*. There is no certain way of saying beforehand what is safe and what dangerous, but we may trust to the general principle that proper cooking will put all these micro-organisms beyond the possibility of doing harm.

Next after its flesh, the skin of the Rabbit is of use to men. The hide is too weak and the hair too brittle for commercial use as a fur, but the Indians cut the skin into long strips and plait or weave them into a blanket that is marvelously warm and has this advantage over other fur robes, that it gives good ventilation and so does not sweat the wearer, nor become damp during active service. These blankets are very light, as well as warm, and in great demand by prospectors and travelers in the far north.

Many a gold hunter, of the few that won on that long, desperate Klondike trail, can truly give thanks for salvation and golden success to the Snow-shoe Hares, from which were pilaged the blankets that saved him alive.

The life of the White Hare continues much the same in winter as in summer. The principal changes are those of coat and diet. I never saw any signs of migration in the species. The individuals that I had in my park kept the same part of the woods in winter as in summer; and the three or four forms that were their homes when the snow was on the ground, were still their homes in the warmest weather.

I suspect, however, that this Hare has a habit of occasional torpidity. It is well known that the English Hare and the common Cottontail will lie up under stress of bad weather, and let the snow drift over them. There they continue several days without eating, in a semi-torpid state, until aroused by some outside change for the better. I never saw a White Hare doing this, but from the fact that no tracks are seen for a day or two after a very cold snap, I can readily believe that they share the family habit. The one already spoken of that lived on the knoll had in a

rocky crevice a comfortable lair, where, no doubt, he whiled away the worst of the weather.

Of all the Rodents the Hares are least given to flesh-eating. Yet we know that the domestic Rabbit will sometimes eat its own young, and I shall not be surprised to find the White Hare showing this morbid taste for meat that it is not supposed to indulge. Its summer food is grass, clover, and a great many herbaceous things that its nose or its instincts enable it to select without danger of poisoning. Its winter diet is dead grass, and the bark of poplar, willow, dwarf birch-trees, and, occasionally, tamarack. In some localities it eats a great deal of white cedar and spruce leaves, so that its flesh becomes unpleasantly strong of resin and on that account it is judged unfit for human food. I have, however, never heard of a case of Hares eating certain herbs which make the flesh poisonous to consumers. This, it will be remembered, has happened with the Ruffed Grouse.

Mr. W. Tweddell writes me: "In February, 1883, while hunting Rabbits with Metwayash at Rabbit Point, Lake Manitoba, we caught sight of a Rabbit twenty feet up a sloping tree. On examination it was found dead and frozen stiff, one leg caught in a crotch. I am satisfied that it was not put there by any man. I believe the Rabbit ran up, then slipping, was caught and held till dead; possibly it was scared up by a Fox, but this is the first time I ever heard of a Rabbit climbing a tree."

Mr. A. S. Barton writes me of a curious monument: "On Turtle Mountain in 1896, while seeking an old Indian camp on a hill in the woods, I found three or four piles of Rabbit bones, skulls, and other bones complete. The piles were three or four feet across and a foot high."

I doubt not the Rabbits were collected by the Indians in time of plenty. They had secured hundreds of them and left them frozen. In the spring when they moved away these were left to rot.

"As much wit as a Rabbit" is an old expression of contempt among red as well as white folk. The Rodents are not high in order of intelligence, and the White Rabbit is low among Rodents. Its keen senses, its wonderful speed, the willow thickets, and the

snow-shoes, are the reasons for its being left alive to-day among countless enemies, for it is unequipped for any degree of self-defense.

For anything can kill a Hare that can catch it. Its only safety is in its speed amid the tangled coppice, a speed which, thanks to its snow-shoes, is not diminished in the season of stress. In the open the speed is great enough, I should say, to save Wabasso from a Fox; quite enough, as I have several times seen, to put it beyond reach of an ordinary Collie Dog. And in the undergrowth the White Hare is absolutely safe from the open attack of nearly all. The Hare can dart at full speed between saplings that are but three inches apart, it can double round a bush or under a fallen tree in a way that mocks at the Fox, Lynx, Hawk, or Owl; but it often falls before them when they steal on it sleeping, or when two of its foes unite and so form the drive and ambush.

The Hare has one enemy that though much slower than himself, is yet a terror, maybe the worst of them all, and that is the Long-tailed Weasel. I have many times seen the trail of the pair in the snow, showing where the Weasel with indefatigability that more than made up for its lower speed, was bounding along the track of some Hare. I have many times heard of the finish of the hunt, but have never seen the actual death.

During December of 1886 I saw a Hare hunt that had a very unexpected end. I was out with a friend in the Sandhills northeast of Carberry. The Rabbits were very abundant in every thicket, and especially in one sheltered spot, where we halted to feed our horses. While there I saw a Rabbit running about at full speed, and the other Rabbits moving out of the way wherever it went. As it circled in full flight around our sleigh a number of times, I learned the cause of its haste. About twenty yards behind was a Long-tailed Weasel, plunging along with tremendous energy through the snow and evidently following this Rabbit by scent. At last, in desperation, the Rabbit took refuge under our sleigh, and the Weasel, deciding to be discreet, ran off before I could lay hands on a gun.

There is not the least doubt that the Rabbit feared me as an enemy, for shortly before it had been running from me. But it did as many others have done in dire extremity, and in this case, at least, such a course proved the part of wisdom, for a little later it went its way in peace.



Photograph by C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.

THE FORTRESS OF STS. PETER AND PAUL, IN ST. PETERSBURG, WHERE POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE KEPT,—MANY OF THEM BENEATH THE LEVEL OF THE NEVA RIVER.

THE TERRORISTS

By LEROY SCOTT

"Forgive me, my people. I can give you so little—only my life!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Scott returned recently from Russia, where he conducted a searching investigation into social conditions. Knowledge of the Russian language, and affiliations with members of the various revolutionary bodies, brought him into the most intimate relations with their inner councils. They knew him as an authority on sociology, and trusted him to present their case to the world at large. Of the "Terrorists" he says: "They are numerically small, wonderfully secret in organization and operation, and are drawn from a type of idealists whose philosophy accepts tyrannicide as a high and holy mission. Individual members count themselves as nothing; they live in expectation of immediate torture and death. Yet, generally speaking, they are of fine, generous natures, and the women among them are womanly and tender." Their story is the most thrilling of modern times. They are making history.

AN ancient autocracy, tottering, yet desperately gripping its power, representing perhaps two millions of the privileged, with their hangers-on, is straining to crush down a people of 140,000,000. To crush them down by keeping them ignorant, silent, politically powerless; by hanging, shooting, imprisoning, exiling; by burning homes, bombarding unarmed villages, directing and rewarding massacres, giving over the women of sacked villages to be the prey of Cossack lust. The killed, wounded, exiled, imprisoned, for 1906, the gracious first year of the Czar's "constitution," total close to a quarter of a million—the offense of the vast majority

being no greater than daring to speak or write in behalf of freedom, and thousands being innocent of even such guilt.

All this done to terrorize a nation into yet longer acceptance of autocracy. And how has this terrorism succeeded? Russia seethes with the answer. Part of the answer is this second Duma, far more hostile to the government than the first; part is the intensifying of the hatred of czarism; part is the secret spread of preparations for a general armed uprising. And another part of the answer is the terror with which the people are striking back at the high-placed wielders of the government terror. Of this part I would write.

We of far America, hearing only the bomb, seeing only the spilled blood, have perhaps classed the terrorists with our own Guiteau, our Czolgosz—have pictured them as insane, or ignorant, or criminal, or bestial, or all. I would show you these men and women as I have found them.

We sat in a little room in Moscow. From the one window we could see huddling ravens, ringing like black beads the bases of the gilded domes of the opposite church—the irony of that omnipresent church!—and down in the snow-glazed street a cloaked policeman, with watchful magazine-rifle and sun-tipped bayonet. The young chemist across the table from me had a high, full forehead, and dreamy eyes that could become bright, resolute; a pale, thoughtful, finished face—showing the sculpture of ancient lineage.

“Why am I a terrorist?—how do I ethically justify terrorism?” his low, quiet voice answered me. “Yes—it is hard for you to understand. In your land there is no reason for terrorism; there it could not be excused. Even with us it is a last resort.

“You know how, for years, for generations, we have begged our government for some measure of liberty. But the government has given us nothing. The Czar’s constitution—a piece of waste paper! The Duma—you have seen how the Czar honors it! The government will not listen to us. For the political wrongs we suffer as a nation, for wrongs we suffer as individuals, we have no redress. None! If we try to protest in words—prison, Siberia. And you know how difficult is protest by open revolt—how spies watch us, how our leaders are hanged and exiled, how our houses are searched over and over for arms. Every natural outlet of our spirit has been stopped up. . . . We have been driven to the last resort—terrorism. And that terrorism we have not originated. The government has taught it to us, has forced it upon us.

“We are in the midst of a vast struggle. I hate war; I shrink from killing. But you will agree that it is right, for freedom’s sake, to kill in open warfare. Now think a moment upon our circumstances. . . . Can you see why, on the one hand, it is ethically right to kill on a battle-field a general who directs an attack on armed troops, and why, on the other hand, it is ethically wrong to kill in his office an official who authorizes and directs massacres of defenseless men, women, and children? Can you see wherein the latter is the worse?

“Perhaps you think it would be more ethical if groups of us openly attacked groups of soldiers. Suppose we did, and killed hundreds—thousands. What would be the gain? The government would not even wince. What are soldiers? Mere peasants!—and there are millions more. But strike down a Grand Duke Sergius, a Minister Plehve. A hundred thousand dead soldiers would not make the government so tremble! The soldiers, they are our brothers; ignorant, but our brothers. They are mere tools. We strike at the guilty—at the leader. Instead of thousands, we kill one. Is not this more effective?—more just?—more humane?

“And then, those we execute are men who, in a land of justice, would be executed by law. Here for their atrocities they are decorated, promoted. It is our justice, or none. Our justice is irregular, yes; but again I ask you—which is the worse, to administer irregular justice, where there is none other, or to let these monsters continue burning homes, hanging the innocent, inciting massacres?”

He ended. . . . And I pass his questions on to you who read. . . .

The philosophy of this young chemist is the creed and guiding principle of hundreds of young men and women—men and women feared and hunted by tyranny as tyranny never feared and hunted before. Some are peasants, some noble; but the great majority spring from the professional classes, and are themselves students, lawyers, doctors, chemists, teachers. A terroristic meeting is, in its personality, not very unlike a group at our university clubs.

Two characteristics of the terrorists stand out preeminent—their youth and their readiness to die. They have espoused terrorism knowing well that the bomb usually makes one death for terrorist and victim; or that death will promptly follow from noose or bullet. And they know that even membership in a terrorist group, though one do no violence, means Siberia, and perhaps the scaffold. But if dying will quicken, ever so little, the coming of freedom, they rush gladly to meet death. In them is reborn the martyr spirit; but it is meek no longer—it is grown militant.

And they die!—singly—by fives—by tens. And new ones press forward, eagerly, to beg the place of the dead.

Their youth is appalling! But youth, to whom life is freshest, is ever readiest to fling life away. The average age is under twenty-five, and they look forward to thirty as we do

to seventy. They expect death next year, next month, to-morrow, and are not cast down by its nearness. Marie Spiridonova was only twenty-one when she killed Luchenovskiy; and in St. Petersburg I knew a girl, a medical student—sweet, quiet, all soul—who was barely eighteen when she said to me, simply: "I shall live but a year or two—no more." In this expectancy of death there is no mawkishness, no pose. They have seen their comrades go after a few days or a few years of service; their fate will be the same.

They may be fanatics, extremists, wild idealists; such was ever the only martyr-stuff. But whatever they may be, they are not self-seeking; martyrdom is not the goal of egotism. For if a person backs his ideals, his altruism (bloody, perhaps mistaken, but still altruism), by an instant willingness to die in their behalf, that person's exalted sincerity is above all honest doubt.

To the vast army of spies, gendarmes, police, that scrutinizes every man, that tries to scrutinize his soul, the terrorists are the chiefest prey—their capture highest honored, highest paid for. So the closest, most secret organization is necessary if the terrorists are to live out even their few uncertain years—necessary, too, for the execution of their plans. There are three main terrorist leagues: the

Polish terrorists, the terrorists of the Social Revolutionary Party in Russia proper, and the Maximalists, now practically extinct, a split from the second party, having for their aim, instead of assassination, the seizure of government funds. The fundamental idea of organization in all is roughly the same—to reduce to the minimum the number of comrades that each terrorist knows. Let us say, to illustrate, that there are twenty-five terrorists in each of five principal cities or districts. These twenty-five would be divided into, say, five groups. Each group sends one delegate to an inner group of delegates, which constitutes a local executive committee. These committees each send a delegate to an innermost group, which forms the central committee for Russia. The delegates, usually long-tried members, are sworn not to reveal the members of one circle to the members of another, and the acquaintance of an ordinary member is limited to his own group. Thus a private terrorist would know but four of his fellows, and a member of the central committee but twelve besides himself. Consequently a tortured member, or a spy who had penetrated a group, could betray only a few persons. In actual practice, of course, organization is less rigid, and acquaintance much wider.



Photograph by C. O. Bullin, St. Petersburg.

TERRORIZED RUSSIAN OFFICIALS DRIVE TO THEIR OFFICES FLANKED BY ARMED GUARDS.



Photograph by C. O. Bulla, St. Petersburg.

THE SUMMER HOME OF STOLYPIN AFTER THE TERRORISTIC ATTEMPT UPON HIM AT THE END OF LAST SUMMER.

The aims of the terrorists, briefly, are: to execute a rough justice; to decrease acts of oppression by removing the oppressor, and by the restraining influence which this warning has upon other officials; and to rouse, and keep high, the spirit of the people. If they would achieve this last aim, they dare execute only men whom the people in their minds have already condemned. An attempt on a man not thus sentenced is likely to be unpopular and to defeat the terrorists' purpose. This was profoundly true in the case of the assassination of Alexander II in 1881, and true in an infinitely less degree of the disastrous attempt last summer upon Minister of the Interior Stolypin. This necessity of always working in harmony with public sentiment acts as a natural check against unlimited and indiscriminate terrorism. To secure only popular executions, it is required that all plans be approved and directed by the central committee, or by local executive committees. When a sentence has been officially passed volunteers are called for, and from among them are selected the one, or the several, who seem best fitted for its execution.

Masterful strategy, acute attention to details, cool nerve, reckless daring, readiness to lay down life, all these are exhibited

in every terroristic act of magnitude—and have rarely been more fully shown than by a Maximalist "confiscation," at the broad hour of noon and in an open street of St. Petersburg, of some two hundred thousand dollars. Previous confiscations had begotten the rule in the St. Petersburg custom-house that the order for a transfer of money to a government repository was to come from the chief official directly and without warning, and was to be acted upon immediately. This was to prevent the terrorists from getting any advance information on which to base a plan.

On a day late in last October such a sudden order came. The specified packages of money and securities were hurried into a waiting closed carriage, which straightway set forth. At almost the same moment, in a street through which the carriage had to pass, young men began to drop into a little corner restaurant. They came in rapid succession till there were twenty men and a young woman. They seemed strangers, for there was no conversation among the tables as they idly sipped their lemonade and stirred their coffee. On the sidewalk across the street stood an apple-man, his back to a murky canal. He was ragged, and he called his wares in the plaintive fashion of Russian

apple-sellers, pointing to the basket at his feet. In the little café twenty-one pairs of eyes never left him.

Suddenly the apple-man's foot sent the basket splashing into the canal. The twenty-one rushed from the café. Rattling over the cobble pavement, surrounded by mounted gendarmes, was the carriage from the custom-house. Two small bombs were thrown to kill the carriage horses. They fell; the gendarmes' horses plunged madly. Then, leaving the young woman standing on the sidewalk, the twenty dashed into the street—eight toward the carriage, firing revolvers at the gendarmes—the other twelve to either side of the carriage, where they formed protecting lines across the street, to fight back police or soldiers and to keep the up-rushing crowd from entering the dangerous zone of fighting. The twelve threatened the crowd with their revolvers, shouted furious curses at it, repulsed it with blows. Then came a squad of soldiers from a neighboring barracks, and these they held at bay a few moments by a rapid pistol fire.

Meanwhile the eight had put the guard to flight, had seized the packages of money (leaving the packages containing securities—how they knew which was which is one of the mysteries of the affair!) and had given them to the young woman. She ran around the corner to a waiting carriage (only a trained horse will stand amid such a fire!), threw in the packages, sprang in after them, and galloped away. . . . And the government never saw the money again.

Every one of the attacking party, under cover of the fire of their comrades, made good his escape. But the twelve were surrounded. Two were killed on the spot. An engineer who was captured and whose pistol was wrenched from him, knew that before being hanged he would be tortured to wring out information concerning his escaped comrades. He had a second pistol, but there was no chance to draw it; without taking it from his pocket he turned its muzzle against his stomach. He died half an hour later in excruciating agony. Twelve men, some innocent bystanders, were arrested; three days later eight of them, at least three innocent, were hanged. So of the original twelve, eight lost their lives.

Yet the Maximalists considered this a suc-

cessful coup. They had secured money bitterly needed for the revolution. And they had shaken the government—mystified it—made it fear blows from any unexpected quarter—made it wonder what allies the terrorists might not have in high places. That these alliances do exist there is no doubt; such coups are not otherwise to be explained. But these relations are the most carefully guarded of all the terrorists' secrets.

The strain on a terrorist does not end with the act appointed him to perform; always it bears upon him. One of the men engaged in this confiscation, Gregor I will call him—the name I knew him by of course was not his own—was aware that execution was certain if he did not at once leave St. Petersburg, for within a few hours hundreds had been arrested. But how get out? The railway stations had been filled with spies and gendarmes, and his picture (he had once been condemned, but had escaped from prison) had been circulated among them. At length



MARIE SPIRIDONOVA.

The Jeanne d'Arc of the Revolutionists. She is now in Siberia for shooting Luchenovsky.

a plan was hit upon. Two minutes before the train left for Moscow he appeared at the Nikolievskia Station. On his arm was a girl comrade called Masha, who spoke a little

English, and to whom he parroted aloud the few English words she had drilled into him. She was blushing and smiling, and she carried a great bridal bouquet. They were a new-married English couple, starting on their honeymoon. Behind them came three or four friends, laughing, throwing rice, calling out their fresh-learned "Happy life!" and "Good-by!" And the spies, with Gregory's picture in their pockets, smiled at the couple as they passed on to their train.

In Moscow, Masha (the conspirative name is, as a rule, merely a Christian name) went to friends. But Gregory feared to endanger his, and as without passport he could sleep in no hotel, for three nights he walked the freezing streets. On the fourth evening by chance I met him and Masha at a railway station. A cipher telegram had come that afternoon calling him to St. Petersburg on a new matter—and though to go was almost certain death, he was going. I sat with them at a table in the smoking, tea-drinking waiting-room. Masha, in her rich fur cap and fur coat, was brilliantly handsome; and her soft girlish face and the lilies-of-the-valley on her breast suggested terrorism last of all things.

Presently a little, bearded man with shifty, gray eyes, sat down at the next table and began to stare at us. He was a spy—a picketing comrade in the station had pointed him out to Gregory. Gregory, worn, unslept, of forfeited life, turned and coolly stared the spy straight in the eyes, for a minute or more—till the man's gaze wavered, fell; stared to throw the spy off the track, for the spy would reason that no gallows-hunted fugitive would parade such cool insolence. It was wonderful nerve!

Soon a woman walked slowly down the middle of the smoke-hung room; richly dressed, with a diamonded, fleshly, merciless beauty. Her cold, bold eyes were all-seeing. Masha knew her. She was one of the government's keenest women spies. She came

walking back just as Gregory, who sat turned from the drinking crowd, rose to seek again his guarding comrade. For a moment he and the woman were face to face. Her steady, merciless eyes stared at him; he stared steadily back. Then each passed on.

Soon I saw the effect of this night's strain—of the days' strain. A little later, as we came to the guarded entrance of the train platform, Gregory suddenly extended his hand to Masha, and without a word turned and walked alone out of the station. Masha showed no slightest surprise at this unannounced change of plan, but passed on through to her train. When I got to my hotel I found Gregory in my room. His pale, hollow face was stricken with shame. "Those spies! I saw myself trapped—on the gallows to-morrow. I could not go. I lost my nerve—I am a coward!" He would not be com-

forted. . . . When he left he promised to see me the next morning—but instead, there came a message that he had gone to St. Petersburg. . . . He is still alive—still expecting death any day.

The fertility of the terrorists' ingenuity, their command of expert service (among them are masters of mechanics, chemistry, law, diplomacy), are suggested, somewhat shadowily to be sure, by the plan used in Warsaw last summer in an attempt to execute the sentence passed upon Skallon, Governor-General of Poland, who was responsible for innumerable deaths under the field courts-martial. The Governor knew of this sentence, and neither official duties nor terrorist wiles could draw him from his palace. Then the terrorists thought deep and long. One day a Russian officer, in full uniform, walked into the office of the German consul at

Warsaw, slapped that gentleman, walked out and made his escape.

That slap threatened an *affaire internationale*; Russia had slapped Germany. Nothing but an official apology from the Governor-General could atone for the insult.



A MOSCOW POLICEMAN.



VERA NICHOLAERNA FIGNER,

A noblewoman who has spent twenty years in prison.



STEPAN VLADIMIROVITCH BALMASHOFF,

A student who was hanged for shooting Sipyagin.

The ruse worked; the Governor, after waiting eight days, rode forth in state to administer diplomatic balm. But the plan as a whole failed, owing to the mistake of the nervous woman, worn by constant watching at a window, who threw the wrong bomb.

In this same Warsaw, near this same time, one of the most skilful, most daring, of recent terroristic plans was consummated—without a shot or the loss of a drop of blood. Ten political prisoners in Pavyack prison were condemned to death, and a group of Warsaw terrorists determined to rescue them or to die trying. There was quick preparation, rigorous rehearsing of parts. Toward midnight, about thirty hours before the time set for execution, the voice of the chief of police of Warsaw called over the telephone to the assistant prison warden: "Get ready these ten prisoners"—giving names and dates of arrest—"for immediate transfer to the Citadel. Gendarme Officer Baron Rudberg will call in half an hour with the necessary orders and will take charge of the transfer."

That gruff, authoritative voice was indubitably the chief's (the imitation was perfect), so the assistant warden began hastily to prepare the necessary papers. Within the speci-

fied half hour, "Baron Rudberg" was at the prison with six policemen. The latter were left inside the yard, at the prison entrance—yawning, smoking, sleepily cursing the revolutionists. Baron Rudberg—very stiff, very insolent—proceeded to the assistant warden and delivered the orders for the prisoners. The minutes while the warden was examining the papers were hours of racking strain to the terrorist beneath Baron Rudberg's mask; if there were any flaw in the forgeries, he and his comrades would die with the ten. . . . But the forgeries were perfect.

The warden humbly begged pardon, but his papers were not yet ready—the Baron knew there was much formality connected with the transfer of so many condemned men—the Baron would excuse. But Baron Rudberg abused his slowness with true official arrogance. The warden resumed work in a panic. The Baron chafed up and down the office, smoking cigarettes, scolding the warden. An hour passed—two. This delay had not been counted on; momentarily the Baron expected some telephone call, some police visit, that would send them all to death. But finally the formalities were completed, and the prisoners ordered from their cells.



GREGOR GERSHUNI,

Once leader of the Terrorists, who recently escaped from Siberia in a barrel of sauerkraut.

The prisoners, of course, were entirely ignorant of the scheme for their rescue. One prisoner, innocent of any offense whatever, was to have been executed that very morning; so when the guards led him from his cell he thought he was to be taken directly to the scaffold, and was so unmanned that he could scarcely move. When the ten were all brought together, one of them recognized the Baron; and so sudden was the idea that there was a plot for their deliverance that he could not mask his face. The Baron saw the look—trembled lest others had also seen it. Immediately he burst into new abuse of the warden, which turned all eyes to that official and reduced him to cringing apology.

The ten prisoners were led down to the entrance, where the six policemen and the black prison wagon were in waiting. The policemen, with all the characteristic brutality of the Russian police, shoved into the wagon the ten prisoners, still ignorant of their fate—taking care that their comrades did not attempt a desperate dash for liberty. Two policemen clambered in with the prisoners, two stood on the rear step, and two sat in front with the prison driver. Then the gates were thrown open and the wagon rattled out.

As they were going through a quiet, almost houseless, street, one of the policemen on the back step called out: "Hold—a wheel is broken!" The wagon stopped, the three men from the front clambered down, and the driver stooped to examine the indicated wheel. Suddenly he was caught by the throat and thrust in among the prisoners. Then the horses were turned into the country, sent galloping through the night—to be drawn up at length before a secluded country house. Here comrades were in waiting—and clothes, money, and passports; and immediately all concerned, rescuers and rescued, were hurrying toward Germany or distant parts of Russia. All but "Baron Rudberg," the master of the scheme; for weeks he remained in Warsaw going calmly about his affairs.

These group acts show the strategy, the reckless daring, of the terrorists; their personality, their devotion to their ideals come out more distinctly in the acts executed by single individuals—terrorists like Kalaeff, who killed the Grand Duke Sergius; Balmaschoff, the slayer of Sipyagin; Marie Spiridonova, who shot Luchenovskiy; Zinaida Kono-



IVAN PLATONOVICH KALAEFF,

Who killed the Grand Duke Sergius with a bomb and was hanged.

plannikova, who killed General Min—all high heroes and heroines among the revolutionists.

Balmaschoff, a youth of twenty-one, was a student of the University of St. Petersburg in 1902 when Minister of the Interior Sipyagin was carrying out his relentless policy of repression—a policy which, continued in an even harsher manner by Plehve, was to win for Plehve also a terroristic death. One day Balmaschoff appeared at Sipyagin's offices, brilliant in an officer's uniform.

"I am the adjutant of the Grand Duke Constantine," he said haughtily to the guard. "I bear a most important document to Sipyagin. I must see him at once."

The Grand Duke Constantine was on the closest terms with Sipyagin, so Balmaschoff was straightway admitted into Sipyagin's presence. He gave the document into the Minister's hand. Sipyagin began to open it. Balmaschoff spoke. Sipyagin looked up—looked up into the muzzle of Balmaschoff's revolver.

"That is your death warrant," said Balmaschoff. And the next instant Sipyagin was on the floor, mortally wounded.

Balmaschoff made no attempt to escape. He went to meet the in-rushing guards and gave himself up. At his trial he was so dignified, so strong, so eloquent, that his figure stirred all Russia—even government officials. The middle-aged St. Petersburg lawyer who described to me the trial, five years before, could not hold back his tears. Balmaschoff was given to understand that the government would grant him mercy if he would but ask for it. He said that he had done his duty; he had done right; he could not repent, so he could not ask mercy. And in the yard of Schlussemburg prison at the dawn of a blue May morning, in the presence of a gendarme, an officer in gorgeous uniform, a hangman all in hangman's crimson, and a robed priest holding a gilded cross up to the sun, he met his fate—calmly, boldly. Said the gendarme, in telling of the death: "Thus can die only those who die for their ideals."

Of lower degree, but of the same stuff, was Kubis, a Polish workman. Kubis received orders to kill a certain infamous police official of his city. He proceeded straight to the police station, marched in and found his man among several officials and policemen. He drew one of his two Brownings—the pistol of the revolutionists; black, compact, terrifically effective, a pocket rapid-fire gun—and killed the official on the spot.

Before the police could fire upon him, he had leaped through an open window and was out in the cobble-paved street running away. But at once soldiers, drawn by his shots, appeared across his path. He was a master of the Browning, but instead of opening fire he walked up to them, his two pistols held out in his open hand.

"I do not want to kill you—you have done nothing," he said.

A few hours later, before the court-martial, he was calm, at his ease. "I could have killed all the police in the station," he said. "I could have killed many of the soldiers. But they had done nothing. I had orders to kill only one man. I killed just him—no more. . . . I expect to die. I am ready. But I make of you one request. I ask you not to hang me. I am a soldier of the revolution. I ask for a soldier's death—to be shot."

The intrepidity of the man, the serenity of his bearing, compelled admiration in the soldier breasts of his judges. Hanging was his natural sentence. But they did not hang him, nor shoot him. They exerted all their power with St. Petersburg authorities—and now to him, in a Siberian prison, there comes across the snow the worship of the Polish revolutionists.

Marie Spiridonova—speak that name at a revolutionary meeting, and the meeting is on its feet. She was, when she sprang into fame, a Tambov school teacher—slight, delicately fashioned, with blue eyes and wavy brown hair. She had been studious, had dreamed of being a doctor—but as she came toward twenty the grief of her people laid hold upon her, as it does upon all of Russia's finest young. Her soul went into the revolution.

Luchenovsky had terrorized the province of Tambov—by fire, by flogging the bare backs of village after village, by giving over women to be violated by his Cossacks. One day as he waited on the railway platform, Marie Spiridonova sent five rapid bullets into him. . . . He was a month a-dying.

Often a terrorist prefers suicide to the ante-execution torture whose pangs may force the betrayal of his comrades. Marie Spiridonova turned her sixth bullet upon herself. But soldiers were upon her, and the bullet went wide. Her clothes were torn from her, she was beaten, thrown to the ground, stamped upon. . . . While she was in prison in Tambov, two officers in charge of her outraged her. . . . Now, in far-off Siberia, she wears her hair loosely over her

brows to hide the heel-scars there; and in one eye there is no sight.

The bestialities she suffered, even more than her assassination of Luchenovsky, gave her her preeminent place among the people. Her body was the body of Russia; just so was Russia daily treated. The outrages heaped upon her, sanctified her, in the popular mind, as fire canonized Joan of Arc.

Zinaida Konoplannikova was also a school teacher—was also of the mettle of Marie Spiridonova. She tried to teach the people of her village other things than those laid down in the narrow, official program. In consequence she was discharged from the educational system. Soon she was cast into prison, to remain there a year—to be cast back for a second year immediately on her discharge. On her second release she threw herself into the revolution.

Her comrades describe Zinaida as a gentle girl with beautiful, tender eyes. Gentleness, tenderness—how often these qualities stand out in the character of the women terrorists! Perhaps it is their very tenderness, their keen sympathy for the suffering of others, that is the spring of their exalted courage, their willingness to die.

General Min's cruelties might fill a volume. After the Moscow rebellion he shot down without trial hundreds who had taken no part. His was the order, directed against his own people—"Prisoners should not be held. Act without mercy." Him Zinaida volunteered to remove. She took a room near General Min's summer home at Peterhoff and began to study his habits. She found that he left his house at a regular hour each morning. At this hour, one morning, in company with a comrade, she drew near the general's gate—a hand in her pocket, the other hand carrying a black velvet work-bag. In the pocket was a Browning—in the work-bag a bomb.

Now in a neighboring summer house lived two little children who had given her their immediate love. Just as she saw the general coming, the two children ran out to her, caught her skirt, tried to take her hands. She carefully lifted the little velvet bag above their heads; looked at the general—at the children. Then she turned to her comrade and said softly: "I cannot—the children!" . . . And the general passed safely by.

That same afternoon she awaited him on the platform of the railway station, still carrying

the little work-bag. The station was practically empty, so she determined to use the bomb and not the revolver. The bomb would endanger no one but himself and herself—and perhaps in the commotion following the explosion she could escape. But when Min appeared he was accompanied by his wife and daughter. There was a moment of quick thought. The bomb meant the death of Min and the two women—and perhaps her escape. The revolver meant Min's death, and hers. . . . The velvet bag shifted to her left hand, and the Browning spoke. . . .

Immediately soldiers rushed upon her. "Careful! Careful!" she called out, holding up the bag. "This is a bomb!" They fell back. She gently laid down the bag and gave herself up. . . . At midnight, September 10, 1906, in the famous Schlussellburg prison, she was hanged.

Before the judges of her court-martial she made a speech, a wonderful, tear-bringing speech—a speech that, printed on the thinnest of paper, is secretly circulated among revolutionists as a holy tract. It ends in these words, defiantly, hopefully, almost ecstatically—and in them you have the spirit of the terrorists:

"In vain are all the inhumanities of the government. No repressions, no arrests, no prisons, no hangings, no exile, no shooting down, no punitive expeditions, no massacres—none of these can stay the onward movement of the aroused people! . . . You will sentence me to death. But wherever I may chance to die, in prison, on the gallows, in the mines of Siberia, I shall die with but one thought: Forgive me, my people. I can give you so little—only my life!"

And still autocracy crushes down . . . crushes down; straining its strength, begging money-strength from all the world to aid its crushing. And still the spirit of the people intensifies, expands. . . . Some near day, some near year, will come the great explosion—whether as the collapse of czarism, as a constitutional overthrow, as a bloody revolution counting its dead by the hundreds of thousands, no man can tell. But when the sound quiets, autocracy will be dust . . . And then this spirit of throwing self away that the people may profit, the spirit that prompted the Zinaidas, the Balmaschoffs, the Spiridonovas, will contribute to make free Russia who can guess how great a nation!



ONE SOLUTION

By **NETTA SYRETT**

Illustrations by **M. Spero**

TO reach Jean Sinclair's studio in the Latin Quarter one climbed six flights of stairs, and then found a fairly large bare room, hung with brown paper. Two or three cheap mats lay upon its otherwise uncovered floor. A curtain suspended from an iron rod divided the sleeping part of the room from that devoted to the pursuit of art. The former contained a small iron bedstead, a painted wash-stand, a bath, a row of pegs for clothes, and a looking-glass hung above a chest of drawers. In the working part of the room there was a large easel supporting an unfinished picture, and against the skirting of the walls stacks of canvases presented their backs to the observer.

A gaunt black stove, upon which Jean, allowing for tardy boiling, had already placed a kettle, slightly mitigated the chilliness of the atmosphere. It was late October, and already cold in Paris.

Jean had spread a cloth over a somewhat rickety table, and was taking cups and saucers from a cupboard, when there was a knock at the door, rendered meaningless by the immediate entrance of Sallie.

Sallie was also an art student, and Jean's opposite neighbor. She was a pretty, untidy little creature with a quantity of loose, fair hair, blue eyes, and a painting pinafore, unfastened at the back. She was very young, nearly fifteen years younger than Jean, who was thirty-five and looked even older.

Jean was not pretty, in spite of a face delicately featured and regular. She was much too thin, and from her eyes, sunken and rather faded, the gay, keen look of youth had vanished.

But as she turned and smiled at Sallie's tumultuous entrance, an acute observer might have found himself wondering what changes an easy life, the warmth and comfort of a

home, might have made in a woman the frailty of whose physique obviously demanded these aids to the preservation of comeliness.

"I say, can I lend you cups and saucers, or anything?" demanded Sallie briskly. "You've got some people coming to tea, haven't you?"

"Only Mary Hamilton and her husband. No, thank you, dear, I have enough."

"Do you want any food? I've got some *pain d'épice* you can have, if you like. It's quite fresh."

"No. I brought some cakes in with me," returned Jean, opening a paper bag.

"Éclairs! You extravagant thing!" Sallie exclaimed. "That means only one *plat* at Boudet's to-night."

Jean shrugged her shoulders.

"One must give people a decent tea."

"The kettle's actually boiling," said Sallie, moving it a little on the stove. "These Hamiltons are the people you stayed with in the summer, when you went home, aren't they?"

"Yes. They're over in Paris for a week's holiday. They came yesterday."

Sallie, who also appeared to be taking a holiday, balanced herself on the rail of Jean's bed.

"What's the husband like?" she inquired. "Interesting?"

"No. Worthy."

The girl made a little grimace.

"And Mrs. Hamilton?"

"She's a dear, and a very old friend of mine. We were at the Slade together. But no doubt you would think her worthy, too."

"What a dull time you must have had in the summer! No wonder you were depressed when you came back. You've been depressed ever since, as a matter of fact."

Jean was cutting bread and butter, and did not reply.

"Lots of children, I suppose?" inquired Sallie, idly swinging one foot.

"Yes. Five."

"Heavens! How they must have got on your nerves."

"No. I like children."

Sallie laughed skeptically.

"How quaint of you! All the same, I'm sure you were bored."

"The meals were regular, and very good," returned Jean, putting the butter back into the cupboard. "There was a bathroom, and plenty of hot water, and servants to brush your skirts and clean your boots."

"As if *those* things matter!" cried Sallie scornfully.

"They don't when you're—twenty," Jean returned, pouring water into the basin as a preliminary to washing her hands.

"Well," declared Sallie with conviction, "I know I'd much rather live in Paris on two francs a day, than be back in Wandsworth, where there are twelve of us, and plenty of mutton and rice pudding to go round."

"How long have you been here, Sallie?" asked Jean suddenly, shaking the water from her hands.

The girl considered. "Let me see. Five months."

"Wait till it's five years. The clatter of Boudet's gets on your nerves after five years or so. And you're apt to feel sick at the sight of Garnier's, even on the days you can afford to go in. The days you can't, you feel sicker."

She spoke with quiet bitterness, and Sallie glanced at her uneasily.

"Oh, yes, I know," she admitted. "We have hard times. But it's fun!" she added, with the reckless gaiety of her twenty years.

"I thought so once. Come off the bed, Sallie; I want to draw the curtain."

The girl obeyed. "Talking about Garnier's," she remarked, "I wonder what's become of that woman we spoke to once. I haven't seen her there lately."

"She looked ill," Jean returned, arranging the curtain to her satisfaction. "Her name was Reade, wasn't it? We must try to find her. I liked the look of her. No doubt she's half starved, like so many of the women here who haven't the sense of humor to refrain from taking themselves seriously."

"You know you're working too hard, Jean," Sallie declared judicially, as her friend sank into a deck chair.

"To very little purpose."

"Oh, nonsense! You've got the blues very badly. Why, your work's awfully admired."

Jean absently turned up the end of her skirt to look at the braid, which was worn and frayed.

"Among a lot of women who do tenth-rate imitations of imitations," she answered, still bitterly.

Sallie fired up. "I'm sure the women's work is just as good as the men's!" she declared.

"It need be."

"Well, anyhow," retorted Sallie rather lamely, "one must do something. What would half the women here be doing if they weren't painting?"



"IT'S NOT WHAT WOMEN ARE *FIT* FOR—IT'S WHAT YOU CAN GET."

"Most of them ought to be in domestic service," declared Jean. "They might make dish covers look a better color than their canvases. A great many of them might be marrying."

"Any one, I suppose?" inquired Sallie loftily. "Perhaps, like me, they prefer their art."

Jean glanced at the girl's soft, rounded face. "I wonder how many of them have arrived at cursing the little aptitude for drawing that they call their art," she observed musingly.

Sallie's cheeks flushed angrily.

"I suppose you think that all I'm fit for is to marry Harry Jones?" she broke out angrily. "He may write to me twice a week for a thousand years, and I won't do it!"

She jumped up from the arm of the chair to

which she had moved, but Jean caught her as she was brushing past. "Don't be angry, Sallie!" she begged. "It's not what you and hundreds of other women are *fit* for—that's not the point. It's what you can get."

Sallie hesitated, struggling between her resentment and the tenderness of Jean's smile.

"Here they come!" she exclaimed. "They're at the first flight. Let me escape."

"No, stay and see Mary. You'll like her. Turn round."

She rose, and began to fasten Sallie's gaping pinafore, and to push escaping hair-pins into her thick hair.

"Yes; I know I'm frightfully untidy," admitted Sallie deprecatingly. "You're always so neat. I can't think how you manage it. You're not a bit of a Bohemian, are you?"

"Too old for it, my dear," said her friend, releasing Sallie to open the door.

Her visitors had reached the top landing, and Mr. Hamilton, leaning against the rail of the banisters, was panting and puffing ostentatiously.

"Here you are!" Jean exclaimed. "I heard you coming up. So you found your way?"

"Yes, but what a climb!" sighed Mr. Hamilton, following his wife into the studio. "What was that the what d'you call her, consiurge woman, shouted after me, Mary? It sounded like '*Oh, seize 'em!*' But I suppose it couldn't have been that."

Mary laughed.

"*Au sixième*, I suppose," Jean explained.

"I'm on the sixth floor. Mary, how well you look! Let me introduce Miss Whyte, my neighbor on these heights."

Mr. Hamilton bowed, and his wife, with a kindly smile, shook hands with the girl. Mary Hamilton was about Jean's age, a plump, pleasant-looking little woman with bright eyes, and a shrewd, genially ironic mouth.

"I'm dying for tea!" she declared. "Jean, what heavenly cakes!"

"And how do you like Paris?" Jean inquired, passing the cups, while Sallie filled up the teapot.

"I love it. George hates it," Mary returned with a laugh.

George was short, broad, and rather stout.



"NOW I'M FREE, AND YOU'RE STILL FREE- WILL YOU MARRY ME, AFTER ALL?"

As he was also somewhat bald, his air of taking life seriously was not altogether without its justification.

"I don't go so far as that, my dear," he observed with a slight accent of reproof. "I only say that it isn't a patch on London."

"It would make an incongruous patch, certainly," said Jean, smiling.

"I'm glad you agree with me," he declared, turning confidentially to her. "It's much overrated, in my opinion. There's a lot of talk, but I'm disappointed in 'Gay Paree.' We do most things much better, I find. Take that ridiculous system of tickets for the omnibuses now! Why, a Britisher wouldn't stand it for a moment. Can't you imagine the shindy there'd be in London? And then their places of entertainment! Why, they can't hold a candle to ours. We went last night to the Noovo Serk. Rot! And as for the theatres——"

"We haven't been to any!" broke in Mary, smiling. She had been talking to Sallie while her husband was ponderously imparting his impressions of the French capital.

"And I certainly sha'n't take you, Mary," he replied. "I hear their tone is anything but good."

Sallie put down her cup and saucer, and rose.

"I think I must go, Jean," she said. "I want to finish my sketch while the daylight lasts."

"Rather a pretty little thing," Mary remarked when the door closed. "The typical art student, though," she added.

"In every way," agreed her friend. "She's the daughter of a bank clerk at Wandsworth. One of the usual large family. First the high school, a term or two at Lambeth, then Paris for the rest of her life on nothing a year."

Mrs. Hamilton threw a quick glance at Jean, who once more inclined a patient ear to the Georgian platitudes. Once launched on the tide of insular prejudice, Mr. Hamilton was hugely enjoying himself. To his heart's content he reviled French dress, French manners, customs, and morals, while his wife lay back in her chair and placidly devoted her attention to French cakes.

"So you're staying at the *Hôtel de Lille et d'Albion*?" Jean observed presently, hoping to escape from a topic that was becoming tiresome. "Do you like it?"

"George is perfectly happy, because he can't hear a word of French if he tries,"

declared his wife, laughing. "George, dear, I don't want to hurry you, but if you're going to get that money changed you ought to go before the place closes."

He got up at once. "So I must," he agreed. "I only came to see my wife safely here. Women oughtn't to go about alone in this place. Now you're sure you know your way back to the hotel, Mary? You'd better take a cab, dear. You remember the address? Noomero vant sank, doo, roo Saint Honore."

If Mr. Hamilton's accent was execrable, the glance he gave his wife was full of tenderness.

"Take care of yourself, my dear," he begged, as he shook hands with Jean. "Oh, by the way, we want you to dine with us to-night, Miss Sinclair. Mary will arrange with you."

He had reached and opened the door, when he turned back.

"What's become of Knowles?" he asked. "I thought he was coming this afternoon."

"So he is," said Mary. "Later on. Good-by, dear." She nodded to him brightly, and with an indulgent smile watched his retreating form a moment, before Jean closed the door.

"Knowles?" asked Jean slowly. "Not Stephen Knowles?"

"Yes."

"Why, is he with you? What's he doing in Paris?"

"He's not with us. He happens to be staying at our hotel, and we met him last night at *table d'hôte*. I told him we were coming to see you to-day. He said he knew you were here, and had intended to call on you."

There was a moment's silence.

"Jean," exclaimed Mary suddenly, "why didn't you marry him?"

"I didn't love him."

Again there was a pause.

"I didn't love George," said Mary quietly.

"No." Jean took the wicker chair opposite her friend. "I often wonder how you had—the courage."

"I thought you were going to give it a different name. Still—courage will do. It was terror, my dear. Sheer terror."

"Of this?" Jean cast a dreary glance round the bare studio.

"Yes."

Jean did not speak at once.

"My feelings haven't changed," she said painfully at last. "I don't care a bit more

for Stephen than I did when I refused him, six years ago."

"No. But now there's six times more reason for marrying him. I know he means to ask you."

Jean looked at her with troubled eyes. "Is it fair?" she asked desperately. "Is it even decent?"

Mrs. Hamilton shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know."

"And you've made a success of it. You're happy."

"I have my home—and I love my children."

"And George?" asked Jean in a low voice.

"George—loves me."

"I can't think how you dared to risk it!" Jean broke out. "It might have been such a fiasco. You! A clever woman like you——"

"My dear, I flatter myself it's just because I *am* rather a clever woman that the situation is possible.

"Look here, Jean!" she went on, as though with a sudden resolve. "I know I have ten times more brain than George, but I try to forget it. The thing I find hardest in my married life is to refrain from laughing at him. Oh, I know, he's dull, ridiculous, pompous, what you like. But he's kindness itself. And some day I shall bring myself to listen to his absurd platitudes, as I ought, without even an inward smile."

"As you ought?" asked Jean, raising her head.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hamilton firmly. "Because he's done everything for me. He's saved me from heart-breaking loneliness. He's given me my home—and my children. And he loves me."

Jean rose and began nervously to put the cups and saucers together.

"Some women have all that—and the other things that matter as well," she broke out at last.

"Yes. Those who can afford to pay for it."

Jean looked her inquiry.

"In some form or other. In money, or rank, or beauty."

"I see what you mean," answered the other woman slowly. "It's no use being sentimental, Jean. The plain truth is that you and I, and hundreds of women like us, have nothing with which to buy our happiness. We have the negative disadvantages of poverty, of lack of social position, of ordinary looks. And the positive drawback of brains. We don't, in fact, command the market."

"Now you're cynical."

"No," returned Mrs. Hamilton with a slight smile. "No. I hope not. Only habit clings, and perhaps one states a fact a little bitterly, even when, as with me, the bitterness is past. I have long ago accepted the situation."

"But I haven't!" cried Jean with tears in her voice. "I'm a fool, but I haven't even yet left off wanting the stars."

There was sympathy in Mary's eyes, but she made no direct reply.

"Stephen is a good fellow," she declared gently. "He's never forgotten you, Jean, though he *did* marry that poor silly little nonentity. He's waited a decent time after her death, but now I'm sure he has come over here to ask you again. Take him, dear. Perhaps I oughtn't to have spoken, but it's been on my mind to say this to you ever since you were with us in the summer, and I saw how this life was affecting you. . . . I shudder when I think of the future for you, Jean."

"I shudder for myself," Jean answered in a hopeless tone. "Just before you came in, I practically said all you've been saying, to that poor little child in there." She nodded in the direction of Sallie's room. "Yet, when it comes to the point——"

A knock at the door cut the sentence short.

"It's Mr. Knowles. I'm going; remember," whispered Mary, rising and putting on her fur coat.

Jean admitted her visitor. He was a burly man of middle age, with a hearty voice, and a kindly, genial manner.

He shook hands effusively with Jean.

"Why, we haven't met for ages," he declared.

"It's five years," said Jean, smiling.

"Is it, really? How time flies. You're not going, Mrs. Hamilton? What have you done with George?"

"Indeed, I ought to have gone half an hour ago!" she exclaimed, collecting her belongings, her purse, her umbrella, her gloves. "I have to meet George at the hotel at six o'clock, and I shall scarcely do it. Jean," she turned to her friend, "we've arranged to dine together at a restaurant to-night. You said you'd come, didn't you? Shall we meet at half past seven at the *Café de Paris*, Mr. Knowles?"

"That will do splendidly," said Knowles. "And I'll bring Miss Sinclair, if I may."

She smiled. "Certainly."

"Very well, then, half past seven. *Au revoir.*"

Mary kissed her hand to Jean, and a moment later they heard her running downstairs.

"Nice little woman!" exclaimed Knowles. "No tea, thank you. I'll smoke a cigarette, if I may.

"And old George deserves her," he added genially, striking a match. "He's such a good sort, isn't he?"

"Yes," returned Jean without enthusiasm.

He laughed. "You were always hard to please. You don't like him?"

"Oh, yes, I do," she replied hastily. "I like him very much."

"Not smart enough for you, eh?"

"*Smart* isn't quite the right word," she said. "But don't let us talk about George."

"No. I didn't intend to," he declared meaningly.

Jean felt her hands trembling as she took an ash-tray from a side table and put it before him.

"Only if old George doesn't please you, I'm afraid there's not much chance for me," he went on deliberately.

"Chance of what?" asked Jean faintly.

"Of getting you to care for me."

She grew hot and cold with nervousness. The moment had arrived when she must make a decision. A thousand impulses toward shelter, safety, comfort, drew her toward him; a thousand longings and regrets that belonged to the country of starlight and dreams, strove to drag her from the fireside. She did not reply, but he seemed undaunted by her silence.

"It's no use beating about the bush," he said, knocking the ash off his cigarette against the edge of the tray. "I came over here to ask you again to marry me. I asked you six years ago, and you wouldn't have me. I'm a plain man, Jean, with not much romance about me. I'm not going to pretend my heart was broken. It wasn't. My rule in life is, if you can't get what you want, take what you can get. I married poor Millie, and on the whole we were very happy together. But you were the woman I wanted, Jean. And now I'm free, and you're still free—will you marry me, after all?"

She forced herself to look at him. His eyes were very kind. Instinctively she knew that the woman who married him would never lack tenderness, whatever dreams she must perforce relinquish.

"You are very good, Stephen," she answered. "I'm grateful to you for your

honesty, and for—your love. Will you give me a little time? I must think. I can't—" Her voice trembled too much to finish the sentence.

"Of course, my dear. I don't want to rush you. I'm not going back for a week. Business will have to do without me while I take my holiday." He laughed genially. "Will a week do for you?"

"Yes."

"Then we won't talk about it again till then. You're not looking over well, Jean. You want fattening up!" he exclaimed, looking at her critically. "So this is your studio? I don't believe this kind of thing's any good for women, 'pon my soul. What you see in it, I can't think!" He got up and began to prow round the room, examining the photographs pinned against the walls.

"See in what?" asked Jean, trying to laugh.

"In art, and all that kind of thing. I went into the Louvre this morning. By Jove! there must have been *miles* of pictures. It made me giddy to think of them. I was out again in a shot, and had to get a drink at the nearest café." He threw back his head, and laughed good-temperedly.

"Well, every one can't like pictures," Jean began. "You care for other things, no doubt. Books, or music, or the theatre, or—something."

He shook his head. "Not in the sort of way *you* mean, my dear. Books? Well, I like a good detective story occasionally. Sherlock Holmes, now. But as a rule the newspaper's enough for me. And I like the *Gaiety* shows now and then. But I can't stand what's his name—Ibsen; and all that gloomy trash. There's enough real trouble in the world, without paying to go and see sham ones, in my opinion."

Jean rather hurriedly crossed the room to her easel, and began some quite unnecessary readjustment of its machinery. Her brain was in a tumult. She thought she should go mad if she could not silence its conflicting, clamorous voices.

Stephen watched her a moment with a half-humorous smile.

"It's no good, Jean!" he exclaimed at last banteringly. "You'll never make anything but a Philistine of me. So give it up, my dear— Why, Jean, child! what is it?"

He had crossed the room in a stride, and his arm was round her shoulder, while, humiliated and ashamed, she tried to check her sobbing.

"It's nothing! I'm a fool. I'm tired, that's all," she whispered incoherently.

"Look here!" he cried, with an illuminating suspicion. "When did you have lunch?"

"Yesterday," she returned, half laughing.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Do you mean to say you've had nothing to eat to-day?"

"I had some coffee and a roll this morning."

He uttered a smothered ejaculation.

"You women! Put on your hat, and come out at once."

"But we're to meet the Hamiltons at half past seven," she faltered.

He looked at his watch. "Well, it's a quarter to seven now. Come along."

"I must do my hair," Jean said meekly.

"You want to get me out of the way while you titivate. Is that it? Well, I'll come back in ten minutes."

She nodded, trying to smile. Her crying had ceased, but speech was still difficult.

"Jean, dear," he whispered, "you *must* marry me. You need some one to take care of you. I want so much to do it." He bent and kissed her hair.

"You are so good, Stephen," she murmured, "such a dear."

"Now not another word till you've had some dinner," he insisted. "You'll feel as right as rain then. Ten minutes now!"

He shut the door, with a warning glance, and Jean sank down on the bed.

She looked desperately round the poor bare studio, the scene of much work, many dreams, many sweet illusions. They must all go, if she became Stephen's wife. Her freedom must follow them. She must live at the side of a man who did not speak her language, to whom her tastes were incomprehensible, her thoughts unintelligible. A man, shrewd and clever in business affairs, yet otherwise prosaic, dull, homely. "But kind—kindness, goodness itself," she mentally added with a thrill of gratitude. "Can I? Oh! I wish I could. But I— Oh! I'm impossible. I don't believe I *can*."

She began mechanically to put on her hat, to take her veil and gloves from a drawer.

There was a hesitating knock, then the door half opened, and Sallie looked in.

Jean saw that she was pale, and rather agitated. She had a newspaper in her hand.

"Has he gone? Are you alone?" she asked quickly. "Oh, Jean, I'm so upset. There's an awful thing in the paper. You know that Miss Reade?"

"The girl we used to see at Garnier's? The rather pretty dark girl? Why, we were talking about her just a few minutes ago."

"Yes. Well, she's *dead*," said Sallie in an awestruck whisper. "She was found dead this morning in her studio. There was no fire, and no food in the place. They say it was practically starvation. Oh, Jean, and she's quite close to us, in the next street. We might have helped her if we'd known!"

Jean sank down again on the bed. "And all alone? Poor girl! Poor woman!"

Sallie drew near. "Jean, how ill you look. I wish I hadn't told you. It's shocked you."

"No," she returned in a curious far-away voice. "No. I'm quite well. Sallie, I'm going to marry—Harry Jones."

Sallie started.

"Harry Jones? What do you mean? I've just had a letter from him."

"The generic Harry Jones. Not your particular—" All at once a flush of shame covered her face. "What a beast I am!" she cried vehemently. "How dare I? No, Sallie, I'm going to marry a good man who's kind enough to love me. And I'm going to make him happy if I can."

Sallie stared at her blankly at first. Then she, too, flushed.

"You don't care for him a bit!" she exclaimed. "You know you don't. You're just going to marry him for a home, and nothing else. I think it's horrible! I'd rather *die* than marry a man I didn't love!" Her young voice rang with indignant scorn.

Jean's eyes held a curious expression.

"I was where you are—ten years ago," she said under her breath.

There was a sound of footsteps on the stairs.

"He's coming to take you out, I suppose?" asked Sallie coldly. "I'll go."

She fled, and Jean heard her door bang.

She looked round the studio, and going swiftly to the easel, took from it the picture on which she had been working, and wet as it was, thrust it with its face to the wall.

"Are you ready?" asked Stephen's voice outside.

She ran to the door and opened it. "Quite ready, Stephen."

Her voice and her trembling smile gave meaning to the words.

Stephen glanced at her, and a glad look sprang to his eyes.

"That's right!" he said heartily, as he stooped and kissed her.

The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss

By O. HENRY

Author of "Cabbages and Kings," "The Four Million," etc.

Illustrations by Martin Justice

I GO sometimes into the *Bierhalle* and restaurant called Old Munich. Not long ago it was a resort of interesting Bohemians, but now only artists and musicians and literary folk frequent it. But the Pilsner is yet good, and I take some diversion from the conversation of waiter No. 18.

For many years the customers of Old Munich have accepted the place as a faithful copy from the ancient German town. The big hall with its smoky rafters, rows of imported steins, portrait of Goethe, and verses painted on the walls—translated into German from the original of the Cincinnati poets—seems atmospherically correct when viewed through the bottom of a glass.

But not long ago the proprietors added the room above, called it the Little Rheinschloss, and built in a stairway. Up there was an imitation stone parapet, ivy-covered, and the walls were painted to represent depth and distance, with the Rhine winding at the base of the vineyarded slopes, and the castle of Ehrenbreitstein looming directly opposite the entrance. Of course there were tables and chairs; and you could have beer and food brought you, as you naturally would on the top of a castle on the Rhine.

But these things you have seen, or will see, if Uncle John's will reads right, and you get that long-desired trip to New York.

I went into Old Munich one afternoon when there were few customers, and sat at my usual table near the stairway. I was shocked and almost displeased to perceive that the glass cigar-case by the orchestra stand had been smashed to smithereens. I did not like things to happen in Old Munich. Nothing had ever happened there before.

Waiter No. 18 came and breathed on my neck. I was his by right of discovery. Eighteen's brain was built like a corral. It was full of ideas, which, when he opened the gate, came huddling out like a flock of sheep that might get together afterward or might not. I did not shine as a shepherd. As a type Eighteen fitted nowhere. I did not find out if he had a nationality, family, creed, grievance, hobby, soul, preference, home, or vote. He only came

always to my table and, as long as his leisure would permit, let words flutter from him like swallows leaving a barn at daylight.

"How did the cigar-case come to be broken, Eighteen?" I asked, with a certain feeling of personal grievance.



"'YOU!' SHE SAYS. 'IT,' SAYS SIR PERCIVAL."



"PARDON ME, LADY," SAYS HE. "IT WAS HOTTER THAN BLAZES."

"I can tell you about that, sir," said he, resting his foot on the chair next to mine. "Did you ever have anybody hand you a double handful of good luck while both your hands was full of bad luck, and stop to notice how your fingers behaved?"

"No riddles, Eighteen," said I. "Leave out palmistry and manicuring."

"You remember," said Eighteen, "the guy in the hammered brass Prince Albert and the orioide gold pants and the amalgamated copper hat, that carried the combination meat-ax, ice-pick, and liberty-pole, and used to stand on the first landing as you go up to the Little Rindslosh?"

"Why, yes," said I. "The halberdier. I

never noticed him particularly. I remember I thought he was only a suit of armor. He had a perfect poise."

"He had more than that," said Eighteen. "He was me friend. He was an advertisement. The boss hired him to stand on the stairs for a kind of scenery to show there was something doing in the has-been line upstairs. What did you call him—a what kind of a beer?"

"A halberdier," said I. "That was an ancient man-at-arms of many hundred years ago."

"Some mistake," said Eighteen. "This one wasn't that old. He wasn't over twenty-three or four."

"It was the boss's idea, rigging a man up in an ante-bellum suit of tinware and standing him on the landing of the slosh. He bought the goods at a Fourth Avenue antique store, and hung a sign out: 'Able-bodied hal—halberdier wanted. Costume furnished.'"

"The same morning a young man with wrecked good clothes and a hungry look comes in, bringing the sign with him. I was filling the mustard-pots at my station."

"I'm it," says he, 'whatever it is. But I never halberdiered in a restaurant. Put me on. Is it a masquerade?'

"I hear talk in the kitchen of a fishball," says I.

"Bully for you, Eighteen," says he. 'You and I'll get on. Show me the boss's desk.'

"Well, the boss tries the Harveyized pajamas on him, and they fitted him like the scales on a baked redsnapper, and he gets the job. You've seen what it is—he stood straight up in the corner of the first landing with his halberd to his shoulder, looking right ahead and guarding the Portugals of the castle. The boss is nutty about having the true Old-World flavor to his joint. 'Halberdiers goes with Rindsloshes,' says he, 'just as rats goes with rathskellers and white cotton stockings with Tyrolean villages.' The boss is a kind of a antiologist and is all posted up on data and such information."

"From 8 P.M. to two in the morning was the halberdier's hours. He got two meals with us help and a dollar a night. I eat with him at the table. He liked me. He never told his name. He was traveling impromptu, like kings, I guess. The first time at supper I says to him: 'Have some more of the spuds, Mr. Frelinghuysen.' 'Oh, don't be so formal and offish, Eighteen,' says he. 'Call me Hal—that's short for halberdier.' 'Oh,

don't think I wanted to pry for names,' says I. 'I know all about the dizzy fall from wealth and greatness. We've got a count washing dishes in the kitchen; and the third bartender used to be a Pullman conductor. And they *work*, Sir Percival,' says I, sarcastic."

"'Eighteen,' says he, 'as a friendly devil in a cabbage-scented hell, would you mind cutting up this piece of steak for me? I don't say that it's got more muscle than I have, but—' And then he shows me the insides of his hands. They was blistered and cut and corned and swelled up till they looked like a couple of flank steaks criss-crossed with a knife—the kind the butchers hide and take home, knowing what is the best."

"'Shoveling coal,' says he, 'and piling bricks and loading drays. But they gave out, and I had to resign. I was born for a halberdier, and I've been educated for twenty-four years to fill the position. Now, quit knocking my profession, and pass along a lot more of that ham. I'm holding the closing exercises,' says he, 'of a forty-eight-hour fast.'"

"The second night he was on the job he walks down from his corner to the cigar-case and calls for cigarettes. The customers at the tables all snicker out loud to show their acquaintance with history. The boss is on."

"'An'—let's see—oh, yes—'An anarchism,' says the boss. 'Cigarettes was not made at the time when halberdiers was invented.'"

"'The ones you sell was,' says Sir Percival. 'Caporal wins from chronology, by the length of a cork tip.' So he gets 'em, and lights one, and puts the box in his brass helmet, and goes back to patrolling the Rindslosh."

"He made a big hit, 'specially with the ladies. Some of 'em would poke him with their fingers to see if he was real or only a kind of a stuffed figure like they burn in elegy. And when he'd move they'd squeak, and make eyes at him as they went up to the slosh. He looked fine in his halberdashery. He slept at \$2 a week in a hall room on Third Avenue. He invited me up there one night. He had a little book on the wash-stand that he read instead of shopping in the saloons after hours. 'I'm on to that,' says I, 'from reading about it in novels. All the heroes on the bum carry the little book. It's either Tantalus or Liver or Horace, and its printed in Latin, and you're a college man. And I wouldn't be surprised,' says I, 'if you wasn't educated,

too.' But it was only the batting averages of the League for the last ten years.

"One night, about half past eleven, there comes in a party of these high-rollers that are always hunting up new places to eat in and poke fun at. There was a swell girl in a 40 H.-P. auto tan coat and veil, and a fat old man with white side whiskers, and a young chap that couldn't keep his feet off the tail of the girl's coat, and an oldish lady that looked upon life as immoral and unnecessary. 'How perfectly delightful,' they says, 'to sup in a slosh.' Up the stairs they go; and in half a minute back down comes the girl, her skirts swishing like the waves on the beach. She stops on the landing and looks our halberdier in the eye.

"'You!' she says, with a smile that reminded me of lemon sherbet. I was waiting up-stairs in the slosh then, and I was right down here by the door putting some vinegar and cayenne into an empty bottle of tabasco, and I heard all they said.

"'It,' says Sir Percival, without moving. 'I'm only local color. Are my hauberk, helmet, and halberd on straight?'

"'Is there an explanation to this?' says she. 'Is it a practical joke such as men play in those Griddle-cake and Lamb clubs? I'm afraid I don't see the point. I heard, vaguely, that you were away. For three months I—we have not seen you or heard from you.'

"'I'm halberdiering for my living,' says the statue. 'I'm working,' says he. 'I don't suppose you know what work means.'

"'Have you—have you lost your money?' she asks.

"Sir Percival studies a minute.

"'I'm poorer,' says he, 'than the poorest sandwich man on the streets—if I don't earn my living.'

"'You call this work?' says she. 'I thought a man worked with his hands or his head instead of becoming a mountebank.'

"'The calling of a halberdier,' says he, 'is an ancient and honorable one. Sometimes,' says he, 'the man-at-arms at the door has saved the castle while the plumed knights were cake-walking in the banquet halls above.'

"'I see you're not ashamed,' says she, 'of your peculiar tastes. I wonder, though, that the manhood I used to think I saw in you didn't prompt you to draw water or hew wood instead of publicly flaunting your ignominy in this disgraceful masquerade.'

"Sir Percival kind of rattles his armor and

says: 'Helen, will you suspend sentence in this matter for just a little while? You don't understand,' says he. 'I've got to hold this job down a bit longer.'

"'You like being a harlequin—or halberdier, as you call it?' says she.

"'I wouldn't get thrown out of the job just now,' says he, with a grin, 'to be appointed Minister to the Court of St. James.'

"And then the 40 H.-P. girl's eyes sparkled as hard as diamonds.

"'Very well,' says she. 'You shall have full run of your serving-man's tastes this night.' And she swims over to the boss's desk and gives him a smile that knocks the specs off his nose.

"'I think your Rindslosh,' says she, 'is as beautiful as a dream. It is a little slice of the Old World set down in New York. We shall have a nice supper up there; but if you will grant us one favor the illusion will be perfect—give us your halberdier to wait on our table.'

"That hit the boss's antilogy hobby just right. 'Sure,' says he, 'dot vill be fine. Under orchestra shall blay "Die Wacht am Rhein" all der time.' And he goes over and tells the halberdier to go up-stairs and hustle the grub at the swells' table.

"'I'm on the job,' says Sir Percival, taking off his helmet and hanging it on his halberd and leaning 'em in the corner. The girl goes up and takes her seat and I see her jaw squared tight under her smile. 'We're going to be waited on by a real halberdier,' says she, 'one who is proud of his profession. Isn't it sweet?'

"'Ripping,' says the swell young man. 'Much prefer a waiter,' says the fat old gent. 'I hope he doesn't come from a cheap museum,' says the old lady—'he might have microbes in his costume.'

"Before he goes to the table, Sir Percival takes me by the arm. 'Eighteen,' says he, 'I've got to pull off this job without a blunder. You coach me straight or I'll take that halberd and make hash out of you.' And then he goes up to the table with his coat of mail on and a napkin over his arm and waits for the order.

"'Why, it's Deering!' says the young swell. 'Hello, old man. What the——'

"'Beg pardon, sir,' interrupts the halberdier, 'I'm waiting on the table.'

"The old man looks at him grim, like a Boston bull. 'So, Deering,' he says, 'you're at work yet.'



"WITH ALL THAT RINDSLOSH SCENERY IT WAS JUST LIKE A PLAY."

"‘Yes, sir,’ says Sir Percival, quiet and gentlemanly as I could have been myself, ‘for almost three months, now.’ ‘You haven’t been discharged during the time?’ asks the old man. ‘Not once, sir,’ says he, ‘though I’ve had to change my work several times.’

"‘Waiter,’ orders the girl, short and sharp, ‘another napkin.’ He brings her one, respectful.

"‘I never saw more devil, if I may say it, stirred up in a lady. There was two bright red spots on her cheeks, and her eyes looked exactly like a wildcat’s I’d seen in the zoo. Her foot kept slapping the floor all the time.

"‘Waiter,’ she orders, ‘bring me filtered water without ice. Bring me a footstool. Take away this empty saltcellar.’ She kept him on the jump. She was sure giving the halberdier his.

"‘There wasn’t but a few customers up in the slosh at that time, so I hung out near the door so I could help Sir Percival serve.

"‘He got along fine with the olives and celery and the bluepoints. They was easy. And then the consommé came up the dumb waiter all in one big silver tureen. Instead of serving it from the side table he picks it up between his hands and starts to the dining-table with it. When nearly there he drops the tureen smash on the floor, and the soup soaks all the lower part of that girl’s swell silk dress.

"‘Stupid—incompetent,’ says she, giving him a look. ‘Standing in a corner with a halberd seems to be your mission in life.’

"‘Pardon me, lady,’ says he. ‘It was just a little bit hotter than blazes. I couldn’t help it.’

"‘The old man pulls out a memorandum book and hunts in it. ‘The 25th of April, Deering,’ says he. ‘I know it,’ says Sir Percival. ‘And ten minutes to twelve o’clock,’ says the old man. ‘By Jupiter! you haven’t won yet.’ And he pounds the table with his fist and yells to me: ‘Waiter, call the manager at once—tell him to hurry here as fast as he can.’ I go after the boss, and old Brockmann hikes up to the slosh on the jump.

"‘I want this man discharged at once,’ roars the old guy. ‘Look what he’s done. Ruined my daughter’s dress. It cost at least \$600. Discharge this awkward lout at once or I’ll sue you for the price of it.’

"‘Dis is bad pizness,’ says the boss. ‘Six hundred dollars is much. I reckon I vill haf to—’

"‘Wait a minute, Herr Brockmann,’ says Sir Percival, easy and smiling. But he was worked up under his tin suitings; I could see that. And then he made the finest, neatest little speech I ever listened to. I can’t give you the words, of course. He give the millionaires a lovely roast in a sarcastic way, describing their automobiles and opera-boxes and diamonds; and then he got around to the working classes and the kind of grub they eat and the long hours they work—and all that sort of stuff—bunkum, of course. ‘The restless rich,’ says he, ‘never content with their luxuries, always prowling among the haunts of the poor and humble, amusing themselves with the imperfections and misfortunes of their fellow men and women. And even here, Herr Brockmann,’ he says, ‘in this beautiful Rindslosh, a grand and enlightening reproduction of Old-World history and architecture, they come to disturb its symmetry and picturesqueness by demanding, in their arrogance, that the halberdier of the castle wait upon their table. I have faithfully and conscientiously,’ says he, ‘performed my duties as a halberdier. I know nothing of a waiter’s duties. It was the insolent whim of these transient, pampered aristocrats that I should be detailed to serve them food. Must I be blamed—must I be deprived of the means of a livelihood,’ he goes on, ‘on account of an accident that was the result of their own presumption and haughtiness? But what hurts me more than all,’ says Sir Percival, ‘is the desecration that has been done to this splendid Rindslosh—the confiscation of its halberdier to serve menially at the banquet board.’

"‘Even I could see that the stuff was piffle; but it caught the boss.

"‘Mein Gott,’ says he, ‘you vas right. Ein halberdier haf not got der right to dish up soup. Him I vill not discharge. Have anoder waiter if you like, und let mein halberdier go back und stand mit his halberd. But, gendleman,’ he says, pointing to the old man, ‘you go ahead and sue mit der dress. Sue me for \$600 or \$6,000. I stand der suit.’ And the boss puffs off down-stairs. Old Brockmann was an all-right Dutchman.

"Just then the clock strikes twelve, and the old guy laughs loud. ‘You win, Deering,’ says he. ‘Let me explain to all,’ he goes on. ‘Some time ago Mr. Deering asked me for something that I did not want to give him.’ (I looks at the girl, and she turns as red as a pickled beet.) ‘I told him,’ says the old

guy, 'if he would earn his own living for three months without once being discharged for incompetence, I would give him what he wanted. It seems that the time was up at twelve o'clock to-night. I came near fetching you, though, Deering, on that soup question,' says the old boy, standing up and grabbing Sir Percival's hand.

"The halberdier lets out a yell and jumps three feet high.

"Look out for those hands,' says he, and he holds 'em up. You never saw such hands except on a laborer in a limestone quarry.

"Heavens, boy!' says old side-whiskers, 'what have you been doing to 'em?'

"Oh,' says Sir Percival, 'little chores like hauling coal and excavating rock till they went back on me. And when I couldn't hold a pick or a whip I took up halberdiering to give 'em a rest. Tureens full of hot soup don't seem to be a particularly soothing treatment.'

"I would have bet on that girl. That high-tempered kind always go as far the other way, according to my experience. She whizzes

round the table like a cyclone and catches both his hands in hers. 'Poor hands—dear hands,' she sings out, and sheds tears on 'em and holds 'em close to her bosom. Well, sir, with all that Rindslosh scenery it was just like a play. And the halberdier sits down at the table at the girl's side, and I served the rest of the supper. And that was about all, except that when they left he shed his hardware store and went with 'em."

I dislike to be side-tracked from an original proposition.

"But you haven't told me, Eighteen," said I, "how the cigar-case came to be broken."

"Oh, that was last night," said Eighteen.

"Sir Percival and the girl drove up in a cream-colored motor-car, and had dinner in the Rindslosh. 'The same table, Billy,' I heard her say as they went up. I waited on 'em. We've got a new halberdier now, a bow-legged guy with a face like a sheep. As they came down-stairs Sir Percival passes him a ten-case note. The new halberdier drops his halberd, and it falls on the cigar-case. That's how that happened."



The Dream

By LOUISE MORGAN SILL

LAST night I dreamt of daffodils—
They tell me now the night was cold,
That rugged winds swept barn and fold—
I only saw the daffodils.

They did not grow in clustered guise,
But, one by one, by bush and tree,
Their joyous eyes looked up at me,
O'erbrimmed with candor and surprise.

Forgot in this subdued delight
No sound of winter reached the dells,
Where, like a peal of faery bells,
The brooks were chiming all last night.

And though old winter, bold and sere,
Went raging, 'twas no other thing
Than the shy soul of unborn spring
That whispered in my dreaming ear.



Modern Masters of Music

Composers of To-day who are Making History in Operas, Symphonies, and Songs

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Author of "Phases of Modern Music," "The Music of To-morrow," etc.

With Portraits drawn by Horace Taylor

EDITOR'S NOTE.—How can music tell the story of Mazeppa, paint the picture of "A Deserted Farm," or describe a family dispute? In what sense is modern music revolutionary? Why is Strauss, for instance, called a musical anarchist? These questions, so frequently asked nowadays, are clearly answered in the article that follows—a simple and entertaining explanation, perfectly intelligible to any layman, of the art of music as it now is and of the purposes of modern composers. It is written by a man whose published volumes on modern music constitute him an authority.

AN industrious calculator has estimated that \$10,000,000 were spent last winter by the people of America for the enjoyment of serious music—music, that is to say, as it is known in our concert halls and opera houses; not the music of the comic opera stage and the vaudeville house. The figure is more likely an underestimate than an exaggeration. Few social phenomena of recent years in this country have been more remarkable than the enormous increase in the popular demand for music of the better class. Ten years ago the works of Wagner, of Beethoven, of Schubert, of Schumann, of Tschaikowsky were relegated, in the average mind, to the vague and unattainable limbo of "classical" music; to-day, one catches one's carpenter whistling the "Siegfried" motive from "Der Ring des Niebelungen," and the little dressmaker from the suburbs discourses intelligently upon the revolutionary art of Richard Strauss. On the day when the present scribe heard that a certain eminent and adored conductor had been secured for the leadership of a great orchestra in New York at a salary that would arouse the envy of many a bank president, he

heard also that a musical club in a little Ohio suburb unknown to the geographies was zestfully absorbing, at weekly "readings," one of the most formidable histories of music in existence. The publishers will tell you of the large and increasing demand for operatic guide-books, for biographies of great composers, for introductions of all kinds to the secrets of that supposedly mysterious art—the art of music; and the great tribe of popularizers flourishes as never before.

For this notable esthetic awakening, the wonderful mechanical inventions for perpetuating and reproducing music that have come into being within recent years are in large measure responsible. Music is no longer the esoteric art it once was; there is no reason to-day why the man in the street or the man on the farm may not place himself upon the most familiar terms with the best that music has to offer, assuming that he has the necessary appetite; and that the appetite grows and is stimulated with its satisfaction is beyond question. It is a brightening day for the maker of music—particularly for the masters of our own time; and it is a

matter of interest and importance, in this connection, to take account of those modern weavers of tones who are making an immediate and pressing appeal to the music-loving public of to-day.

Music in the old days—the days before Beethoven—was, as we all know, primarily an art of pure design. The musician of those days was concerned mainly with the arrangement of tones according to certain well-defined rules and conventions, to the end of producing a beautiful and symmetrical pattern of sound. The symphonies of Haydn and Mozart had no other aim than to be beautiful. Music was then, as has been aptly said, a species of “sensuous mathematics.” The musician who, in the year 1797, set out to compose, let us say, a symphony, proceeded according to very definite rules. He must invent what was called a “first theme,” usually rather vigorous and assertive in character, and a “second theme,” of contrasting character—usually of a gentler and more feminine quality.

These themes were then developed at length—sounded in different keys, altered as to rhythm, harmony, instrumentation, in whatever manner was made possible by the composer's skill and the fertility of his invention. Finally, the two themes were recalled in their original state, and the first movement of the symphony was at an end. The composer had accomplished a complete musical organism in what was called, among his craft, “sonata form.” He might then proceed with

the other movements of his symphony, which must also be constructed according to certain specific laws. But always he must proceed according to rule. His “second theme,” for example, must be sounded in a key which

bore a hard-and-fast relationship to the key of his “first theme”; and if his symphony began, let us say, in F major, it must end in F major, or in some closely related key. It would never for a moment have occurred to him—this excellent eighteenth-century music-maker—to begin a serious composition in F major and end it, say, in C-sharp minor—that would have seemed an aberration of the most preposterous kind.

Our eighteenth-century composer, then, was a mere builder of tonal edifices of a very plain and solid kind, which must be proportioned and fashioned strictly according to rule. Moreover, the materials at his disposal were of the sparest. His range of harmony was extremely limited, his melodies were simple in outline, his rhythms square-cut and obvious. He never dreamed of a time when men of his trade would erect tonal structures of strange and fantastic shape, from materials whose rarity and richness were beyond his conception; and that within

these gorgeous and curiously wrought structures, dramas of human passion and emotion, comedies and tragedies, would be enacted for men to see and to be moved thereby.

Yet that is what happened. As the years went by, musicians began to discern that the art in which they were working contained singular and unsuspected possibilities. They began, by laborious and slow experiment, and by unconscious inspiration, to evolve new harmonies, which were more subtle and com-

plex than the old, and which thrilled them oddly; their melodies took on a freer and more pliant character; their rhythms became more varied and supple, their instrumentation richer, fuller, more glowing. Then it dawned



CLAUDE DEBUSSY.

upon them that this art of theirs, which had been but a kind of inspired pattern-weaving, might be made to express emotions, moods, experiences, even some things in the material world. They found that certain combinations and sequences of tones could be made to convey to the hearer certain more or less definite feelings and ideas—that minor harmonies, in slow and grave rhythms, suggested grief or depression, and that, conversely, harmonies in the major, in rapid and energetic movement, suggested gayety, or jubilation, or relief. And then, of course, there was the large field of directly imitative effects that might be employed to tell a story or to paint an aspect of nature—the calls of birds, the whistling of wind, the crash of thunder, the tramping of armies, the trumpets and drums of martial conflict, the horn fanfares of the chase: all



SIR EDWARD ELGAR.

these things suggested easily and naturally their analogies in tone.

But it soon became evident to the composer that no matter how intense and highly colored his music might be, it could be made to express only *general* emotions, moods, passions. He could say—as does Chopin, for example, in the familiar “funeral march in his B-flat minor sonata”—“I am sad,” but he could not say *why* he was sad; he could not say: “I am sad because my mother has died,” or “because my country has been vanquished.” So, to supply this need—to make it possible

for his music to speak both eloquently and concretely—the composer called in the aid of the written word, and the miracle was accomplished. Upon the score of his symphony or his tone-poem he wrote the title “Don Quixote”; this title he caused to be made known, by printing it upon a program, to his audience; and the hearers, with this clue, were made aware that they were listening to an expression in tones—tones of a kind unimagined by Haydn or Mozart, tones of marvelous poignancy and overwhelming vividness—of the dreams and longings and passions and griefs of a particular person whose story they intimately knew—the definite emotions and events of a definite drama, rich in comedy, pathos, tenderness, and human fascination.

This, then, is the miracle of modern music—this is why we say of it that it is capable of voicing comedy or tragedy, pathos or ecstasy; this is why, in brief, we may speak of its “expressive capacity.”

The growth of the art in this direction has been as steady as it has been amazing. With Haydn and Mozart it was, as has been said, a weaving of tonal arabesques, innocent of meaning or definite expression. The great Beethoven came, transformed its naive tones into new and powerful sonorities, developing, expanding, discovering, until he had conferred upon it a new and unfamiliar eloquence. Schubert followed him, adding new effects of harmony, new and unparalleled ways of grouping tones, and filling the art with a fresh and wonderful exuberance, making it sing with a new romance and passion. He left it a richer, a more amply expressive art than he had found it. He died, and Chopin and Schumann received his heritage. They discovered in music fresh colors, fresh forms; they made it the handmaid—though an honored one—of romance and passion as they found them in the world's dramas and poems and stories; they molded and enlarged it until they had made it a pliant and highly expressive instrument, capable of sounding a finer and wider gamut of emotions than their predecessors had thought possible. Franz Liszt, a man of fervid imagination and intrepid individualism, added still other notes to the instrument—enlarged its compass, increased its sonority. Under him the symphony cast off all allegiance to the classic forms, and became frankly a medium of dramatic and poetic expression. He made a thing which he called a “symphonic poem,” in which the music was conceived and

evolved, not in accordance with those classic rules of form of which we have spoken, but in accordance with the outlines of a poem or a drama; so that he was able to illustrate in music, with the aid of title and descriptive text, the story of Faust, or Dante, or Tasso, or Mazeppa, or Prometheus. Wagner, though his field was the opera-house, so enlarged the possibilities of tonal speech as to make of it virtually a new language. His genius yielded, with magical fertility, a bewildering wealth of novel harmonic, melodic, and orchestral ideas—ideas which have been appropriated to the music of the concert hall by all those who have come after him.

And so we come to the music of our own time, which is but a logical and inevitable result of a century of growth and evolution. What, above all, is characteristic of the music of to-day? First, its devotion to a "program"—to a literary, or dramatic, or realistic subject. Our modern tone-poet, having found ready to his hand an art which can convey with extraordinary vividness moods of longing and despair, ecstasy and jubilation, must make it still more specific, still more articulate; so he writes a huge orchestral work and calls it, let us say, "Death and Transfiguration," presenting with it an elaborate poem descriptive of the agonies and hallucinations, the memories and visions, of a dying man. He then invites us to find in his music a description, which he produces by means of every harmonic, melodic, rhythmic, and orchestral device at his command, of the subject which he has set before us. To achieve his end—to express all those varied emotions of anguish, terror, longing, despair, aspiration, triumph—he stops at nothing: he piles dissonance upon dissonance, he writes in several keys at once, he assaults our ears with what would have seemed to the placid brain of Haydn the pandemonium of a madhouse. Yet, if he be a genius, we are swayed and enthralled. We even derive a double pleasure from this new kind of art work, which is at once music and drama.

That, in brief, is the method of the modern "tone-poet"—as we conveniently call him. He is, as has been said, both musician and dramatist, symphonist and poet. Nor is this all: he can be a painter as well, and can, by the aid of suggestion and the broad analogies of his tonal palette, limn for us with his instruments a landscape or a portrait—such a landscape as that which MacDowell paints in his "A Deserted Farm," or such seascapes

as his "Wandering Iceberg" and "In Mid-Ocean"; and such a portrait as is limned by Strauss, in his "Don Quixotè," of the crack-brained and lovable knight of Cervantes.



EDWARD MACDOWELL.

Music can, moreover, annotate the art of the painter—as witness the symphonic commentary by the Swiss composer, Hans Huber, on certain paintings by Böcklin; it can be sportively delineative of personalities—as witness Sir Edward Elgar's orchestral characterizations of the peculiarities of various of his friends; it can be portentously metaphysical, as in Strauss's formidable "Also Sprach Zarathustra," which has for its basis certain phases of the teachings of the German philosopher, Friederich Nietzsche.

No single figure sums up the modern condition of the art more completely than does Strauss, whose daring opera, "Salome," has amazed the publics of two continents by its revolting subject and its disdain of every musical canon of the past. He is a magnificent and imperious person, this Strauss. His symphonic poems command from the publishers initial payments that are noted in four figures; his royalties have already made him a rich man. He deals *en prince* with managers, conductors, singers; he writes casually for orchestras of one hundred and twelve players, and sets his instrumentalists heart-breaking and unprecedented tasks—yet his wishes are executed to the letter, and eagerly. "In this opera," he observed impatiently at a rehearsal of his "Salome,"

"there is no consideration for the singers"; yet the chief singers of Germany have striven for the privilege of interpreting his music. In his most characteristic works he sets at defiance every established tradition of musical art: he breaks rules, commits outrageous solecisms, makes preposterous demands upon his executants—writing works of unparalleled length, complexity, strangeness, and irresponsibility—yet he is the most successful, the most applauded, the most powerful musician of his epoch. How explain so singular an anomaly? The trite and simple truth is that this music-maker of forty-four, despite his extravagances, his eccentricities, his crudities, his occasional futilities, is an indisputable genius—at his best, a man of sweeping imagination, of tremendous energy, of original style: an iconoclast, indeed, but an iconoclast of vigorous ideals and frequent inspiration.

It has seemed to many, though, as if he were taking too many liberties with the expressive capacity of modern music—as if he were abusing the privileges of vivid and eloquent portrayal which it confers upon the contemporary musician. He imitated, in his "Don Quixote," the bleating of a flock of sheep; in his next work, "Ein Heldenleben," he incorporated a shriekingly hideous delineation of a battle; while in his last work for orchestra, the "Domestic Symphony," he has devoted himself to the edifying labor of embodying musically the wail of an infant in its bath and an acrimonious dispute between its parents. He has never stopped, in short, at any bit of tonal realism which seemed to him to be required by the subject he was seeking to express. For years he has seemed to take a keen joy in agitating the currents of modern music as they had not been agitated since the stormy days of the Wagner crisis, thirty years ago. He has been hailed, on the one hand, as an irresponsible musical anarchist, a crack-brained fanatic, an outrageous dis-

turber of the musical peace; and on the other hand, as a prophet bearing messages of great moment, an artistic liberator, a creator of a new and unprecedented order. The truth, to-day, seems to be that, despite such aberrations as his "Salome," he is the most important composer since Wagner, and the greatest master of characterization in the history of musical art. As to his consummate technical equipment, his necromantic musicianship, nothing need here be said; for this, at least, he has compelled unstinted recognition. He is often grotesque, crude, commonplace, and he is sometimes painfully and Teutonically silly—as in his clumsy, though diabolically clever, "Domestic Symphony"; but at his best he stands quite alone for power, breadth, and vitality: a tone-poet who has added new materials to his art and has widened incalculably the bounds of its capacity for expression.

In the specific field of contemporary opera, the most conspicuous personality is easily the Italian, Giacomo Puccini, leader of the Latin school of music-drama and composer of "La Bohème," "Tosca," and "Madame Butterfly." Puccini, a composer with a genuinely dramatic gift, with a marked capacity for intense and forceful expression, and a vivid

feeling for the lyric side of music, is known to America as the most scholarly and gifted of the neo-Italian school. He has scored a striking and very substantial success by his two most familiar and best-loved works, "La Bohème" and "Tosca"; and he outclasses his most formidable rivals, Mascagni and Leoncavallo, not only in his accomplishments as a musician, but in the finer quality of his inspiration and his more seri-

ous attitude toward his art.

Puccini himself, with engaging candor, has set forth his tendencies and ideals: "I have not," he said during his recent visit to America, "any very great sympathy with what is called 'musical verism' [by which he refers



CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER.

to the crass realism of certain of his contemporaries]. I believe in giving, as nearly as artistic exigencies will permit, expression to life and nature. But music also has its rights, and concessions are not only desirable, but also inevitable. Like all Italian composers of the day who have any claim at all to originality, I am moving in the direction of musical individualism; that is to say, I am trying to be myself rather than an imitator of Wagner, Verdi, or Ponchielli. My temperament compels me to prefer theatrical music to the music of the concert room. I love drama, passion, pathos, contrast, such as I have endeavored to illustrate in my four more recent works. 'Manon Lescaut' I consider virtually the first of my serious efforts. If I have a preference for any of my works, it is for 'La Bohème' and 'Madame Butterfly.' The last-named opera is perhaps my favorite. I love it and 'La Bohème' because they give the fullest expression to my temperament. At present I am planning a new opera which I may name either 'Conchita' or 'Sevilla.' Later, if I find a suitable theme to work on, I may try my hand at an American opera, dealing, perhaps with some story of the Bret Harte type. I think I could imagine the atmosphere and the environment of such a work, as I did in the case of 'Madame Butterfly.'" It is exceedingly doubtful if Puccini would be successful in an attempt to write music for a story "of the Bret Harte type." His genius, in spite of much that he has learned from Wagner in the matter of harmonic effects and the treatment of the orchestra, is essentially and peculiarly Italian—even his American *Lieutenant Pinkerton* and his Japanese *Madame Butterfly* sing their love to strains that are unmistakably Neapolitan; for Puccini is an unconscious nationalist, and his art has all the frank fervor, the somewhat overfluent sentiment, the warm color, and the passionate intensity of his race. He is the most important musician that Italy has brought forth since Verdi; and with his temperament, his dramatic sense, and his fine and scrupulous art, he may yet go far.

One could not well conceive a personality more antipodal to that of Puccini or of Strauss than the personality of the musician who is regarded by many as the first of living composers—Camille Saint-Saëns. Whatever one may think of the quality of Saint-Saëns's art, he is unquestionably one of the most brilliant and accomplished contemporary tone-poets—he would doubtless, by the way, resent so

"modern" an appellation as that. For almost half a century he has been a distinguished and commanding representative of France in the musical art of Europe. He



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RICHARD STRAUSS.

is more than a musician of dazzling cleverness and profound scholarship. His gifts are by no means bound within the sphere of composition. He is an uncommonly able pianist; an entertaining and polished writer; a critic of quick insight and delicate discernment; an archeologist, a playwright, a mathematician, an astronomer.

This versatile and accomplished musician has written extensively in every musical form. The world has had from him symphonies, oratorios, operas, symphonic poems, concertos, chamber-music, songs. He is a master, not only of all forms, but of many styles. Gounod, composer of the eternally beloved "Faust," said of him, in unconscious disparagement, that he could write at will a work "in the style of Rossini, or of Verdi, or of Schumann, or of Wagner." It is the prime defect of his remarkable talent that he has no salient style of his own, that he sounds no personal note; yet he is a musician whom we must continue to honor for his learning, his wide range of creative activity, his dignified attitude toward his art, his ex-

quisite skill as a manipulator of tones. He does not touch the imagination nor shake the heart; but he is a constant satisfaction to the intellect. In a sense, he stands aside from the modern current of musical development; for although he has written "program music—" most concert-goers know his symphonic poems, "Phaëton," "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "La jeunesse d'Hercule"—he has not adopted the innovations in harmonic and instrumental treatment which so many of his younger *confrères* have found necessary to the expression of their literary or pictorial subjects: he is, as it were, a compromise, a connecting link, between the old and the new.

The casual reader who may begin here to reflect upon the seemingly unimportant contribution made by America to the creative music of the modern world is invited to consider the achievement of that tone-poet of ours who, though he still has a tentative hold upon life, has, so far as his work is concerned, come to the close of the chapter—Edward MacDowell, whose untimely passing is one of the genuine tragedies in the history of art.

For MacDowell, the tone is as absolutely a means of expression as it was for Liszt and Wagner; he is never merely an artificer of patterns. Although his understanding of the fundamental principles of musical construction is complete, he shares the typical modern distaste for the classic forms. His four sonatas, his two piano concertos, and his two "modern suites" for piano are his only experiments in the traditional instrumental designs. The catalogue of his works is innocent of any symphony, overture, or string quartet. He has written no oratorio or cantata, and if he dreamed once of a possible music drama on an American or Celtic theme, there are no records of the fact in any tangible

shape. He has been accurately described as the most consistent romanticist in modern music; that is to say, he seeks and finds his inspiration in regions remote from the ordinary paths of men. His music issues from a fantastic, aerial, unearthly region of haunted woods, dryads, nymphs, elves; of fairy gardens and enchanted seas. He is a kind of tonal Shelley in his love of the remote and the ethereal, though he has Keats's love of the natural world. His music is, almost without exception, frankly descriptive. Most of his imaginative and deeply poetic piano pieces either carry such brief titles as "In Autumn," "To a Wild Rose," "In Mid-Ocean," "By Smouldering Embers," "To an Old White Pine," or they are prefaced by some motto

or fragment of verse which gives a clue to the subject-matter of the music—as this, for example, which is affixed to the singularly graphic piano piece which he calls "From a Wandering Iceberg":

An errant Princess
of the North,
A virgin, snowy
white,
Sails adown the
summer seas
To realms of burn-
ing light—

and the music is as vivid, as glittering, as brilliantly impressive, as the image called up in one's mind by

these lines. Here is a composer, then, whose particular distinction lies in his desire and his ability to express in music those various moods and aspects of the natural world which touch the imagination. Thus we find him, instead of writing such non-committal things as "rhapsodies" and "impromptus" and "studies" for the piano, noting in graphic and fantastic tones his impressions of "A Water Lily," "A Wild Rose," "Starlight," "An Old Trysting-Place," "A Meadow Brook," and noting them with a delicacy, a graphic quality, a beauty and tenderness which set him apart as a tone-poet



GIACOMO PUCCINI.

of unique endowments. Even his four sonatas are descriptively dramatic and poetic, and bear such suggestive titles as "Tragic," "Heroic," "Norse," and "Celtic." He will live in music, it seems likely, as one who has utilized the expressive capacity of the art in a fine and successful endeavor to reveal, to those who cannot themselves perceive it, the beauty and romance of the world. Already he is recognized as the most gifted and individual composer that this country has produced, and a creative force whose artistic significance is more than merely national.

It is as a successful reviver of a musical form which, in our day, had fallen into disuse, that Sir Edward Elgar, England's most famous music-maker, must be regarded. Elgar's chief distinction is as the rediscoverer of the oratorio as a medium for dramatic and emotional expression. No creative achievement in the music of the last decade has received such immediate laudation as Elgar's most admired and admirable work, "The Dream of Gerontius," after the famous poem by Cardinal Newman. It was promptly declared, upon its appearance in 1900, to be the finest musical work since Wagner. Richard Strauss bestowed a gracious word of praise upon it; the great Wagnerian conductor, Hans Richter, was pleased to commend it, and the work thereafter proceeded upon a triumphal tour across the concert stages of Europe and America, which very pleasantly prepared the way for Sir Edward's subsequent oratorios, "The Apostles" and "The Kingdom." Elgar's achievement has been to modernize the oratorio form as it existed in the almost antediluvian day of Mendelssohn. He saw its inherent possibilities of intense and appealing expression, and he worked upon the form until he had made of it a kind of sacred music-drama. His endeavors were amply justified; and Elgar—whose talent is very genuine and whose skill is superb—has reaped a notable harvest. He may not be ignored in any survey of the field of modern music.

Of the Frenchman, Claude Debussy, and the Americanized Alsatian, Charles Martin Loeffler, one is not justified in speaking here in much detail; for though the music of these two men (who have many traits in common) is exquisitely original and hyper-modern in quality, it has not yet achieved much currency among the general public. Loeffler is a musical Maeterlinck, a lover of somber and unusual subjects, with a distinguished and very individual style. He is a worker in

subtle harmonies and curiously ingenious rhythms, and a master of the orchestra; but he is known as yet to only a small quarter of the world of music. Claude Debussy is a musical poet of half-lights and shadows. His music is so tenuous, so vaporous, so intangible, that it seems to float vaguely across one's perceptions like mist, or like the cloud forms which he loves to portray in his music. He, too, is a mystic, a dreamer; if Strauss is a kind of musical Balzac and Walt Whitman in one, Debussy is a blend of Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Rossetti.

We have left for the last a word about the most familiarly known and affectionately regarded of living composers—the venerable Norwegian, Edvard Grieg. The case of Grieg recalls, rather curiously, Edgar Allen Poe's famous remarks concerning what is called "sustained effort" in art. "If by 'sustained effort,'" wrote the author of "To Helen," "any little gentleman has accomplished an epic, let us frankly commend the effort; but let us forbear praising the epic on the effort's account." Now Grieg has been belittled by academic persons because he has written no musical "epics"—no symphonies, operas, oratorios. Yet shall we say of him, in the ironical words of one of his admirers: "Oh, yes, that humming bird is very beautiful, but of course it cannot be ranked as high as an ostrich; don't you see how small it is?" Grieg has contributed to the world's store of beautiful musical ideas. That he *has* ideas—ideas of singular individuality, flavor, freshness, and essential beauty—is beyond dispute. One may not claim a place for him among such towering figures as Beethoven and Wagner; yet he achieves, at times, both depth and passion. He has not the learning of Saint-Saëns, the virility and richness of MacDowell, the energy and sweep of Strauss, the subtlety of Debussy; yet he has, at his best, a poignancy, a fragrance, a spontaneity, a quality of persuasiveness, that cannot be paralleled. There are profound and moving pages in such things as the C minor violin sonata (of which Ernest Closson could write that "it must be classed with the most inspired scores ever written—a marvel of inspiration, intelligence, and independence"), the "Ase's Tod," and certain of the songs: pages that justify one in saying of him that—to adapt Maeterlinck's unforgettable phrase—he is one to whom, at times, have come those "noble thoughts" that pass across one's heart "like great white birds."



The Return of Endymion.

“ZONA GALE”

Illustrations by **Blanche Greer**

PELLEAS and I went through the wicket gate with a joyful sense of being invaders. The gate clicked behind us, and we heard the wheels of our cab rolling irretrievably from us, and where we stood the dusk was deep upon us with breaths of the under-pines. We had let ourselves in by a little wicket gate in the corner of the stone wall that ran round the new Little Rosemont, the place where Avis and Lawrence Knight had made their first home. This was to be our first week-end with them, and, having got a later train than we had thought, we found at the station for Little Rosemont no one to meet us. So here we were, entering by this little woods gate and meaning to walk into the house as if we belonged there. Indeed, secretly we were glad that this had so befallen, for we dislike arriving no less than we dislike the saying of good-bys. To my mind neither a book nor a visit, unless it be in uniform, should be begun or ended with a ruffle of drums.

Meanwhile we would have our walk to the house—a half-mile of delight. Before us, cut in the pines, was a tiny path doubtless intended, I told Pelleas, to be used by violets when they venture out to walk, two by two, in the safe night. It was wide enough to

accommodate no more than two violets—or at most two fairies; and as for Pelleas and me, we walked singly, he before and I clinging to his hand. The evergreens brushed our faces, we heard a stir of little wings and a note of bird-dream, and we caught a faint, exquisite odor not intended for human folk to breathe. It was a delicate half-hour and one to which we are sadly unwonted; for since Pelleas and I began to be seventy and over—as they count years—we have nominally been denied all sweet adventure, and such as we have won we have stolen out-of-hand: like this night walk, upon which no one could tell what might happen.

“Pelleas,” I said, “it is absurd to suppose that we are merely on our way to a country-house for a visit. Don’t you think that this kind of path through the woods always leads to something wonderful?”

“I have never known it to fail,” said Pelleas promptly. For Pelleas is not one of the folk who when they travel grow just tired enough to take a kind of suave exception to everything one says. Nor does Pelleas agree to distraction. He agrees to all fancies and very moderately corrects all facts—surely an attribute of the Immortals.

Then the path-for-violets took a turn—

"a turn and we stood in the heart of things." And we saw that we had not been mistaken. The path had not been intended for day-folk at all—we had taken it unaware and it had led us, as was its fairy nature, to something wonderful.

From where we stood the ground sloped gently downward, a tentative little hill, not willing to declare itself, and spending its time on a spangle of flowers. We could see the flowers, for the high moon broke from clouds and, here and there, unsealed "faint tokens." And, white in the hollow, was a little building like a temple, with a lighted portico girt by white columns and, within, a depth of green and white. We looked, breathless with delight, perfectly believing everything that we saw—since to doubt might be to lose it. Indeed, in that moment, the only thing that I could not find it in my heart to fall in with was the assumption that we were in the New World at all. Surely, here was the old order, the golden age, with meaning in the wind and a satyr at your elbow. Could this be Little Rosemont, where we were to find Avis and Lawrence Knight, and Hobart Eddy, and other happy realities of our uneventful lives?

"Oh, Pelleas," I said in awe, "if only we can get inside before it disappears."

"Maybe," murmured Pelleas, "if we can do that, we can disappear with it."

For we have long had a dream—we are too frequently besieged by the ways of the world to call it a hope—that some time they will come and take us—the Wind or the Day or any of the things we love—and save us this dreary business of dying.

We skirted the edge of the wood, looking down the while at that place of light. Within, figures were moving, there was the faint music of strings, and now and then we heard a lilt of laughter. To complete our mystification, as we were well in line with the white portals there issued from the depth of green and white a group of women—fair women in white gowns and with shining hair—and they stepped to the grass-plot before the door and moved delicately about at the direction of one who leaned, watching, in the white portico. At that we hesitated no longer but moved boldly across the moonlit green. And when I saw that the figure in the white portico wore a frock of flowered pink and when I saw her lift her hand in a way sweetly familiar, I began to suspect that the time was not yet come when Pelleas and

I were to vanish in such bright wise. Manifestly, Pelleas had come to the same conclusion, for when he reached a broad, flat rock beneath a dreaming birch, he beckoned me to sit there in the shadow where we could watch these strange offices.

But the broad, flat rock proved already to be occupied. As we paused beside it there sprang to his feet a boy who I protest looked at first glance quite like a god, he was so tall and fair under the moon. But in spite of that he instantly caught at his cap and shuffled his feet in a fashion which no god would employ.

"Oh," said he in a voice that I liked, for all his awkward shyness, "I was just sittin' here, watchin' 'em."

Pelleas looked at him closely.

"Are you sure," demanded Pelleas, "that you are not a shepherd who has conjured all this into being, on his pipe?"

He nodded toward the hollow, and the young god smiled, looking dreadfully embarrassed, as a god would look, charged with being a shepherd of dreams. He had some green thing in his hand which, as he stood bashfully drawing it through his fingers, gave out a faint, delicious odor.

"Is that mandrake?" asked Pelleas with pleasure.

And to our utter amazement the god answered:

"Yes, sir. Squeeze it on your eyes and you can see things a good ways off, they say."

Shepherd or god, I liked him after that. I took a bit of the mandrake from him and asked him whether he had ever tried it and what he had seen; but at this he blushed so furiously, under the moon, that Pelleas hastened to set him at his ease by some crisp commonplace about the night as we moved away. And there we left him, standing under the dreaming birch, with his mandrake in his hands, looking down, I instantly guessed, for some one in that brightness below us, in the hollow.

"Pelleas," I said happily, "Pelleas, without any doubt there is somebody down there whom he wants to see. I dare say the temple may not be enchanted, after all. For that fine young fellow and his blushes—they seemed to me very human!"

"That's the very reason," said Pelleas most wisely, "why there is likely to be some enchantment about. The more human you are, the more wonderful things are likely to happen."

That is true enough, and it was in very human fashion that, next instant, the figure in flowered pink in the portico of the temple came swiftly toward us and took me in her arms. It was Avis, all tender regret for what she fancied to be her inhospitality, and as perfectly the hostess as if it were usual for her to receive her guests in a white temple, under the moon. And manifestly it was usual, for when she had drawn us within that depth of green and white there—on a *papier-mâché* rock on the edge of a *papier-mâché* ocean sat Hobart Eddy himself, and Lawrence Knight in a costume as absurd as Hobart's; and about them, in a confusion of painted idols and crowns and robes, were all the house-party at Little Rosemont, and a score from the countryside.

"Upon my word," said Pelleas, "they must have let us off at Arcady at last. I always knew I'd buy a through ticket some day."

Hobart Eddy came forward, twitching an amazing shepherd's cloak about him, and shook his shepherd's crook at us.

"I'm head goat," he explained, "but they let me call myself a goatherd, because they think I won't see through the offense. But do you know," he went on plaintively, "I wouldn't look upon it as Arcady, with the summer styles in sheep's wool and fur?"

Then Avis, laughing, drew Pelleas and me away from them to tell us how, at last, her dream had come true, and that the white temple was the theatre which she had wanted for her guests at Little Rosemont, and that Monday night it was to be opened with some tableaux and a little open-air play on the grass-plot, under the moon. And when she had shown us all the charms and wonders of the pretty place, she led us out of the shadow toward the white dark for our drive across the fields to the house.

As we emerged on the wide, deserted portico Pelleas stopped us with a gesture.

"Look," he said softly. "Look there. Really, you know, it's like being somewhere else."

Between the two great central pillars we could see the high moon streaming full upon the tiled floor; and in the brightness was standing a little figure, sandaled and crowned and robed in white, a solitary portress of this sylvan lodge. She had heard our approach and she turned—a radiant little creature, a spritelike little thing of a kind of wild beauty, with a glory of bright hair rip-

pling over her long straight gown—and drew back in a kind of shy hesitation—and dropped a quick, unmistakable courtesy!

I protest that I have never been more amazed than by the dipping courtesy of that crowned head. And then I saw, to my further bewilderment, that the salutation had been intended for me. And as I looked at her a certain familiarity in her beauty smote me, and then I knew her.

"Bonnie!" I cried.

"Oh, ma'am," said Bonnie. "Yes'm," and blushed and became still more beautiful. There was no mistaking—this was Bonnie, Enid's little maid whom I remembered to have been loaned to Avis when Enid and David went abroad. I remembered her because of her really unusual beauty, which, when she wore print gowns and white muslin caps, was hardly less remarkable than in this present splendor of white robe and bright, unbound hair. It was easy to see why Avis had pressed her in service for the Monday tableaux. It was easy to see that no one could be more charmingly picturesque than Bonnie. It was easy to see how every one would admire her, and as I looked down in her shy face, upturned as she answered what slight things I was saying to her, something else was clear to me in a flash. With Bonnie here in this pretty guise was it not the easiest thing in the world to see who had been in the mind of that fine young fellow up yonder there, with the mandrake in his hand?

It was a wild guess, if you like, but a guess not difficult to make in that place of enchantment, under the moon. And I protest that there are nights of such divine magic that one suspects one's very gate-posts of observing each other kindly across one's gate.

"Bonnie," said I, with the instant intention of playing the fairy godmother, or some such busybody in the pleasant affair, "come to my room to-night, please, and help me with my unpacking. I have something to say to you."

"Oh, yes'm," said the little maid, and I went away smiling at the delicious incongruity of having a radiant little creature in a diadem to brush my sad gray curls.

"I have put her in the tableaux," said Avis, in the carriage, "in 'The Return of Endymion.' She is a charming Diana. I have never seen such hair."

Whereupon, "Avis," I asked calmly, "who



But the broad flat rock proved already to be occupied . . .

is that fine young fellow hereabout who is in love with Bonnie?"

Avis, sitting tranquil in the white light with a basket of cool rhinestone "girdles and crowns" in her lap, looked flatteringly startled.

"Half an hour on the place, Aunt Ettarre," she said, shaking her pretty head, "and you know our one romance!"

"So does Pelleas," I claimed defensively, "or, at all events, he has actually talked with the lover."

"Pooh!" said Pelleas in that splendid disdain which, in matters of romance, he always pretends, "we were talking botany."

"That's he," said Avis, nodding. "Bonnie's sweetheart is the young under-gardener—if you can call a man a sweetheart who is as shy as Karl. He is really Faint Heart. But I think those two little people are in love."

Then I learned to my delight how, ever since the coming of Bonnie to Little Rosemont, this big young Karl had paid her the most delicate, and the most distant attention. He had brought roots of early violets and laid them outside her window-ledge; and he had tossed in her blind a cluster of the first arbutus, the first roses, the first scarlet sal-

via. But though all the household at Little Rosemont had good-naturedly done what it could to help on the pretty affair, some way it had not prospered. And as I listened I resolved past all doubting that something must be done. For to Pelleas and me our great love has brought such happiness that we long to go through the world seeking out people who love each other without knowing, and saying to them:

"Fair Heart and Faint Heart, take each other's hands and follow us."

Still, I was obliged to be certain that Bonnie was in love as well as the young god whom we had surprised, and I meant to look in her clear eyes the while I mentioned the name of this young Karl. I protest that there are no eyes which I cannot read in a like circumstance, and the pastime is one of the delights of my hours.

"Bonnie," said I to the little maid as she brushed my hair that night, "I've an idea that you were wishing something delightful when you stood in that great doorway to-night. Were you not?"

"Oh, ma'am," said little Bonnie, and I saw her face, shadowy above my own in the mirror, burn a sudden beautiful crimson.

"Of course you were," said I briskly.

"Bonnie," I pursued, "when I came upon you I had just seen under a birch-tree not far away a fine young fellow with a flower in his hand. Can that have been the undergardener?"

"Oh, ma'am," said Bonnie, "I s'pose, if he had a flower—" and her voice trembled deliciously, and she did not meet my eyes in the mirror.

"Bonnie!" said I.

Her eyes met mine.

"I know all about it," said I boldly.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, and tangled the comb in my sad gray curls.

Whereupon I flattered myself that I had taken Bonnie's testimony, and that I was fortified with a thousand reasons for doing the best I could. But it was not until the next day that I knew how, of all people, I could count upon Hobart Eddy to help me to be a kind of busybody servant of Fate—dear Hobart Eddy, who is indispensable in matters of tableaux and cotillions, for I think that he meets life with a favor in one hand and a pink tableau powder in the other, and hearty good-will for every one in his languid face.

I was in the library next morning when, every one else being frightfully enthusiastic and gone to look at the puppies, he came in and sat on an ottoman at my feet—dear Hobart Eddy, with his tired eyes and worldly wise words and smile of utter sweetness.

"Aunt Ettarre," he said, "I feel bored and miserable. Let's go out in the world, hand in hand, and do a good deed. They say it sets you on your feet. I'd like to try it."

I shook my head, smiling. Nobody does more charmingly generous things than Hobart, and nobody, I suppose, poses for such a man of self.

"No, Hobart," I said, "good deeds are a self-indulgence to you."

"Everything I want to do they say is a self-indulgence," he observed reflectively. "I dare say when I die they'll all say I let myself go at last."

"What will they say when you fall in love?" I asked idly.

"What have they said?" he parried.

"Everything," I replied truthfully.

"Just so," he answered; "you wouldn't think they would have so much ingenuity. The queer thing," he added meditatively, "is that such dull folk have the originality to get up such good gossip."

"But I mean," I said, "when you really fall in love."

"I am in love," he told me plaintively, "with seeing other people in love. I would go miles merely to look upon two who are really devoted to each other. I look for them everywhere. Do you know," he said, "speaking of being in love myself, there is the most exquisite creature in a tableau I'm in Monday night. I am in love with her, but, by Jove, it being a tableau I can't say a word to tell her so. It's my confounded luck. I sometimes think I'm in a tableau all the time and can't say any of the things I really mean."

"And who may she be?" I asked politely, being old to the enthusiasms of Hobart Eddy.

"By Jove! I didn't find out," he remembered. "Nobody knew when I asked 'em. I suppose *they* were in a tableau, too, and speechless. I forgot to ask Avis. She's a goddess—asleep on a bank. She's Diana—sandals and crown and all that. And I believe I'm to come swooning down a cloud with a gold club in my hand. Anyway—"

"Hobart Eddy," I cried, "are you Endymion?"

"But why not?" he asked with a fine show of indignation; "do you think I should be just an ordinary shepherd, with no attention paid to me?"

"Hobart Eddy—Hobart Eddy," I said, "listen."

Then I told him about Bonnie and Faint Heart, young god of the gardens. And he heard me, smiling, complaisant, delighted, and at the last, when he had seen what I had in mind, properly enthusiastic.

"Bonnie is going to look beautiful Monday night, Hobart," I impressed him, "and that boy will not be there to see her—save from far off, with mandrake on his eyes! But he ought to be there to see her—and Hobart, why can you not take him to the wings with you for the tableaux, and pretend that you need him to help you? And after he has seen Bonnie in her tableau you ought to be trusted to arrange something pleasant—"

He listened, pretending to be wholly amused at my excitement. But for all that he put in a word of planning here and there that made me trust him—dear Hobart Eddy!

"By Jove!" he finally remembered plaintively, "but I'm in love with her myself, you know, confound it."



And dropped a quick, unmistakable . . .
courtesy!

"Ah, but think," I comforted him, "how easily you can forget your loves!"

Clear and moon-bright and delicate came the night of Monday, like a thing of silver fire that had been going before the day and had become bewilderingly bright when day overtook it. We walked through the park from the house—Avis and Lawrence and Pelleas and Hobart Eddy and I, across the still fields never really waked from sleep by any human voice. And when we came to the little temple the moon was so divinely bright that it was as if we had passed into a kind of day, made youthful, as we dream our days.

Pelleas and I found our seats in one of the great half-circle of boxes, built of sweet boughs "featly twined"—boxes open to the moon and walled by fragrant leaves. There was a vacant chair or two, and Avis and Lawrence and Hobart Eddy sat with us in turn while the folk gathered—guests from the near country-houses, guests who had motored out from town, and the party from Little Rosemont, all like dream figures with their fluttering scarfs and light laughter, under the moon. The edge of the wood was hung with little lanterns, as if a shower of giant sparks were held, captive and burning, in the green.

"How will it be, Hobart?" I asked him eagerly as he joined us.

"Be? The love story? Oh, he's up there," Hobart assured me, "happy as anything. I think he'll put lampblack in Endymion's eyes when he comes to make me up, he's that bereft." He dropped his voice. "He has a bunch of scarlet salvia the size of a lamp," he confided. "I think he means to fire it at us in the blessed middle of the tableau; and if he does, it'll take me in the eye. That will be your cue to tell 'em: 'Sit down. There's absolutely no danger.' For I shall bolt."

I am a sentimental old woman, a busy-body of romance. For all through that evening of beautiful pictures, beautiful motion, delicate color, I sat with my thought hovering about Bonnie and that young Faint Heart. And yet I am not ashamed of that. What better could my thought hover round than such a joy, trembling into being?

"Pelleas," I whispered, "oh, Pelleas. Look at those people there, and there, and down there. They don't know what a charming secret is happening."

"Pooh!" said Pelleas, "they never do know. Besides," he added, "maybe they know one of their own."

"Maybe they do," I thought, and looked with new eyes on that watching half-circle, with moving fans and fluttering scarfs. That is the best thing about an audience: the little happy secrets that are in their hearts.

When "The Return of Endymion" was announced I was wild with pleasant excitement. For I love these hours when Love walks unmasked before me, and I am able to say: Such an one loves such an one and oh, I wish them well! The music sank to a single strain that beckoned to the mystery of the curtain of vines behind the white portico; the lights were lowered, and a ripple of excitement, or so I fancied, ran here and there. And in the same instant I heard beside me a voice bewilderingly familiar.

"Good setting for 'em, by Jove!" it said, and there was Hobart Eddy, dropped down between Pelleas and me.

"Hobart," I said excitedly, "Hobart Eddy! This is your tableau."

He smiled, his familiar smile of utter sweetness, and rested his chin on his hand and looked at the stage.

"No," he said; "see."

Before the portico the curtain of vines parted, to the soft tremble of the violins. There was the slope, flower-spangled like the grassy slope on which we sat and across which, two nights ago, Pelleas and I had fancied ourselves to be looking on immortal things. And there on the flowers lay Diana asleep, her shining hair spread on the green, the crescent glittering on her forehead, her white robe sweeping her little sandaled feet. This was Bonnie, dear little maid—and it was her hour; she would never again be so beautiful before the whole world.

Even then I hardly understood. But while I watched, breathless, I saw him come from the wings—Endymion, in his shepherd's cloak, with his shepherd's crook in his hands. And as he went near to her, and as he stood looking down at her, Bonnie opened her eyes and saw what I saw—that her Endymion was that young god of an under-gardener. Erect, splendid, crowned with oak leaves—it was Karl's hour, too, and he had come to her. And as the faint rose-light came stealing across the picture, embracing the shadows, glowing in her uplifted, gloriously awakened face, he opened his arms to her and caught her and held her to him. And the light burned vividly and beautifully; and, all her shining hair rippling upon his shepherd's cloak, she clung to him—before

those people who sat and never guessed, under the moon. It was their hour, the hour of Bonnie and Karl—and Pelleas and I were looking toward a place of enchantment, and upon immortal things.

The curtain of vines swept together in a soft thunder of applause. Who were they, every one was asking—but who were they, who had given to the tableau a quality that was less like a picture than a dream?

"Hobart, Hobart," I said trembling, "how did you dare?"

Hobart Eddy was smiling at the ineffectual entreaties of the audience for a repetition of the picture. In vain they begged—the curtain of vines did not lift; the music swelled to a note of finality, and lights leaped up.

"He wasn't so faint-hearted," said Hobart Eddy. "To be sure, I was obliged to make him do it. But then he did it. Faint Hearts aren't like that."

"Hobart," said I raptly, "you are the fairy godmother, after all."

"Ah, well," said Hobart Eddy dissentingly, "I only did it because I wanted that minute when she opened her eyes. I'd go miles to see two who are really devoted. And I was in love with her myself, confound it! But then," he added philosophically, "if I'd been there to take her in my arms, I couldn't have looked on."

In the intermission before the open-air play, Pelleas gave me a certain signal of eyes that we know and love, and he rose and slipped from our box of boughs; and I followed him without, and stepped with him across the smooth green to the edge of the wood. And there we took our way, as we had on the night of our coming, by the path in the trees—the path that was just wide enough for, say, two violets when they venture out, two by two, to walk in the safe night.

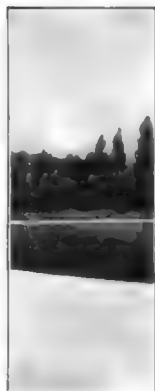
"I fancied that we might not be able to come here again," Pelleas explained, "and I thought we ought to . . ." he added vaguely. But I understood, for I had wanted to come no less than he.

"Oh, Pelleas," I said, clinging to his hand as he went before me in the narrow way, "suppose it had been as we fancied? Suppose it had all been some enchanted place that would have vanished with us?"

Pelleas laughed at some happy thought.

"Every time we fail to vanish from this world," he said, "something charming happens. I suppose it is always so."

"Oh, always," I echoed confidently.



ERSKINE PARK, THE WESTINGHOUSE HOME AT LENOX, MASS.



Romances of Success

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE

By PAUL LATZKE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The second of the "Romances of Success" is a fascinating study of George Westinghouse, among whose claims to fame is the invention of the air-brake, which "has saved more lives than Napoleon lost in all his battles." Besides, Westinghouse may be said literally to have electrified the world, since his electrical improvements march in the vanguard of civilization; and, with one possible exception, he is the greatest builder of steam- and gas-engines in the world. Thirty thousand men are in his employ. His life story reads like an Arabian Nights tale.

ON the edge of a dreary flat on the Binnie Kill, in the town of Schenectady, N. Y., stood a one-story foundry building. One corner had been rudely fenced off with pine boards as an office. Here, on a stormy, wind-swept day in November, 1867, was played a drama fraught with vital consequences to the entire world.

The actors were George Westinghouse, then just past twenty-one, and two men who had joined him as partners in exploiting his first invention, and who had been for years his close personal friends. Now they faced him as implacable enemies. Young Westinghouse, his eyes blazing, was bitterly accusing the other two of treachery.

"You thought to trap me with your dirty tricks," he cried, "but I will show you I am not to be beaten that way."

The other two sneered.

"What are you going to do about it?" the elder, who was spokesman, asked derisively.

"Do! I am going to do nothing—I am going along as I have been—as we agreed I should."

"No, sir! You are going to do as *we* say. You are going to assign the patents to the firm."

"Never! I'll tear them up first."

"Indeed! Well, then, you will get out and we will take the business—and that's our last word."

"All right, you can do as you please. But the patents remain mine;"

With that, young Westinghouse stalked from the place, and there was set in motion the chain of events that turned his career out of the East into the West, that placed him and the great enterprises of his future life in the city of Pittsburg, instead of in

Schenectady, the home of his boyhood. To-day these enterprises employ over thirty thousand men and his activities circle the globe.

It has been written of him, and truthfully, that "with his air-brake he has saved more lives than Napoleon lost in all his battles." He has annihilated distance for the world's travelers, for without this same air-brake the fast trains of America and Europe as they run to-day would have been impossible. He has built up manufacturing industries that represent the investment of over \$100,000,000—in cash, not water. He, more than any other individual on earth, is credited with the "electrification of the world." It was he that harnessed natural gas to the wheels of industry, doubling the manufacturing wealth of the Middle West.

He stands easily unique in the world—at once inventor, organizer, administrator, financier, commercial exploiter, industrial crusader. No other person living or dead has such a record of achievement in these divisions of human endeavor. There are nineteen distinct Westinghouse companies in the United States, one in Canada, three in Great Britain, one in France, one in Russia, one in Germany. Of fifteen of these Mr. Westinghouse is the president; of all he is practically the directing and financial head. Their capital was found by him. Their product was invented by him, or developed under his personal direction at the workbench, in the laboratory or the drafting-room. Their output was primarily introduced and sold by him. And, most wonderful of all, perhaps, the great human machine for their management, control, and exploitation was organized by him.

Altogether the achievements of the man fairly stagger the imagination. It seems impossible that any human being should have been able to crowd into one lifetime so much performance on so great a scale. Yet a study of George Westinghouse makes his accomplishments seem simple enough.

He was born with a genius for invention; with a love of work that amounts to a passion; with a physique of iron, and a will of steel.

To follow the story of his life is like reading a fascinating novel. He was born, sixty years ago, on October 6, 1846, in the quaint, moss-grown old village of Central Bridge in Schoharie County, New York, in a valley noted for its sylvan beauty and somnolence. It is the land of the rest cure, as far

removed from the life of the outside world as though it stood alone on the continent. Surely a strange land to have produced a man who is so continually active that he generally has a stenographer at his elbow even when dressing for dinner.

The anomaly is explained by the fact that Mr. Westinghouse took his character, not from his land, but from his people. His mother was a woman of poetic temperament, restless, imaginative, and ambitious. His father, George Westinghouse the first, a Vermonter by birth, was a prodigious worker all his life, and an inventor of great ability. He patented one of the first thrashing-machines ever produced in America, and settled at Central Bridge to manufacture these machines and the engines to run them. He moved his business in 1856 to Schenectady to find a larger field for his operations, and it was here that the life of George Westinghouse the second really began.

It is one of the picturesque incidents of the Westinghouse story that the General Electric Company, his greatest and bitterest business rival, the concern with which he has been engaged in perpetual warfare for fifteen years, and which was behind the great fight in Wall Street that was started to wipe the name of George Westinghouse off the industrial map, is now located at Schenectady and dominates the life and activity of the place. The face of Mr. Westinghouse's most persistent opponent, Thomas A. Edison, on whose patents the products of the General Electric Company were mainly founded, is seen almost everywhere throughout the town in public offices and private houses. In the public library the place of honor is occupied by a large Edison bust. In the main public building there is an oil painting of him. Certainly a strange turn, that this city should have showered its greatest honors on the rival of its greatest son.

The works of the General Electric Company lie just across the road from the little factory building in which George Westinghouse, Sr., established himself on the removal to Schenectady. In this building young George got his mechanical training—and it was a thorough one.

There were five boys in the family: Albert, John, Jay, George, and Herman—all dead now except George and Herman. They all turned out excellent mechanics. Before he was sixteen each had built with his own hands an engine of original pattern. None of these



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GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.

engines, however, was successful, except the one built by Herman.

George's engine is still in process of development. With the pioneer spirit strong upon him even at that early age, he determined not only to build a type of engine new in details, but to get away entirely from the orthodox. So he plunged bravely into the field of the rotary.

Almost from the time of Watt, the rotary engine has been the dream of every mechanical engineer who uses his head. Its discovery would mean infinitely more to the world than the making of gold. It was for this reason that the boy Westinghouse went after it, and, grown to manhood, kept up the search. Those who know him best prophesy that he will never give it up until he dies—

or succeeds. Nothing better explains the man's phenomenal success than the manner in which he has held to this sole failure in his career. One of his intimate friends, who was recently a guest at Mr. Westinghouse's table on the occasion of a big dinner party, tells this story:

The host was the life of the gathering, alert, bright, genial, wholly sociable. Suddenly he became abstracted. His eyes took on a fixed far-away look. In the middle of a question he halted, started, and produced from an inner pocket a pencil and a scrap of paper. Still apparently following the general conversation, he began to sketch rapidly. It developed later that he was reducing to paper a new idea that had just come to him in connection with the rotary engine—that he was working under the lights of the brilliant dinner-table on Fifth Avenue at the same problem that he had first attempted forty-four years before in his father's grimy workshop on the banks of the Mohawk.

In every event of his life he has brought this same pertinacity to bear. He was fifteen and attending public school when the Civil War broke out. Two of his brothers had enlisted. George made up his mind that he, too, ought to go, but his father refused his consent. The next day, however, George and a school chum were seated in a train bound for New York City, on the way to the front. The conductor had just given the signal to start, when Father Westinghouse arrived at the depot on a run, and the young man did not go to war that trip. But he never gave up for a moment, and less than two years later he had his way. The country needed men, Father Westinghouse was a patriot, and George had then, as now, a clever tongue, an alert mind in argument, and the persistence

of a fiend. So behold him in June, 1863, at the age of sixteen, enlisted in the Twelfth New York Infantry.

He was still only a boy when he returned to Schenectady, just past his nineteenth year. His parents persuaded him to enter Union College, located in Schenectady. At the end of a year he struck. The "idea" that was ultimately to change his whole life had come to him, and he wanted to carry it out. It came to him in this way:

He was returning one night from a visit to Albany, when an accident, of a type very common in those days of iron rails and light rolling-stock, held up his train. A freight, running just ahead, had been derailed, and the road was blocked. Young Westinghouse watched the work of the wreckers with growing wonder at the crudeness of their methods. They were hours getting a single car back on the roadway, jacking it painfully inch by inch.

The inventor in him rose in revolt at such a waste of time and effort.

"They could do that work," he said to a friend who was with him, "in about one-tenth the time, simply by clamping a section of rail to the track and running it sideways against the derailed wheels; then they could hitch an engine to the car and pull it right back."

"Why don't you get up such a device?" suggested his friend.

"I will. I'll do it to-morrow." And he did.

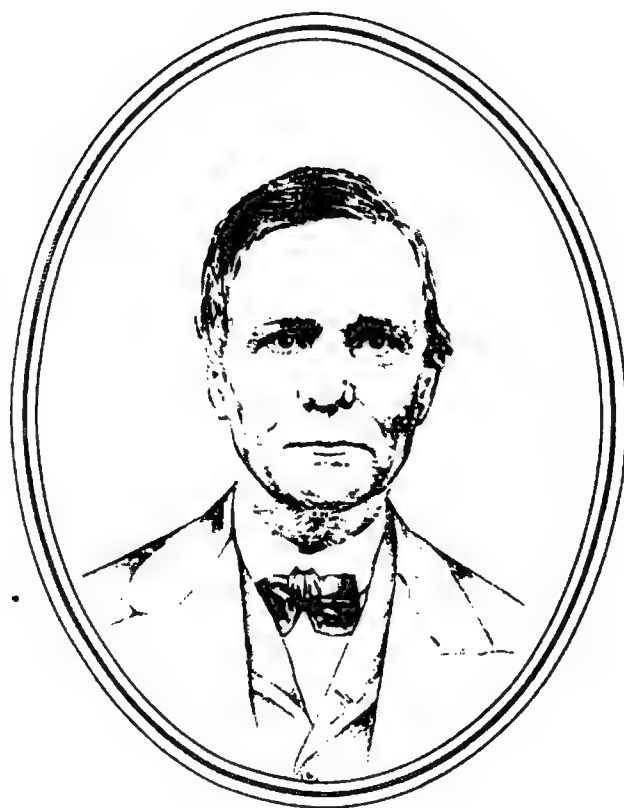
He made the model in his father's shop, and suggested to the elder Westinghouse that they go into the manufacture of these rerailing or replacement

frogs, as they came to be known. But the young man's father declined. He had no confidence in the idea. In fact, he had at the outset no belief in any of his son's "wild schemes," and made no secret of



Photograph by Watery, Paris.

MRS. GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.



Drawn by Homer W. Coby from old portraits.

THE MOTHER AND FATHER OF GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE.

From his father George Westinghouse inherited the strong will and love of hard work, and from his mother the imaginative and ambitious qualities which have combined to make him one of the most striking examples of success in the business world.

the fact. This peculiar attitude of his father, with whom he was personally always on the best possible terms, must have proved fatal to the young inventor's future had he been a weaker man.

"Why doesn't your father put up the money and make the frogs at his plant?" was the question that always met him when he tried to enlist capital. The explanation was difficult, and the boy tried at first to float the business with his own small savings, accumulated during the war.

He had the frogs manufactured in Newark, N. J., and then at Troy, N. Y., and took the road in person to sell to the railroads. He met with reasonable encouragement, but realized very soon that he must have more capital to make the undertaking really successful. So he concentrated all his energies to that end, and succeeded finally in inducing the two men who later turned upon him to put up \$5,000 each for the erection of a plant at Schenectady, they to have a two-thirds interest in the business. For his third, young Westinghouse was to contribute his services and the right to manufacture under his patents. The patents themselves, however, he reserved as his individual property, a most remarkable exhibition of foresight and strength in a boy.

The erection of the plant was begun forthwith, the young man devoting his entire attention to it, working literally day and night to push it through. When it was finally finished, he felt his fortune made. But the new firm had hardly begun to turn out its product when the crash came. His partners, facing him in the little office on the Binnie Kill flats, demanded that he turn over to them the title to his patents, and placed before him for his signature an assignment they had drawn up.

When he refused to execute the assignment they seized the business, but they were not long in realizing the mistake they had made. For, deprived of his strong personality, the enterprise dwindled and died.

The break, which at the time seemed so full of tragedy for young Westinghouse, really facilitated his progress enormously. He went straight from the scene of the interview with his partners to his father's house. There he sought advice and encouragement from the one who, it is said, has had a stronger influence on his life and his success than any one else in the world outside of himself. This was his wife. He had been married the preceding August, when he was still only twenty years old, to Miss Margaret Erskine Walker, of Brooklyn. It had been a case of love at

first sight. The courtship was short, sharp, and decisive, and within a few months after he first met Miss Walker he brought her home to his parents as his bride. They have been married now over thirty-nine years, and those who know them best say that they are still as devoted as when they were bride and groom.

Young Westinghouse had married in the belief that the business, now so rudely broken up, would assure him an income. Instead, he found himself without occupation, without money, without prospects. But, fortunately, he was not without belief in his future, and in this conviction Mrs. Westinghouse shared enthusiastically. It was simply a check, and they would soon make it up.

That same evening Mr. Westinghouse wrote to the firm of Alexander & Woods, at Pittsburg, which owned a steel-casting plant. He offered them the right to make the re-railing device, on condition that they employ him as salesman. His offer was accepted, and within a few days he started for Pittsburg.

From this point, under the propelling

power of his restless energy, events moved for the young man with incredible swiftness.

It was early in 1868 before he got finally settled in Pittsburg. By 1869 the main work of his life was already well under way, and the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company was formed, with George Westinghouse, aged twenty-three, president and general manager. By 1871 the air-brake, as the result of a whirlwind campaign of salesmanship conducted by the young president in person, was generally adopted by the railroads of America, and, with his wife, he was on his way to London to introduce the device abroad. Obstacles almost superhuman had been overcome in these four busy, stirring years. Indeed, I know of nothing in our industrial history to compare with the achievement of this boy of twenty-five, starting in a strange city without money and without friends, absolutely unaided, except by the steady counsel and encouragement of the woman at his side, and building up in less than four years a business that was beginning to reach across the Atlantic.



THE DINING-ROOM AT ERSKINE PARK.



Photograph by Gessford, New York.

HERMAN H. WESTINGHOUSE.

The only surviving brother of George Westinghouse.
In business he is the chief aid of his famous brother.

The idea of the brake had come to young Westinghouse shortly after the rerailling frog was perfected. On one of his daily trips from Schenectady to the foundry at Troy, where the frogs were being made, his train was held up by a bad wreck. Two freights had come together in a head-on collision on a piece of straight track. The engineers had seen the danger plainly, but by the time hand-brakes were brought into play it was too late. Young Westinghouse allowed these facts to sink into his mind. Then he said to one of the train hands:

"If the engineers had been able to control their trains from the cab, the wreck could have been prevented, couldn't it?"

"Control 'em, how?"

"Brake them."

"Yes. They'd had lots of time."

That was enough. The air-brake was conceived. Amid the piled-up wreckage, the thing that was to make the name of Westinghouse familiar to every schoolboy the

world over was called into being. It did not come in its perfected form. But the idea itself had germinated.

His first thought was an automatic brake attached to the couplers. This soon proved itself fallacious. Then he tried steam. But a test convinced him that here, too, he was working along impractical lines. By the time steam was sent from the engineer's cab to the brakes it had lost all power. At this point came Fate.

The sun of an August noonday was blazing with a heat so intense that man was prostrate. In the Westinghouse Agricultural Works all activity was hushed. Most of the men were away at dinner; in the little wooden office that stood a few rods from the works the clerks yawned with exhaustion. At one of the desks, however, was a mind the steaming heat could not subdue. Then, as now, George Westinghouse knew neither heat nor cold when there was work to do. On this day, as usual, he was putting in the noon hour at

his father's office, working on his brake plans. Immersed in his labors, he was suddenly startled by the appearance at his side of a little girl.

"Won't you take it, please?" she said; "they"—pointing to the clerks—"don't want it,"

"Take what?" he asked, only half recalled from his plans.

"This magazine. I'm putting in my vacation getting subscriptions."

Mr. Westinghouse has always been generous and good-natured. Quite naturally, therefore, he "took it," abstractedly, never dreaming of the tremendous results that were to flow from this slight kindness. The little girl thanked him and disappeared. She never entered his life again. Even her name is forgotten and the name of the magazine, an unfortunate thing, for they were destined to play great rôles in the history of American industry.

The magazine came along in due course of time, and Mr. Westinghouse was idly turning its leaves one September evening, when his attention was riveted by a small item that described the building of the Mont Cenis tunnel. It related that compressed air was being used as motive power for drills working three thousand feet underground. Instantly the mind of the inventor saw the light.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed, and throwing down the magazine he began to sketch roughly the plans of the first air-brake as it was afterward applied.

But it was a long time before he really "got it," long for George Westinghouse, that is. When he went to Pittsburgh the apparatus was still undeveloped. No one could be interested to the point of putting up money.

In Pittsburgh he went at it again, and finally he won the support of one Ralph Bagley. It is interesting to note that Bagley was never required to put up a cent. All he did

was to guarantee the account at the foundry where the first apparatus was built. The bill was paid by the company formed soon afterward.

The brake was ushered into actual use in most dramatic fashion. The trial trip occurred in April, 1869. The train selected was the Steubenville accommodation running between Pittsburg and Steubenville, Ohio. When the train was going at full speed, suddenly, as he came around a sharp curve, the engineer saw a stalled wagon in the middle of the track dead ahead. With hand-brakes only, nothing could have prevented a terrible smash-up. The formal time for the trial of the air-brake had not come, but the brake was there, and in desperation, not believing for a moment that the thing could possibly avail, the engineer threw on the air. But it did avail. The observers in the rear were almost catapulted out of their seats by the shock of the sudden stop. But when they saw the

engine fairly poking its nose into the wagon-bed, so narrow had been the margin between safety and disaster, they forgot all about their shock, and stood in awed silence. The air-brake had come into its own.

The apparatus at this time was naturally very crude and abominably troublesome. The air-compressor was an old Worthington pump remodeled. It was constantly out of order, and for months Mr. Westinghouse spent practically all his nights in the grimy railroad shops nursing it back into shape for the following day's run. In this work he had the enthusiastic support of Dan Tait, the engineer of the Steubenville accommodation and his fireman. Finally, in the language of the engineer, they "got her,"

and the device was regularly adopted on the "Panhandle." Then the Pennsylvania took it up, and soon the brake enterprise was moving with such speed that young Westinghouse had



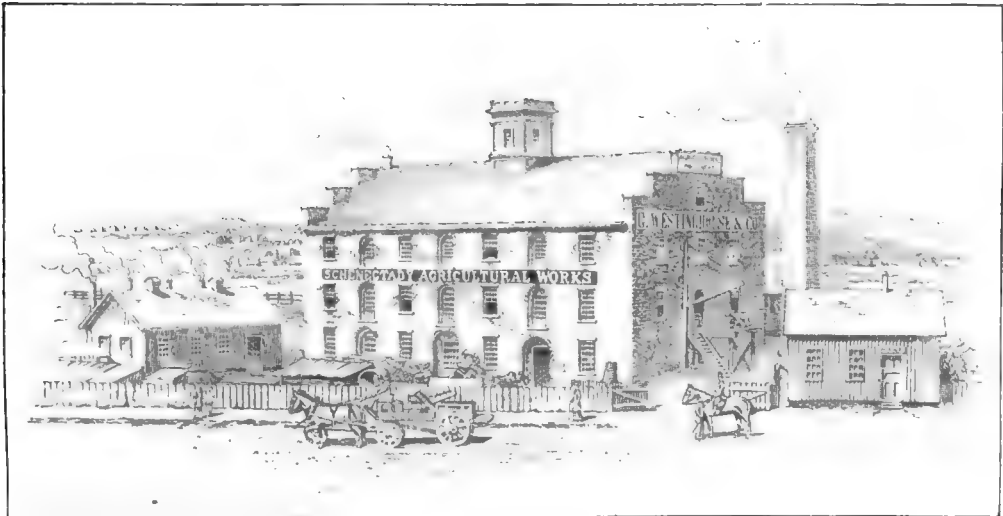
GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE AT 18.

This picture shows that although under age, he was in the Union Army, where he served with the 12th New York Infantry.

to give up the frog business, and the Westinghouse Air-Brake Company was regularly organized.

Very little remains of the air-brake to-day

By the time the compressed air reached the brake mechanism on these cars there was in full effect a miniature collision. The poor railroad experts in the last car were thrown



Drawn by Homer W. Colby from a wood-cut.

WHERE GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE LEARNED HIS TRADE.

The original factory of the elder Westinghouse, in Schenectady, N. Y. The plant has been in active operation since it was started in 1856

as the inventor first planned it. It has been entirely remodeled. The last change was made in circumstances that illustrate most graphically the refusal of this man to accept defeat.

Until the spring of 1887 brake devices controlled by the engineer had been tried only on short trains. At that time the "Burlington Trials," now a railroad classic, were held. The inventors of the world were invited to submit devices for the quick braking of fifty-car freight-trains. Mr. Westinghouse was on hand with such a train equipped with his air-brake. A powerful engine was coupled to the train, and the judges took their places in a coach at the rear. Full steam was crowded on, and the train was fairly flying along when the engineer was signaled to "down brakes." In a second there was the choicest mix-up of high-grade railroad officials ever seen in this or any other land. The air had worked beautifully. Only one little thing had been overlooked, namely, that compressed air, like any other force, works first at the point nearest its source. The result was that the forward cars were brought to a dead standstill, while the cars farther back were still piling ahead unchecked.

about like so many tenpins. Several were badly injured. All were swearing mad, and George Westinghouse was about as popular in the company as a bear in a Wall Street panic. It was therefore a pretty blue band of brake boomers that journeyed eastward in the Westinghouse car. Even the "chief" looked depressed, as he rubbed the sore spots where his anatomy had hit various places in the observation-car when the "down-brake" signal had come. But while the others were simply bemoaning failure, he was already planning a remedy. And with his usual success; so that within three months he was touring the country with a show train of fifty new freight-cars equipped with the "Quick-Action Air-Brake" as it stands to-day. With this device the brakes on the last car were set from the engine cab within two and one-half seconds, and the difficult problem of controlling a long train was forever solved.

When the natural-gas discoveries were at their height Mrs. Westinghouse made up her mind one day that it would be a fine thing to have an unlimited supply of this fuel for use at "Solitude," their Pittsburg place. Up to

this time no one had struck gas in Pittsburg itself, but plenty had been found in the immediate vicinity, and Mrs. Westinghouse, with a woman's intuition, felt that it must be there.

"Are you willing that we should spend \$5,000 in trying?" Mr. Westinghouse asked. "It may cost that to put down a well."

"Yes, let's try."

It looked for a while as if they would reach the rice-fields of China, so deep did the well sink. But one day in came a roarer. The well had been sunk just behind the stable in the Westinghouse grounds. The flow of gas threatened to carry off most of the surrounding scenery. It would have been a troublesome and expensive failure for anybody but George Westinghouse; for the gas, despite its initial force and power, soon petered out. But with Mr. Westinghouse the failure was developed into one of the greatest achievements of his career. As a result of his experiments with this well, he devised a system that made possible the use on a large scale of natural gas as a fuel in manufacturing. He brought the gas to the manufacturing centers in small pipes under high pressure and distributed it in large pipes, thereby reducing the pressure to a point of safety. This put an end to the disastrous explosions that had heretofore frustrated all attempts to use this fuel locally. He put an end also to the enormous waste from leaks and "blow-offs," by devising a system of double pipes that was subsequently modified into the plan now in use, by which pipes are encased at the joints. Some of the foremost engineers of the country had wrestled with the problem that he solved in this

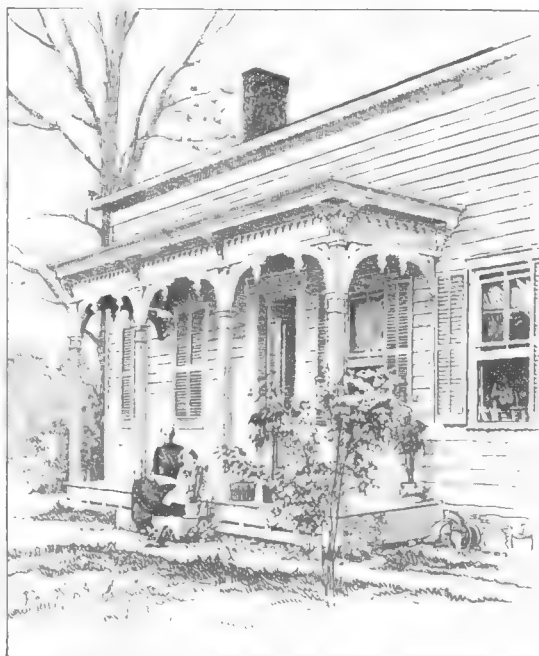
bold fashion. All had failed. They rose as one man against the plans of this "amateur." But Mr. Westinghouse persevered—and, as usual, succeeded. Within a year all the owners of gas-wells had adopted his system, and what had been a chaotic scramble was organized into a great orderly industry.

Some years later Mr. Westinghouse found himself embarked in the electric business. It was not long before he was seemingly, like all other manufacturers of electric apparatus, at the end of possible development.

The direct current, then the only system of electrical generation known, made it impossible to operate more than three or four miles from a power-house, and even within this limited area the proposition was difficult from a commercial standpoint, because of the great number and heavy weight of copper wires required. In these circumstances the business ceased to interest Mr. Westinghouse seriously, except as a vehicle for new discoveries.

While in this frame of mind, he came one evening upon an article in *London Engineering* that detailed the work of Goulard & Gibbs, two British electricians, who were experimenting with what they called the "alternating current." It was the natural-gas idea over again, the power being sent out in great volume under high pressure in small pipes (only here it was wires), and fed out locally under low pressure.

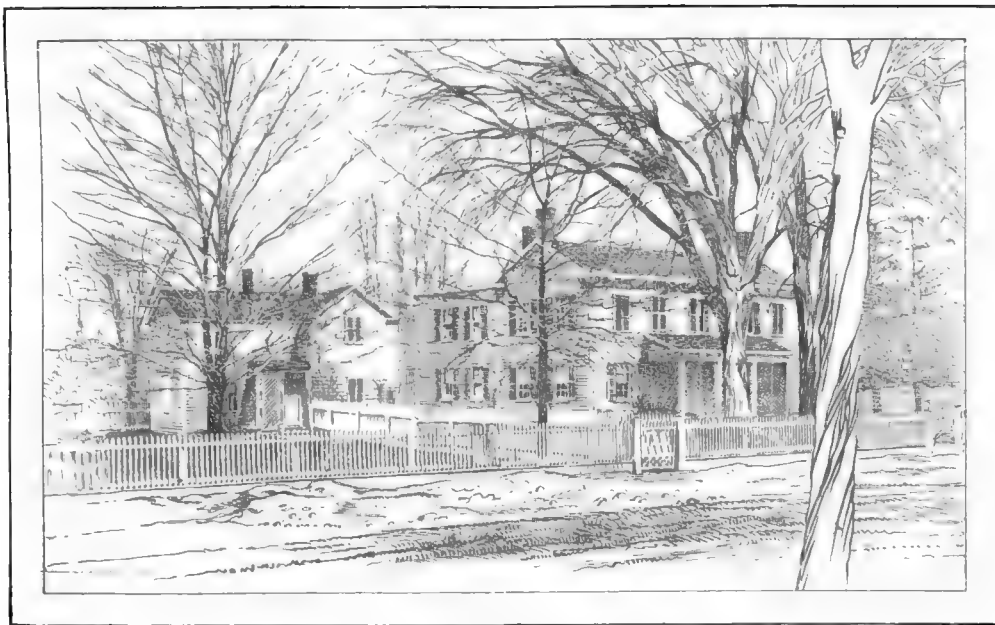
Next day, Mr. Franklin Pope, sitting quietly in his office in New York, was startled by the receipt of a telegram from Mr. Westinghouse at Pittsburg, asking him to start at once for London and close with Goulard & Gibbs for the American rights to their invention. Mr. Pope was on



Drawn by Homer W. Colby from an old photograph.

WHERE WESTINGHOUSE WAS BORN.

In this little house, which could probably be set away in one corner of any one of the great residences owned by George Westinghouse in Pittsburg, Lenox, and Washington, he lived with his ten brothers and sisters.



Drawn by Homer W. Colby from an old photograph.

THE FIRST WESTINGHOUSE HOMESTEAD.

Here George Westinghouse spent the first years of his life in Schenectady. It overlooks the land now occupied by his great rival, the General Electric Company.

the consulting staff of the Westinghouse forces. He packed his grip, and at daybreak next morning was aboard ship. Within three weeks he was back, and within a month more Mr. Westinghouse had set up an extensive laboratory to develop the Goulard & Gibbs invention commercially.

From that moment dates the real growth and application of electric power in lighting, manufacturing, and transportation. Practically the whole American school of electricians fought Mr. Westinghouse's innovation. It was the natural-gas case repeated, only the fight was much more severe, and though the alternating current has long since been universally accepted, the feeling engendered during that period still remains.

But, despite everything, the Westinghouse electric business grew steadily until to-day it employs over fifteen thousand men in America and six thousand in Europe. And the alternating current, which Westinghouse fought into universal recognition, has alone made possible the long-distance transmission of electric power. Without it electric lighting would be confined to a few congested communities, instead of spreading into every village in the land; the electrification of the

great railroad trunk lines, now fairly begun, would still be only a dream; and the great waterfalls of the world would not yet have been harnessed to the uses of man.

The story of George Westinghouse's achievements might be continued almost indefinitely. But space imposes limitations. Of course there is another side to the story. The man is human, and therefore not flawless. It has been said in criticism of him, and justly, that he is too dominating. "His directors never meet," is a common saying. His stockholders never get reports. His associates work for him, not with him.

These allegations are all true, but there is also excellent reason why these things should be. Without the dominating quality of which complaint is here made, the Westinghouse enterprises would never have been. If "his directors never meet," it is because they have the most profound confidence in his honesty and capacity. If his stockholders never receive reports, they receive fat and continuous dividends, and the value of their holdings is ever increasing.

And if his associates work for him and not with him, they do it with a degree of cheerfulness that is inspiring. Some of the very

greatest men in the industrial and scientific world are to be found in the Westinghouse organization. And there is not one among them, so far as I have been able to learn in a very extended inquiry, who is not content with his position and happy in it. I once asked Walter C. Kerr, the president of Westinghouse, Church, Kerr & Co., probably the greatest engineering corporation in the world, if he did not sometimes yearn to set up shop for himself.

"No more than the marshals of Napoleon yearned to set up shop for *themselves*," was the answer. "Why should I? Why should any of us? Mr. Westinghouse is fair, liberal, just. He has the spirit of the really great empire builder. He has supreme courage. He lacks entirely the conservatism that leads to content and dry rot. We are always doing something new, always going forward. We are never satisfied. It has been aptly said that 'Mr. Westinghouse is always in competition with himself.' He always subordinates so-called 'business considerations' to engineering perfection, so much so that all of his enemies, and some of his friends, have charged that he is, on the whole, a poor business man. We believe this to be the very foundation rock on which his success has been built. He never hampers or annoys his associates. He never bothers with the management of his companies, unless they are in trouble."

Surely it must be an extraordinary character that can inspire such a tribute as this. And the character of George Westinghouse is extraordinary. Simple as a child with his friends, cheerful, plain, unaffected, democratic to the last degree, yet strong as a lion. A man of huge proportions and the strength of an ox, standing six feet in his stockings, yet so gentle in disposition that no one has ever seen him angry; simply "impatient." He never asks any one to do a thing he would not do himself. He is a tremendous fighter, but always fights fair. He is generous to a fault.

In his personal traits Mr. Westinghouse is wholly clean. No breath of scandal has ever

touched him or his family. He has been a devoted son, a loyal husband, a considerate brother, and an excellent father. A lavish entertainer, finding in this his sole recreation, he is himself a simple liver. He dresses modestly, eats sparingly, never drinks, except a glass of wine at dinner with his friends, and smokes not at all. He has no fads, no hobbies, but we have his own word for it that he has a "mission." He was walking in the grounds of Mount Vernon some years ago with his friend C. A. Terry. The restful, quiet atmosphere seemed very good to him, and he said so.

"Why don't you take a rest?" asked his friend. "You have done your work and have done it well. Why don't you retire and take it easy for the rest of your life?"

A dreamy look, which few ever see, came into the eyes of George Westinghouse as he cast them into the distance, where the Potomac was placidly feeling its way to the sea.

"I don't think I ought," he answered. "I think it was intended that I should create opportunities for work. It would be wrong to give up. It is my mission."

This fine, strong, American sense of duty he has lived up to all his life. He has done much for himself, but vastly more for the world. He has made his money cleanly and honestly. Nowhere in his history may be found the taint of stock-jobbing or speculation. Always he has resolutely refused the chances of "high finance," though they have many times been thrust upon him. It is a comfort to turn to him and to his work in these days when so much reeking, filthy money is being exhumed in the dark corners of our industrial and financial world. America owes a great debt to George Westinghouse for many things, but especially for the proof he furnishes that wealth and success, after all, do not always depend with us upon chicanery and corruption; that our industrial greatness is founded upon solid work and achievement; that we are sound at the core; that honest men have not died out among our captains of industry.





The Golden Isle

By EDITH RICKERT

Author of "The Renfer," "Folly," etc.

Illustrations by Wladyslaw T. Benda

MAGUELONNE - LA - SAUVAGE, a cabin of cane and straw overrun with trellised roses, shaded by tamarisks—the station is a mere oasis in the limitless grassy wilderness of the Camargue.

In the month of May alone, pilgrims pass by on the route to the Holy-Maries-by-the-Sea; and for the three days of the fête, the steel bars of the toy railway, which stretch between the unknown cities of the north and the southern sea, are humming with trains that bear the sick to and fro in their questing of health. After that, the Camargue is still again but for the wind in the reeds and tall grasses.

Once, on the third day of the fête, the station-master beckoned his wife out from behind the sun-screen to see a horseman who came riding in from the west over the trackless prairie. He was dressed like a "guardian" or horse-drover of the plains and bestrode an enormous young cream-colored giant of a beast, thick-jointed, square-built, short-necked, broad-faced, ugly as a devil, but "What a horse!" said the station-master. "The creature could keep on till the Judgment Day."

But his wife was looking at the rider, who had dismounted some rods away, and stood

nearly a head taller than his bearer, looking southward for the train.

"Holy Maries!" said she to herself, "what a man!"

Then the train cut short her admiration, though she watched still, with her babies clinging about her skirts, and the youngest in her arms. She saw the stranger make a swift, keen examination of all his saddle-gear, saw him lead his horse so near the advancing train that for a moment she thought both would go under the wheels. Then she saw the beast standing quietly, though untied, and the man walking along the first-class carriages, even before they stopped, as if he expected to find some one he knew.

One moment she looked away, to learn who might be getting out at Maguelonne-la-Sauvage; the next, she was aware of a scream, a rush, a galloping horse, and the disappearance of the stranger who had fascinated her. Then she was one of a little crowd on the station platform, standing among the tangle of roses, and watching a man and a horse and something blue that they carried, plunging into the sunset—spellbound until the beast and the rider and the blue streak had become a blurred dark mass—and this had diminished to a speck and was drowned in the waves of grass.

All this time the locomotive had been quietly puffing, while the engine-driver and the fireman gaped with the others; and an elderly lady, very blond, very pink, had been alternately shrieking and fainting in the arms of her maid—without tears, be it remarked, which would have injured the surface of her face.

When at last the crowd turned to her, pursuit long since having become hopeless, she piped:

"I am the Marquise de Valincourt-Rougy, and my daughter—oh, my daughter——"

"But who—who—who?" demanded the sympathetic onlookers. Alas! the lady had begun fainting too soon to know.

"Did nobody observe him?" asked a voice.

"I did," said the station-master's wife.

"And what was he like?"

So amazing had been the stranger's effect upon this good woman that she could not find it in her heart to betray him. "Nothing unusual," she lied.

Well, the engine-driver drew a long breath, and said the train must be on its way; the station-master retired within his reed cabin to



A MAN AND A HORSE AND SOMETHING THEY CARRIED, PLUNGING INTO THE SUNSET.

telegraph up and down the line; the fainting marquise was left in many willing hands, honored by contact with the aristocracy; the few natives of Maguelonne-la-Sauvage, after a buzz of excited talk, dispersed along the foot-paths; the train continued its moderate pace to Arles; and before sunset the little adventure was concluded. Mademoiselle de Valincourt-Rougy had disappeared from the ken of her little society, which swings on an orbit between Paris and the Riviera, with its center in a certain old château overlooking the Saône; and equally from the ken of the great newspapers that gird the visible world. All that was known was that somewhere in the savage, lonely west she had vanished utterly.

Just as the news was first flashed about, the girl herself was struggling into a dim perception of what had happened. After the rush of terror, when she had been lifted from the train and swung somewhere on high, she had fainted; and for a while after she had come to her senses, she felt only the pound of hoofs, the sweep and beating of the wind, the swish of grasses and crackle of reeds, with occasionally a splashing sound, and twice or thrice the flip of water against her cheek. She lay still, just as she had been flung, with her eyes pressed hard against some rough woolen stuff, and closed—poor little ostrich!—to the situation. Her memory was busy trying to piece together what had happened. She had thought the big red-faced man was meaning to enter the railway carriage; but as she moved to hold her skirts aside, he had looked down at her and asked, “Mademoiselle de Valincourt-Rougy?” Doubtless, in her amazement at the question, she had nodded or looked assent. . . . Then had come the whirl and tumult of motion and flight, and the past had faded away with her mother’s shriek.

By degrees her courage revived and she moved her face a little and opened her eyes. She found herself between the waving cream-colored mane of a horse and an immense gray flannel chest overhung by a thick dark beard, in which she could see a few threads of gray. Higher she dared not look at first; but let her glance sweep the darkening horizon. Then with sudden determination to know the worst, she began to struggle in the man’s arms. As if divining her purpose, he relaxed his grip, even held her away a little—that she might stare at him her fill. And at once her eyes were held, as those of the station-master’s wife had been, by the power that flashed from the protruding blue eyes, by the

fierce curve of the nose, by the forward thrust of the jaw, as the beard blew to right and to left. His face was browned by exposure, and reddened, it might be by wind or by wine—she could not tell which; and the great laugh that he sent rolling across the prairie was barbaric. She had a moment’s thought to jump blindly into the high grasses, even if it were only to be trampled upon by the horse’s hoofs. But again he divined her thought: “It would be worse than useless, my pretty.”

Even as he spoke, the great horse slowed to a walking pace, and stepped carefully into water. With that she was lifted, swung in the air, and found herself perched on the man’s shoulder, with his right arm stretched up to hold her firm. Abruptly the horse sank and took to swimming in what seemed to her a boundless mere. As they retreated from the reedy shore, then was her chance to leap; but instead, with a little startled cry, she clasped the stranger’s neck and hung close.

She could not endure to see the waste of gray water, with its islets here and there of rushes; but closed her eyes tight. When she had to look again she saw a clump of tamarisks among the reeds, and felt that the horse touched ground. Even in her terror, she noticed that the great cream-colored beast seemed to know the place, and whinnied with satisfaction as he scrambled ashore.

She felt herself swung downward and forward and set gently upon the earth; and while she swayed a moment for a footing, the horseman dismounted and faced her, shaking the water from his leather leggings. Tall as she was, she did not reach his shoulder. And as she looked at him sharply outlined against the sky, she perceived a light that came from behind her, shed suddenly upon her face.

“Well, Mademoiselle de Valincourt-Rougy,” said he, “welcome to the Golden Isle.”

She put both hands to her throat to check sudden hysteria: the man was clearly mad!

For a moment, she had again the impulse to blind flight that must end in worse captivity; then she reflected that if he were insane, she had the advantage in a battle of wits, as he had in sheer brute force. Her spirits rose to meet the danger; the Valincourt-Rougys had fought men and devils since the days of the first Crusade, and only God knew how long before. She vowed that she would not shame her race; in the end, her life lay in her own hands.

"You know my name?" she asked steadily, in her beautifully modulated voice.

"Adèle," said he. "Is it not? I shall call you Adèle."

"Yes, call me Adèle"—she spoke very gently, concealing her amazement at this further revelation.

He stared at her, in frank wonder that she took it so easily; then flung back his head and laughed again riotously for a second, checked himself, and said with a hand on her elbow, "Come, let us go home."

She fought bravely for self-control, as they walked on the short soft turf down an alley of tamarisks that met overhead. She heard the horse pad away alone into the darkness, saw that the illumination came from a lantern hanging from a branch, and that her captor took it down and swung it in their path.

At the end of the alley shone another light; and presently she saw a reed cabin for all the world like the little wayside stations along the path of the pilgrims.

"Supper first," said the big man, lifting the sun-screen and pushing her gently forward into a dimly-lit passage. She had a moment's hope of another person to whom she might appeal. But the strange bare room, in which she found herself, was empty.

He motioned her to take off her hat and gloves. The brave old blood of the Valincourt-Rougys in her laughed to see the long suède gloves that had entered into this barbaric adventure; but she obeyed, without asking herself why she obeyed.

She saw that he was studying her with a kind of amused interest, as if he were thinking that she had been a gay pilgrim—indeed, a bird of paradise among the sick. He could not know, of course, that it was mamma's nerves that had needed mending by the Holy Maries, and that there had been no reason why she should make herself a fright for the occasion. But he seemed to appreciate the delicate points of her blue voile gown over its petticoat of green silk, and of the green and purple bird on her hat of blue tulle. She was a sensitive young woman, and in the light of his look of friendly criticism she forgot her fear enough to pat her artful rolls of blond hair and to glance about for a mirror.

"There is no looking-glass," said the man abruptly. "And you don't suit the room—hein?"

She gave it a thought: bare reed walls and mats, reed curtains that flapped gently in the breeze at the two long windows, a bare

wooden table set out with brown and yellow country ware, an unpainted dresser of wood, two straight-backed chairs with reed seats. The only beautiful thing in the room to her mind was a great bowlful of blue and yellow irises between two candles on the table.

"Do you like it?" he asked gruffly.

She remembered that she was dealing with a madman, and answered sweetly: "But yes."

The effect was only to stir his disorder. "Little hypocrite! Liar!" said he, with such fierce energy that she puckered her eyebrows and glanced about piteously for help.

"You are a work of art," he continued. "There's no place for such things on the Golden Isle. Come now—you paint?"

She shrank from his touch; but the finger laid upon her cheek was gentle enough.

"Not yet—that comes a little later, I suppose; but you powder and you torture your hair—and it is not all your own—hein?"

Mad? He was as mad as . . . would nobody ever come? She smoothed her desperation into an appealing: "Shall we have supper?" Surely there would be servants or somebody about . . . and while he was busy eating, she might plan—might try . . .

Again he stared and laughed at the way she took him. Then he said politely: "By all means. It is quite ready. Sit down."

He went to the dresser, and from the cupboard below brought out a barley loaf, a cheese, and a bottle of wine. He cut and poured for both; and even had the effrontery—or the insanity—to offer to drink her health. And when she hesitated, so black was his look that she dared not refuse. But she could not touch the food.

"Is it too coarse?" he asked gently. "It's what you will get here—if need be, all the days of your life—a supper good enough for any woman. You'd better eat. You'll be hungry to-morrow."

Her sense of the danger sharpened. She broke off a few morsels and choked over them; the bare thought of the cheese nauseated her. But she drank the wine and it lifted her flagging courage.

He ate—well, she told herself, as such a giant would eat after a long day's fast; but for all that, she could not rid herself of the impression that he was a gentleman. . . .

At last, he pushed away his chair, looking comfortable, even sleepy. She wondered if she should be able to manage him.

"Well," said he, "I suppose, brought up as

you have been, you prefer a priest. He's waiting for us in the next room."

She pretended to laugh: "Are you going to bury me to-night?"

"No," said he calmly, "but I'm going to marry you, of course."

She could have screamed; but she set her lips and after a moment said with equal calm: "That is impossible. I am already affianced."

"To whom?" he asked, leaning across the table suddenly.

"To the Vicomte de Mornas."

The man was silent a moment; then he grinned, saying: "He'll have to make the best of it then. I never go back on my word."

"To whom have you given your word?" she asked.

"I give it to you now—this moment. You will be my wife within the hour." He looked at his watch and held it up before her that she might note the time. But she was yielding to the terror of the situation. "My God, my God, save me!" she cried, under her breath.

"You don't want the priest, then?" he said.

"How can you think—?" She broke down in her speech.

"Very good. I'll send him back at once. The boat has been waiting a long time." He went to the door, and the reed curtain rattled in his hand; but there he faced her again: "It's as you like, you know; but here you are, and here you stay as long as I choose to keep you."

She could not speak.

"Good. I send him away."

She moved quickly: "Wait——"

"Eh, well, he comes."

She rose hastily to stop him; but let the reed curtain swing back into her hand. After all, there might be some help in the priest.

When he entered the room, she darted forward, meaning to throw herself at his feet. But the madman stopped her, seizing her by the wrist. "Useless," he said; "the priest is stone deaf, and his mind is always on his studies, besides. He cannot save you."

And indeed, a glance at the mild, unobservant eyes of the priest convinced her that tears and heroics would be wasted. He would not comprehend. She bent her head, not weeping, but thinking wildly over her chances. Would the ceremony be valid or not valid? And which in Heaven's name did she want it to be?

"It will dispose of the Vicomte de Mornas, my dear," said the man suddenly. "It will

make an end of him. And now we'll have in the witnesses."

Somehow, from somewhere, there came through the door, as if in answer to a summons, an old man and a young girl. The latter had a brutish face, vacantly smiling; but the old man looked kind. Adèle was ready to throw herself on his mercy.

"Tut-tut," said the madman, "again it's of no use. The girl's an idiot, you can see; and her father is stone deaf, like the priest. Come, now, make up your mind. Do you want to be married or not?"

She turned and looked at him, realizing that he was tremendous in strength, relentless in will, remorseless in his madness. What could she do?

"If I consent," said she, "will you leave me in peace till to-morrow?"

"Why?" he asked calmly, then seemed to reflect aloud: "After all, why not? There's plenty of time—all the time in the world. A convent-bred girl . . ."

So he knew that as well! With a sudden impulse, she crossed herself. In the old days, there were stories of how the devil had come . . .

She grew dazed, was half fainting; but she seemed to feel that some one held her up when her every muscle relaxed to let her sink to the floor. In front of her was a great expanse of white—it came to her afterward as the priest's attire—and lights twinkled on a shining dome—was it the priest's head? A voice mumbled and droned, and came to a pause now and again; and whether she had spoken or what she had said, she could not well remember. A moment she awakened out of her dream and saw the shining of a ring on her finger . . . then the whole scene faded; and she was awakened, long after, it seemed, by the cool wind blowing across her wet face. She lifted herself on one elbow, and perceived that she was in another room, lying on a low bed of cane, and that the idiot girl sat by her side, with a basin of water.

They looked at each other in silence; then Adèle discovered that her arms were bare, that she had been undressed and put into a long, coarse smock, such as peasant women wear. And on her finger the ring gleamed in the candle-light. A sudden fury at the indignity lent her strength.

"Go away," she said hoarsely. "Go away—you thing!"

The vacant face suddenly twinkled over with laughter; but the girl departed without protest, taking the candle with her.

Then the captive arose and fumbled in the darkness for her belongings, dressed hurriedly but clumsily, being not used to perform such service for herself, from her finger flung the ring far into the darkness, and sought means of escape. She had no light, no matches, no knife, no scissors; but she groped her way about the wall until she found the door, and shook it with her little strength. Then she went on to the close-shuttered windows and tore at them with desperate fingers to find some fastening; but she might as well have clawed solid rock.

Backward and forward she went in her mad seeking; and the third time or the fourth, the door yielded to her clutch and swung easily outward.

She did not pause to consider what this meant; but fled down the passage until, just where she expected to find the door to liberty, she ran into the arms of the giant.

He held her firmly and gently, saying in the amused tone that already she had come to detest: "It is too late for a walk, my pretty. Go back to bed. You are as safe as at Château Rougy on the Saône." As if with a sudden thought, he felt for her left hand and when he had found it, he said: "Come, come, you have lost your ring already. This will never do. Zouè shall help you find it."

Somehow she was back in the room; and the idiot girl was there, kneeling to take off her little high-heeled shoes, already untied; and somehow she was again in the peasant's smock, and the ring had been found and set on her finger.

But the Valincourt-Rougy blood was alive now. She seized the candle and clung to it, when the idiot would have taken it away.

"You will stay here!" she said fiercely, and the girl dropped at once into a chair.

For hours, Adèle kept prayerful vigil, until the idiot snored with open mouth and the candle burned low. Then a sudden troubled sleep overwhelmed her, in her exhaustion; and she knew no more of her situation until the dawn came in through her shutters, now open, and the idiot was again standing over her:

"Thé master bids you get up and dress yourself and prepare the coffee."

She turned on her heel, almost running; and Adèle, strong again in courage with the morning light, sat up and stared after her, and laughed. Prepare the coffee? Prepare the coffee? The descendant of the Valincourt-

Rougys? She felt equal now to an encounter with the madman.

She sprang out of bed, with a hasty glance about her bare, reed-lined room, and ran to the window that was unshuttered. It looked upon a great trellis of Gloire de Dijon roses, against a background of tamarisks—nothing else.

She turned to find her clothes, but they were gone. There was a bath—the girl must have brought it in and filled it while she slept. She tried it daintily with her foot; the water was cold . . . she could never endure that. . . . Instead of her silks, she found only peasant's garments of unbleached, coarse linen, and a dress of brown wool. She shuddered to touch them, but they were clean, and necessity pressed. When she came to do her hair, it appeared that the very roll that built up her pompadour was gone. This made her more angry even than the low broad sandals that replaced her Paris shoes. She flung to the floor the kerchief and apron of pink-and-white frilled muslin, the dainty cap of the Camargue, added her wedding-ring to the heap, and with her yellow hair all about her shoulders, dashed out in a flame of wrath to confront her jailer.

She found him blocking the sunlight at the end of the passage; she wondered if he had spent the night there.

"Good morning, Adèle. You are only half-dressed. Where is your cap? Your kerchief?" His eyes lit up with the mad humor that she feared. "Where's your wedding-ring?"

"Where are my own clothes?" she demanded haughtily.

"In the fire," said he. "They were my clothes—your only dowry—and I did not like them. They are burnt—roll, high heels, and all. Now go and do up your hair and be quick. I am waiting for my coffee."

She stared at him, and could find no words. To her immense disgust, her anger had melted, and she turned, like a good little child, to obey.

It was Zouè who came and parted her hair, and while she wept silently, did it up in the Madonna-fashion of the Camargue, under the tiny cap; and Zouè who patted the fichu into place and tied the apron-strings in a coquettish bow; and Zouè who patiently went on her hands and knees until she had found and replaced the wedding-ring. Then Zouè took the captive's hand and fairly dragged her into a cool, reed-lined kitchen, shining with copper and pewter-work.



"COME NOW, MAKE UP YOUR MIND. DO YOU WANT TO BE MARRIED OR NOT?"

Ten minutes later, with tears on her long lashes, and her delicate lips set into a hard line of resolve, Adèle—under instruction—carried the coffee-tray to a little table outside the door, where her master sat reading some paper or journal.

"I won't wait so long, another day," said he quietly, without looking up. Then, as the tray went down very hard, with an oversplashing of coffee and milk, he raised his eyes to meet such a fiery Valincourt-Rougy glance as should have killed him on the spot.

He rose, and before she realized what he would be at, had taken her face between his hands and kissed her four times or five, each time more gently, more sweetly than before.

"You have been badly brought up, my child," said he. "We must teach you better. Ah, the marquise—the marquise . . ."

Even in her confusion and anger, she wondered that he should speak so of her mother.

He would not let her escape, but sat down again and took her on his knee until she had drunk coffee out of his cup.

When at last she was free to go, she forgot that he was mad, forgot the need for caution—remembered only her own anger—and faced him with deliberate passion: "If there is no other way, I will kill you!"

"So—so," he answered soothingly, as he drank his own coffee. "If you like. But it would be wiser for you to learn as quickly as possible—what you must learn."

Then he whistled and the cream-colored horse, ready saddled, came trotting from behind the Gloire de Dijon roses. The tyrant rode away, bareheaded, down the tamarisk alley, whistling as he went. She did not see him again that day.

"What you must learn"—he had said. That day it seemed to be peeling potatoes. It was not that other humiliating duties lacked. Between them, the old man and the idiot girl made her understand clearly that she was to help in all the household tasks; and never for a moment was she allowed to lose the one or the other from her sight. She knew that the madman had come in for his *déjeuner*; but the old man had carried in the meal that she, under the guidance of the idiot girl, had prepared in the kitchen. And after all, the old man brought back many of the dishes almost untouched, with the message that she must do better on the morrow.

I spare you the details of that day. She

had little time for thinking; and even so—poor child!—her mind was half crazed with futile plans for escape and dreams of revenge, fighting with memory of the morning's kisses that had been so strangely, so overwhelmingly sweet . . .

Late in the afternoon she got away, when the old man had turned his back and seemed absorbed in the feeding of his silkworms in a little shed adjoining the kitchen.

She ran like the wind, even in her unaccustomed sandals, down the turf path between the tamarisks, came out into the open, and all in a breath she perceived why the place was called the Golden Isle: everywhere the reeds and rushes were thickly interspersed with yellow flags so that all the earth seemed full of treasure. She could not see the lagoon, but the breath of it was in the air. Hither and thither she ran to find it, but only waded knee-deep, sometimes waist-deep, in that green and golden sea. When at last her ankle sank into bog, she knew that for all her trouble, love of life was still so strong within her that she could never leap to death, even if the mere lay spread at her feet.

As she stood testing the soft ground with her foot and wondering what chance might lead to safety, a shadow fell between her and the sun, and she looked across at her unknown husband on his cream-colored horse. He came splashing through the marsh, and without a word passed his arm under her shoulders, lifted her like a child, and swung her before him on the saddle. This time she did not cry or struggle; and she was amazed to find that she liked the rush of the wind against the galloping horse. And when they came within the purple shadow of the garden, there stood the deaf old man, smiling tranquilly.

She rebelled no more that day, not even when she had to set forth the supper and try to eat the sour black bread. At first she minced it a good deal; but after a time he lost patience and laid before her a country portion, and she felt impelled to eat it. In the end she admitted to herself that hunger had seasoned the coarseness of the food.

"That's better," said he, when the task was accomplished. "Now you've had a meal, we can talk. Time's up, you know."

"What time?" she fenced.

"Your day of grace. Well, am I an ogre that you stare at me so?"

She grew reckless. "I think you are quite mad."

He took it soberly: "You are not the first

who has said so. I have my ideas like other men—only, perhaps the difference is, I am strong enough to enforce them. The world is on your side—perhaps you are right. Tell me—am I so terrible?"

"Yes," she answered, on the edge of tears.

"No weeping," said he rudely. "No hysterics. I won't have it. Keep your temper and you will be all right. You didn't

gallery. That's all put on. Why can't you be decently natural, and act as you feel?"

She was so amazed that she asked: "How do I feel?"

"*Eh bien*, you'd like me well enough, if you hadn't a theory that you ought to hate me. The natural being has been buried these many years under powder, false hair, silk finery, and false ideas. The more you



"YOU HAVE BEEN BADLY BROUGHT UP, MY CHILD," SAID HE.

mind the black bread to-night, did you? Well, you won't mind me . . ."

"Please—please—" she entreated tragically.

"Come now," said he, not affected, as it seemed, by her emotion: "you are playing to the gallery, you know—where there is no

rebel, the longer it will take to excavate you. The end will be the same." He came and bent over her, suddenly pleading and tender: "Come now, be a sensible child and give up in the beginning—*hein?*"

But she was not ready yet and broke into the prohibited tears.



"I TOLD HER YOU WERE SPENDING YOUR HONEYMOON ON THE GOLDEN ISLE."

He gave her a second, not more; then he shook her gently but decidedly by the shoulder. "Stop—stop at once. This won't do. I want to hear—eh, well, tell me about your life. It may do you some good."

It was a successful diversion. She dried her eyes and stammered it out, he tugging at his beard in silence. When she had finished, he commented: "A more commonplace little history it would be hard to find; but devil take me if it ends that way! And so you were pledged and promised in the good old way? Who—did you say—was the man? Ah, so, the Vicomte de Mornas. Who ever heard of him? Some booby——"

She took fire: "He is a very great man. He has explored Africa and Siberia; and he never misses anything that he shoots at; and his library is full of his own lion-skins. He has been often spoken of in journals, and he is decorated with the Legion of Honor, and some day he will . . ."

"Ah, you loved him very much, I perceive," said he drily.

She hung her head: "It was my father who before he died arranged it all. . . ."

"I see, I see. Do you know, I have a curiosity to see the young man's face? You have not a portrait of him?"

She pulled at a ribbon about her neck, and flung before him the daintily tinted miniature of a beardless, blue-eyed youth.

The big man studied it a while, then: "It's a pretty boy. No wonder you grieved for him. It must have been a loss!"

The irony in his voice drove her to reply: "I never saw him but once—and I was a little girl. But oh, if he had only come on the pilgrimage with us, as mamma invited him to do! He might have saved me from this—this . . ."

"Nonsense!" said he, and tossed her back the portrait. "You don't want to be saved. When will you learn to be honest? Go to

bed. Bolt your door inside—I shall lock it from without. I don't mean to play sentry again. You know better now how safe you are on the Golden Isle. It can keep you until doomsday." As she hesitated a little, he said grimly: "No, you need not kiss me. The will is everything. Good night."

This time she did not keep vigil long, but cried herself into a peaceful, dreamless sleep.

The next morning she was trim in her Camargue dress; and she prepared the morning coffee with subdued sadness, but with no sign of active rebellion.

"Come now," said the master, "this is better. You are getting on."

He did not offer to kiss her as on the morning before; nor did he comment upon her charming appearance, as she had expected, and she was therefore half ready to shrink away and be stormy or scornful.

He rode abroad at once; and again she struggled with household tasks, but through having much to think about, found them less laborious and less distasteful than on the preceding day. The dinner was apparently more to her lord's liking, as she judged, not from any word of praise that he sent, but from the amount he ate. In the afternoon when she had finished what they bade her do, she made no second attempt to run away; but sat on a bench outside the house among the yellow roses, as pale, as golden as they.

There she saw the master riding up in the twilight. When he dismounted, swinging off his hat and throwing it on the grass, and leaving the horse to find his own way, she looked at him with a faint color beating in her cheeks.

And she did not move when he came to sit by her side. Doubtless it was the instinct of convention that taught her to pose, with her hands clasped on her knees and her eyes cast down upon them; but she knew exactly how long he studied her profile and when he turned away to the gleam of golden irises at the end of the tamarisk avenue.

He spoke abruptly: "Yesterday you were less tragic than you anticipated; to-day you are less miserable than yesterday. You are getting used to me—you will learn. But you are thinking much—what is it?"

She stared a little, but was silent.

He laughed, but softly, not with a barbaric howl: "I do not think it is a plot to murder me, nor yet to escape. I might tell you"—her eyes were turned to him in sudden en-

treaty—"well then, I will not. But you may like to know something else: I rode many leagues to-day to telegraph to your mother. I judged that she had had punishment enough for your bad upbringing."

She half rose and looked across at him, with a soft gleam in her eyes that seemed to forgive much of his transgression: "What did you say to her?"

"I will tell you presently." He seemed to wait for her speech.

"How have I been badly brought up?" she asked, flushing.

"You have been thinking," he said: "have you not worked it out? You have your own cleverness—the shrewdness of the Valincourt-Rougys. But your mother—with all respect to Madame la Marquise—is cased like a beetle in convention. She has brought you up to know nothing outside her little world of fad and fashion. You were never useful in your life until yesterday. Have I opened your eyes a little?"

"By what right," she said, her voice shaking, "have you dared to treat me so?"

He did not answer her question. "Forget it," said he. "It was necessary at first. But now I have proved you; your mother could not spoil the good stuff. You have within you the power to live, as my wife must live—free in soul and body from the chains society has forged." She looked at him long and strangely.

"Adèle," said he, and took her hand as reverently as she might desire, "this might be a little Paradise for lovers who were free—this Golden Isle of mine."

And as she still looked, he continued: "But you hate me still?" His magnificent manhood, his resolute face, the light in his eyes—were full of challenge.

Slowly she shook her head: "I have tried with all the strength of my will and—I cannot."

"Then," said he, "you are mine by right. And you must know that I have not done all this by madness; but because I could find no better way. If you had been other than yourself, it might have been tragedy, Adèle. But now we shall go back into the world some day, and we shall wander and we shall live. . . . Ah, we shall live. . . . Shall I tell you what word I sent to your mother? I told her you were married to the Vicomte de Mornas and spending your honeymoon on the Golden Isle. It is half true; for the rest . . .?"



"ONLY YOU MUST COME BACK AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT. THAT'S THE BARGAIN, KIRKPATRICK."

THE ADVENTURER

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

*Joint Author with Robert Louis Stevenson of "The Wrecker" and "The Ebb-Tide";
author of "Motormaniacs," "Baby Buliet," etc.*

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.—Lewis Kirkpatrick, by nature a wanderer and adventurer, is stranded in London—only a few shillings in his pocket, and all his outfit lost in the selling up of his landlady's goods. Hunting gloomily through the newspaper "want" columns, he comes upon a singular advertisement, signed "Desperate Enterprise," calling for well-educated young men inured to hardship and danger. Kirk applies; and after an anxious, hungry wait, receives an answer appointing an interview with a man wearing a green tie, at a Vienna bakery. Arrived there, he finds a Mr. Smith, who puts him through a stiff examination, assures him of a favorable report, and fixes the time and place for a second meeting. On the following morning, Friday, Kirk presents himself at the designated house, where he passes a severe medical examination and, as the third test, receives a hundred-pound note, which he is to return intact on Monday afternoon. Having sewed the note into his waistcoat, he settles for the night on a park bench, for he has less than two shillings to live on. Here he falls asleep and is attacked by thieves, who kick him into insensibility just as the police arrive. He regains consciousness on Sunday in a hospital, and finds that his clothes have been given by mistake to a discharged patient named Betts. He at once seeks out Betts and bullies him into confessing that he had found the note and had spent eight pounds of it, which he could not repay. Kirk forces him to give up the remainder, and then, desperate under the necessity of completing the amount, finally resolves upon an appeal to Homer Kittredge, the literary lion of London.

CHAPTER VI

HE was led up-stairs and ushered into an attractively furnished room. At one end, sparkling in the light of the open fire, was a trophy of arms—rifles, bayonets, Oriental daggers, etc. On the warmly tinted walls hung reproductions of Detaille—dashing war pictures, full of movement, color, and red legs. Limp red legs lying dead on gray village streets; vigorous red legs, astride of horses, intercepting Uhlans; weary but heroic red legs, covering the retreat of dusty columns. There were two tables in the room, one littered with manuscript, cigar stumps, books, and newspapers; the other spread for a solitary dinner that Kirk had evidently interrupted.

"Hungry?" inquired the novelist, picking his napkin off the floor, and briskly seating himself.

"Yes——"

"Well, then, sit down. Beer?"

"Oh, Mr. Kittredge, I did not mean to——"

"Hold your tongue," said the novelist cheerfully. "Skip gratitude and all that, and get yourself one of those mugs off the mantelpiece." As Kirk obeyed Kittredge carved a slice off the roast, and apologized for offering it to his guest on a bread-plate.

"But I dare say you won't mind," he added.

The two men smiled at each other across the table.

Kittredge flourished his mug.

"Now, my handsome tramp," he cried, with ambiguous geniality, "let's drink to our better acquaintance; and try not to tell me any more lies than you can help. Murderer, thief, blackmailer, felon—you may throw yourself fearlessly on my breast, for it's my business to get behind the scenes of life, and right down to the heart of things. I will keep your secret, and hose you down with good advice. But if you insist on feats of imagination, and think to fool me with a penny novelette—I warn you that I'm an impatient man and ill to deal with. Truth I love; fiction I can do for myself, and probably better than you. Horseradish?"

Kirk listened, unruffled, to this extraordinary speech. He was in a state of delicious contentment, and all his cares and miseries seemed at an end. He drank his beer, devoured his beef, put away countless squares of bread, smiling like a child whenever he met those restless black eyes that fixed themselves so constantly on his. His attitude plainly puzzled Kittredge, who in spite of his better judgment felt strongly attracted toward his strange guest, and inclined to believe in him.

"You are a slow fellow in coming to the point?" Kittredge suggested at last.

"I'm afraid to," said Kirk. "Nobody in the whole world ever needed eight pounds more than I do. While I sit here, eating your excellent dinner, I can tell myself the fairy tale that you will give it to me, and feel comfortable and safe."

"But why eight pounds?" asked Kittredge. "It's an unusual kind of sum. A chap that would give you eight would just as readily give you ten!"

Kirk emptied his pockets on the tablecloth, building up a little pile of gold, notes, silver, and coppers.

"I have to make that a hundred," he said. "I don't care if it isn't a penny over. But one penny less, and I'll almost go mad with disappointment. If by to-morrow afternoon I don't have a hundred-pound note to show to a certain person, I forfeit all chances to a hundred thousand!"

"A hundred thousand!" exclaimed Kittredge, incredulously. "Now, see here, do you think I'm going to swallow all that?"

Kirk was abashed by his rough and jeering tone.

"Perhaps only ten thousand," he said hurriedly. "It's all very mysterious, Mr. Kittredge. I'll—I'll tell you about it, and then you can judge for yourself."

This he forthwith proceeded to do. Kittredge lighted a cigar, and listened, his keen mobile face constantly changing its expression as Kirk took up the thread of his narrative from the time he arrived in London down to his encounter with Mr. Betts. From time to time Kittredge put a question, always rather sharply, and then, with a wave of his cigar, bade Kirk continue. His interest was manifest, and once or twice, in a curt, illuminating way, he helped Kirk out as the latter was at a loss for the right word. In the middle of it all the girl came in to clear the table. Kittredge ordered her to leave the room, and rising, locked the door and then resumed his seat—checking a facetious remark of Kirk's with an impulsive: "Go on, go on—never mind that!"

At the end of his story, carried to the novelist's very threshold, Kirk reached over for a cigar, and waited for his companion to speak. He hardly knew what to expect, and his uncertainty was not relieved by Kittredge's springing to his feet, and striding about the room, exclaiming: "By Jove! By Jove!" excitedly under his breath.

Then he returned, and leaning over Kirk said that he'd give a thousand pounds to change places with him.

"To think I was grubbing here while things like that were going on under my nose! That's the worst of us writers—we dream of romance while fellows like you, confound you, are doing it—living it—eating, and drinking, and sleeping with it! It's the confoundest shame that I should be getting this second-hand. I ought to have been there myself. I wonder if it's too late? You ask them when you go back. Don't tell them it's I—but just say a friend, and put it in hot. Will you, old man? I mean it, truly! I'd chuck this to-morrow on the bare chance. Oh, Lordy, why don't I read my *Times*!"

Kirk timidly brought up the subject of the eight pounds.

"Eight pounds!" cried the novelist, stamping about the room again. "Bet your boots I will. Only you must come back and tell me all about it. That's the bargain, Kirkpatrick. You owe it to me, you know. You'll be a cur if you don't. There are more stories in this old town than I ever found in India, and by Heaven, I think you and I have got a big one by the tail!"

Kirk was too overcome to speak. The friendship, the sympathy—above everything else the assurance of the eight pounds—fired his brain and set his pulses dancing. His wildest hopes had not soared so high. He had never anticipated that his story would carry Kittredge away in this headlong fashion. The reaction left him sick and giddy. An hysterical gaiety possessed him. He found himself shaking Kittredge's hand, and vowing eternal brotherhood. The spectacles glimmered and shone through clouds of tobacco smoke; the impetuous voice rose in a crescendo. It seemed he was a man after Kittredge's own heart; that Kittredge, indeed, was just such another as he; that life was the real thing, my boy, and books the wretched substitute—diabetic make-believes, so to speak, for the crusty, wholesome loaf that real men crave. They toasted each other in beer, smoking furiously.

Kirk gradually recovered something of his composure.

"Frankly, Mr. Kittredge," he said at last, "what do you suppose it all means?"

Kittredge shook his head.

"I haven't the faintest idea," he returned. "But in the general mystery several things stand out. These people have money—a

very great deal of money apparently—to judge from the way they rent houses and throw about hundred-pound notes. Secondly, their system is admirably devised. It implies an unusual knowledge of human nature. They're getting together a body of men who will go anywhere and dare anything. They are drawing on the real desperate class—men of tried courage and character—with nothing to lose—nothing but their lives—and you and I know how cheap lives are held with that sort. Thirdly, the adventure is admittedly hazardous. Your Mr. Smith told you that himself; even laid it on a bit; showed an evident willingness to scare off the weaklings."

"Well?" asked Kirk, as the novelist paused.

"It must be something of the freebooting order," Kittredge resumed. "Finnish revolution—gun-running in Haiti—perhaps some South African mix-up of the Rajah Brooke description. It wouldn't surprise me if your friends were to carve out a kingdom somewhere *à la* Pizarro. In some ways it is easier to-day than it ever was before. The map isn't at all so securely tinted as some people believe. Why shouldn't one of our enormously rich men strike out on the good old-fashioned lines of personal leadership? Give me five million pounds, and I could take my choice of twenty savage kingdoms. The two-party system exists everywhere, old man, and all you need to do is to swing one of them! That's how Cortez got Mexico. Turn the scale, that's all. Throw in your weight with the opposition, and stiffen them up with money and guns. That's been politics from the year one. Maximilian tried it, too, and would have won in a canter if you Americans hadn't fought him under the rose. Uncle Sam was too strong for him—but it wasn't the Mexicans!"

An hour ran by as they sat and talked and speculated on this fascinating subject. Kittredge got down an atlas, and ran his thumb over many a potential conquest. The process of putting two and two together was endlessly repeated; Mr. Smith's chance expressions were weighed, argued over, and minutely analyzed. They groped for hidden meanings, for clues. Kirk had to repeat the whole story, with slow and elaborate details. He was made to give Mr. Smith's intonations, his very manner as he said this or that. The doctor, too, was put under a microscope. Kittredge was a veritable literary bloodhound. Give him an old boot, or a discarded

hat, and he could pursue a trail indefinitely. Pursue—but alas, in this instance never to reach anywhere. At last he had to admit that the problem was insoluble. They had not enough to go on.

Suddenly the novelist looked up at the clock.

"By Jove, I must get back to work!" he exclaimed. "All this put it clean out of my head. I have two chapters to finish! You won't mind, will you?"

Kirk rose apologetically, thinking that he was dismissed.

"Oh, no, no," said Kittredge. "I tell you what. Go into my room there, and shave and have a bath and get into that purple dressing-gown some tom-fool admirer sent me last week. Then lie down on the sofa here, and make yourself comfortable till I've finished. Then I'll make up some kind of bed for you on the floor."

Kirk felt bound to protest a little. He hated to be in the way, and said so. He would return in the morning. He wouldn't presume any further on Mr. Kittredge's kindness. But Mr. Kittredge's answer was a good-natured oath.

"Do what you're told and keep quiet," he said with charming brutality. "Get out—do you hear?—and don't bother me. Open your head again, and I'll throw a bootjack at you. Skedaddle!"

Thus expedited, Kirk went into the bedroom, and obeyed directions to the letter. He dawdled luxuriously, enjoying to the full every stage of his toilet, and tiptoed about so as to make as little noise as possible. His mind was relieved of all its worries. No longer did the nightmare of that eight pounds rise and daunt him. He had got it! Wonder of wonders, he had got it! And had not only got it, but had found a friend as well—Homer Kittredge—the most dominant figure in London at that moment! How good the world was, to be sure. What glad hearts it held, what generosity and kindness! On the dresser was a gold watch, a lumpy purse, a jeweled knife. There was nothing to prevent him from putting them in his pocket and bolting. Such trust in him made his breast heave. This was what had made Kittredge great—his knowledge of men. You could be ragged and dirty and unkempt, but those eyes could see the soul beneath, and find honor and uprightness within.

The purple dressing-gown was lying across the back of a chair. It was gorgeously em-

broidered with gold thread, and lined inside with watered silk. It had a brilliant new look as though the novelist himself had hesitated at arraying himself in such Arabian Nights' splendor, and preferred to treat it as an *objet d'art*. Kirk, with trepidation, got into the lordly garment, and knotted the sash around his waist. He would have vastly preferred a suit of pajamas, but orders were orders, and he was only doing what Kittredge had bidden him. He returned to the other room, expecting to be greeted with a shout of laughter. But Kittredge was head down in his writing, and oblivious to everything but his work. Kirk lay down on the sofa, and little by little dozed off in sleep.

At intervals during the night he awoke, wondering and bewildered at the strangeness of his surroundings. His sleepy eyes would settle themselves on that black head so intently bent over the paper, and his sleepy ears would listen to the racing of the pen. Half hidden in a cloud of tobacco smoke, and impelled by an ungovernable fury of creative effort, Kittredge was performing one of his prodigies, regardless of time or jaded nature. As a page was finished he flung it to the floor, and with a snatch at the ink-bottle began again on the fresh sheet. The extraordinary energy and concentration of this performance hypnotized Kirk. The rain of paper, the scratch, scratch, scratch of the pen, the bent and determined shoulders as fixed as a statue's—all followed him into his dreams, so that asleep or awake there always was Kittredge, indomitably toiling into the small hours. The scene varied—now it was Arorai, now it was the cabin of a ship, now it was Radnor Street—but wherever it was there also was Kittredge, doubled over his desk, writing, writing, writing.

He never knew at what advanced hour the novelist had finally tired and gone to bed. It was morning when Kirk awoke for the last time and found himself alone; a gray, dark morning, mournfully brought to his attention by the strains of a grind-organ in the streets below. Over him was a blanket that he had no recollection of—another proof of Kittredge's thoughtfulness. He sat up and looked at the clock, thunderstruck to find that it was nearly eight. Beside the sofa were his clothes in a tumbled heap, surmounted by a little note, and nine pounds in sovereigns.

"I am dog-tired, and will ask you please not to disturb me. Better get your breakfast

outside. Be back here by 9.30 and I'll get the money changed to a hundred-pound note. I'm going out of town for the day. Here's a pound over, with my blessing. H. K."

He dressed himself, feeling delightfully rested and invigorated. That extra pound was a godsend, and would put him on velvet. He would treat himself to a capital breakfast. How thoughtful Kittredge was! Kirk himself hadn't considered that, in his shabby rags, and with no one to introduce him, he couldn't hope to get a hundred-pound note at a conservative British bank. He hated to trouble Kittredge again, but the novelist was right. Besides, Kirk would not think of disobeying him now. He smoothed out the dressing-gown, and wondered how he'd ever dared to wear it. It shone richly in the daylight, and fell into lustrous folds as he assisted it to a chair. A present from a duchess, probably. Well, wait a bit, and he'd make Kittredge presents, too! He wouldn't mind if it cost him a thousand pounds—though all the money in the world would leave him still a debtor. Kittredge had saved him. Kittredge had pulled him out of hell!

He wrote a few grateful lines and hung the missive from the chandelier. Then he made his way out of the house, stopping in the street to look up at the windows of Kittredge's room. What amazing things had happened since last he had stood there, only a few short hours before!

He took breakfast in a quiet little coffee room, smoked his pipe, and waited contentedly for half-past nine. Promptly on the dot, he presented himself at the door. The little housemaid beamed at him, all smiles; Kittredge himself came running down the steps, and greeted him cheerily. He seemed full of spirits, and in a good deal of a hurry. Off to a bank to get that hundred-pound note! Oh, the banks weren't open yet? Gad, that was true, wasn't it? And he wanted to take a 10.20 train. But there were clubs! That reminded him that he had been made a member of the Athenæum. At least he *thought* he'd been made a member of the Athenæum. He hadn't opened any of his letters for three weeks, and was consequently hazy. But he fancied he remembered one with the name of the Athenæum on it. It might have been to tell him that he was blackballed. But they'd risk it, anyhow.

Kirk jumped in. Kittredge grabbed a bunch of telegrams that the little housemaid

handed up. Still brightly talking he ordered the cabman to drive to the Athenæum, opening the envelopes as he did so, and throwing them into the street. It was exhilarating to sit beside this wonderful man—the personification of success—and warm oneself in his kindness and geniality. He returned to marveling at Kirk's experiences. Here was real life for you—the thing a fellow couldn't invent. A writer had to stick to life as a drowning man to an oar. Get away from life, and you were lost—you sank—leaving only bubbles to show where you had been. That was his, Kittredge's, present danger. Oh, yes, he knew it! Feared it! This tendency of success to surround itself with walls, and keep life out—the real, palpitating life of the people. Put a butler between you and the world, and as a novelist you committed suicide. Take them all—good men butlered to death every one—atrophied into old leather, and repeating themselves like phonographs. Except the daring few, like Tolstoi, for instance, or Hardy, or Loti, who had the manhood to resist the Capuas of fame.

All this while they were bowling briskly through the streets with a rattle of glass and a jingle of harness that often interrupted the novelist's tirade. His exuberant humor was contagious, and Kirk seemed to catch something of his companion's freedom and lightheartedness. All would come right—he knew not how or wherefore—but Kittredge had ordained it so, and that was enough.

They drew up before the club, and Kittredge went in, taking with him Kirk's hundred pounds. A few minutes later he reappeared, looking rather crestfallen. Kirk steeled himself against disappointment, and assuming that his friend had failed, proposed to drive on to one of the big hotels.

"Oh, that's all right," said Kittredge, handing over a note. He smiled ruefully. "I've paid blood for that," he went on. "The office didn't have such a thing as a hundred-pound note, and I was just about to leave when Sir Cornelius Blum turned up—the biggest bore in London, you know—famous heavyweight conversationalist—social steam-roller. Well, he had one—a hundred-pound note, I mean—and I couldn't get it away from him without promising to dine at his house, and read one of my stories aloud! The old devil knew that he had me on the hip, and wouldn't fork out till everything had been signed and sealed! Oh, Diamond, Diamond, you know not what you've done!"

Kirk expressed his regrets.

"Oh, hell!" exclaimed the novelist, and fell into a profound melancholy.

The cabman broke into it by inquiring where he was to drive next.

Kittredge woke up.

"I'll take you over and drop you at your place," he said dismally to Kirk. "What-d'yecallum Street where you were to meet Mr. Thingumbob."

"Ledworth Street," put in Kirk. "Number 82."

Off they clattered again, Kittredge somewhat silent; Kirk jubilant, and squeezing the note as though it were the hand of a long-lost sweetheart. He was still in the mood of exultation. The last of his cares had disappeared. After incalculable difficulties, and misfortune on top of misfortune, here he was at last driving blithely to success and glory.

"It would be a joke on you if they had kept the number of the note!" said Kittredge, with a twinkle of his eyes. It isn't very probable, but you'd better be prepared for it."

Kirk's consternation provoked an immense mirth in his companion. Kittredge laughed and laughed. Then, with a delightful cordiality, he patted Kirk on the knee, and told him that he was only teasing.

"I only said it because you looked so silly and satisfied—a sort of kitten-and-cream expression—twiggez-vous?"

But Humpty-Dumpty once fallen would not so easily be set up again. Kirk worried horribly, and insisted on seriously debating the possibilities of such an unforeseen disaster. The novelist had to work like a Trojan to undo the harm his chance remark had caused. They were still deep in the discussion when the cabman drew up in front of 82 Ledworth Street.

"Good luck, old fellow," cried Kittredge warmly, shaking Kirk by the hand. "I'll back you to win any day. Come around to-night or to-morrow and tell me all about it. Ta-ta, and may God love you, and not call for you too soon!"

He drove away, leaving Kirk standing on the pavement in a state of painful excitement. The house looked extraordinarily still and deserted. The drawn blinds, the all-pervading dust, the unlivid-in air—somehow daunted him, and disinclined him to hurry. Vague and fanciful terrors beset him. What if no one should answer his knock? What if the whole mysterious enterprise had mysteriously flown, leaving no trace but this

desolate shell? Conquering his irresolution, he walked up the steps and knocked. He wondered if the dazzling housemaid would admit him; he hoped exceedingly that she would. Knocked again—louder—more peremptorily.

At that the door opened, and the pretty housemaid ushered him up-stairs directly into the room where he had been received three days before. Three days! It seemed three weeks, Kirk thought, as he waited for the maid to announce him.

As Kirk appeared in the doorway, Mr. Smith jumped from his chair, grasped Kirk's hand and wrung it, all the time beaming with delight. "Glad to see you, glad to see you, my dear man," he exclaimed heartily.

He invited Kirk to sit down, but instead Kirk pulled out his note, and handed it over with an air of quiet triumph, yet with a suppressed anxiety lest Mr. Smith should examine the number. But Mr. Smith merely glanced at the note and laid it down on the table. "You needn't have been in such a hurry about that," he said. "I knew you had it, or you wouldn't have come. You're to keep it, though. It's yours." He handed it back, and then shook Kirk's hand again. "You're just the type of man we wanted—and wanted badly. The type my principals wanted, that is."

"Do you mean that you are not the leader?" Kirk asked. "That honestly and truly your position was only that of a subordinate?"

"Precisely."

Kirk wanted to ask a hundred questions, but he ventured only the most important one.

"What next?" he asked.

Mr. Smith smiled broadly. "The next thing is a long journey—a journey in the dark. You will arrive at a certain place—a town—and there you may have to wait ten days. Instructions will reach you there."

"Still no hint as to what the enterprise is?" Kirk ventured.

Mr. Smith smiled again, and shook his head.

"How shall I know what preparations to make?" Kirk persisted.

"You need make no preparations; everything has been arranged for. Nothing has been overlooked, I can assure you. This is a question of picked men, performing an arduous and dangerous task—and considering that the cost of recruiting them has reached nearly four hundred pounds each, you can understand that we will take the most excellent care of them."

Mr. Smith rose.

"Now," he said, "I'll have to step out and get your ticket. I hope you won't mind its being second-class," he added. "I am spending other people's money, you know."

Kirk expressed his satisfaction with any kind of a ticket, and settled himself to wait Mr. Smith's return. It wasn't a long wait, but it seemed to Kirk that he sat there for hours with his brain a jumble of impatience and questions and doubts and delirious delight.

At last Mr. Smith returned, still bland and smiling. Kirk rose, his face eager and flushed. Mr. Smith unbuttoned his overcoat, drew a slip of a greenish complexion from his breast pocket, and held it out.

Kirk almost snatched it from him. The intensity of his curiosity was agonizing. His eyes leaped to the type, and to the filled-in blanks with their stubby writing.

His destination was Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, West Indies. His ship was the Medway, of the Royal Mail Steamship Company, scheduled to sail from Southampton on November 21st!

CHAPTER VII

THE succeeding twelve days were too uneventful to be described in detail. Kirk broke his hundred pounds; installed himself in cheap but comfortable lodgings; and bought a modest wardrobe at the Army and Navy Stores. They were peaceful, placid days—these of his waiting—pleasant at the time, and pleasanter still to look back upon. It was a period of reaction, much of it spent before the fire in slippers and dressing-gown, with books and papers to while away the hours between those ample meals that alone seemed to mark the progress of time. Brain, body, and nerves—all were weary—all were glad to rest. Trinidad seemed immeasurably distant. The desperate enterprise itself became a dream, separated from reality by oceans and continents.

Of course he went to see Kittredge. Kittredge was tremendously excited. Kittredge had a thousand ideas on the subject. Revolutions, dictators, a Venezuelan Empire—Heaven knows what! Kirk smoked his pipe, and listened imperturbably to the novelist. He loved the companionship, the privilege of lying back in a chair with his feet on a table, the perennial satisfaction of having

gained such a friend. But he said little; he smoked and smoked, while Kittredge reared fairy castles and carved out kingdoms. The novelist was humorously indignant at Kirk's apathy.

"You're a chump," he vociferated. "You haven't a soul above a milk-wagon. Here I am wading through seas of blood—pouring out treasures of imagination worth at least a shilling a word, without counting the American rights—while you look on like a stuck pig. You don't even show the faintest interest in General Gonzalez's lovely daughter—the one I've just been having you rescue at Las Cruces! For Heaven's sake, wake up! Pay for your beer. Give romance a hand, and try to rise to your better nature!"

Kirk lazily blew away the smoke.

"I can't make head or tail of it," he said. "I've racked my head long enough. I've determined to take things as they come."

"It's men like you who peel potatoes while others are covering themselves with everlasting glory."

"Can't help it. It's a stone wall, and you can't see through it any better than I can. They've kept their secret mighty well, Kittredge, and we aren't likely to stumble on it by accident. I'm as willing as anybody to make a dinosaur out of a thigh-bone—but where's your thigh-bone?"

"It's infernally puzzling," granted the novelist.

"It's worse," said Kirk. "Because we aren't even sure of their good faith. I've nothing but Mr. Smith's word. By the way, did you manage to find out anything about him?"

"Not a thing yet."

"Kittredge," said Kirk, "it's—it's staggering!"

At last the great day came. Waterloo Station. Special train. Mountains of baggage. Weeping friends. Smoky, grimy old London left behind. Stations rattling past without a stop. A smell of sea and tar. Smoke-stacks, yards, rigging, men in jerseys. "All tickets ready! All tickets ready!" A stop. Effusion of green tickets. On again, very slowly, till abreast of a towering liner with rakish smoke-stacks. Porters; pandemonium; "second-class passengers this way"; surging gangways; frantic officers in blue and gold—and aboard!

The trip was monotonous. Kirk kept to himself, and mixed little with his fellow

passengers. Not that he was an unsocial man, but it seemed wiser not to make any friends, and to risk no confidences. He had a secret to keep, and his rôle was to be inconspicuous and attract no attention. He earned the reputation of being a pleasant, silent man, inseparable from his pipe and his book.

In thirteen days they reached Barbados, where Kirk changed to the Solent, one of the three smaller vessels awaiting the mail. The Medway herself went on to Colon. Three days later Kirk arrived at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad.

There was the usual bustle attending an incoming steamer; friends greeting one another; touts forcing hotel cards into unwilling hands, and fighting for hand-baggage; officials, pedlers, boatmen. In the midst of it all, Kirk stood, bag in hand, waiting he knew not what. He kept gazing about anxiously, prepared to be greeted, prepared to have a letter slipped into his hand. He answered every glance in his direction, drawing himself up, with the words, "Yes, I am Lewis Kirkpatrick," ready on his lips. But no one asked him who he was.

In London it had seemed simple enough. "Go to Port-of-Spain, and await instructions." He had had no idea it would turn out to be an imposing city, with wharves, and warehouses, and innumerable hotels, and wide, spacious streets. He was the needle in a haystack of colossal proportions! No address had been given him; no rendezvous. How precipitate he had been, how foolish and unheeding! He hadn't even urged Mr. Smith for details. Perhaps the whole thing was a trick!

He stopped one of the officers, and begged for the address of the best hotel. He would be less a needle in the best hotel. It seemed that it was called the Ice House. It was an extravagance to put up at the best hotel, but was it not the right policy? There could be no doubt about that. Here he was findable, at any rate. He went ashore in a very gloomy frame of mind, and offered a nigger boy sixpence to guide him to the hotel. He engaged a room, and, still hoping against hope, asked if there were a letter for Lewis Kirkpatrick. But there was no letter.

The hotel, like most hotels in the tropics, was comfortless and drafty, with long, uncarpeted corridors, and big, bare public rooms. For some reason or other there were very few guests, and in comparison with the crowded and noisy steamer the place seemed

altogether lifeless, and given over to flies and slumbering waiters. Kirk was restless and unhappy. He was afraid to go out and look at the town lest the message might come in his absence. In his thoughts, however black, there was always a "perhaps." He would stick tight to the Ice House and wait. Wait most probably for nothing. But wait, anyhow; keep himself in evidence; hang about the verandas; pester the office; smoke and read and loaf, yet always with a weather eye lifted.

The next morning there was still no letter. He breakfasted, and wandered out on one of the verandas to smoke. Sitting on a very hard green chair, he filled his pipe. He had taken hardly more than a whiff or two when a gawky negro servant appeared.

"Mr. Lewis Kirkpatrick?" he asked, impersonally rolling his eyes over the whole party on the veranda. "Mr. Lewis Kirkpatrick?"

"Here!" shouted Kirk, jumping up.

"Letter for you in the office, sah."

Kirk flew into the house. The clerk handed him the letter, and he tore it open. Snuggled within ten five-pound notes he found two separate sheets. On one was written: "*You will proceed to Ciudad Bolivar on the El Capitan, leaving here on Sunday. Remain on the steamer till you are called for by one of our agents.*" On the other was: "*Pass Lewis Kirkpatrick up the river.*" There was no signature to either, but Kirk remarked that the paper was of a peculiar quality, very thick, glossy, and mottled, and, to judge from the water-mark, German in origin. It had probably been chosen to identify the bearer with the mysterious enterprise, and yet give him no clue in the way of names or initials.

"Who brought this?" asked Kirk.

"A boy."

"What kind of boy?"

"Just an ordinary, blamed boy," said the clerk humorously.

"Ever see him before?"

The clerk was about to answer "no," when a rustle of skirts caused him to turn. He assumed a most deferential expression, and leaned over the counter, beaming from ear to ear. Kirk turned, too, and looked into the eyes of the dazzling housemaid who had admitted him to 82 Ledworth Street!

There was an instant of mute recognition.

Kirk, as in a dream, lifted his hat, and withdrew a step backward. Still in a dream he heard the clerk saying: "Yes, Miss West-

brook. Oh, the steamer is most comfortable, Miss Westbrook. All our guests have spoken highly of the El Capitan, Miss Westbrook. Making any stay at Bolivar? Interesting place, but poor accommodation—very poor. Nothing but cots and a snake in each room—fact, positively—take the place of cats, you know. Better stay on the boat, and come back with her, Miss Westbrook!"

She turned away, and with an unshrinking look at Kirk as though to recall the momentary recognition she had been betrayed into, passed him without a sign, and glided gracefully toward the stair.

Kirk's thoughts were in a whirl. The housemaid of Ledworth Street here—and a lady! And she, too, was going on the El Capitan. Here was a new factor in the mystery—a deliciously thrilling factor.

CHAPTER VIII

FOUR days later, El Capitan, a large, side-wheel river steamer of American design, was beating her way up the muddy waters of the Orinoco. On either hand, diminished by distance to drab insignificance, was a low line that the glass showed to be forest, with the roots of the trees sunk in ooze. A sullen landscape it was, in spite of the bright sky overhead, forbidding in its suggestion of flood, savagery, and tracklessness; a frightful region, in which man, naked and bestial, contests his dominion with snakes and jaguars.

The passengers, some thirty-five or forty in number, were gathered on the forward deck. Kirk, leaning against the rail, was resentfully regarding a stout, fair, apoplectic Englishman—Mins, Kirk had heard him called, Mins of the great brewing firm—who was hanging over Miss Westbrook, and attempting to make himself agreeable. Miss Westbrook lay in a deck-chair, still and beautiful, with her clustering chestnut hair somewhat loosened, and her pretty hands folded in her lap. She was very fair, with an oval face, and features of a singular purity—a vivid face that it was not easy to take one's eyes from, adorable when it smiled, and tender and enigmatic in repose. Kirk thought he had never seen a more exquisite human being. From her little bronze boots to the top of her curly head she seemed to him the embodiment of perfect womanhood. Her grace and delicacy, her high-bred air, something girlishly appealing under the infliction

of the Englishman—all moved Kirk with a fine exasperation.

It seemed a brutal world into which such flowers were flung to be trampled on. It made Kirk quite hot to think of it. Angels, to be devoured by wolves. That tall captain-fellow, cigar in mouth, and talking tiger to a sweaty-faced baronet—both evidently friends of Miss Westbrook's persecutor—would probably think he was conferring a great favor in marrying such a paragon. If not he, indeed, some similar swaggering, top-lofty creature, to whom giving up bears for matrimony would probably appear in the light of a condescension. And the paragon would probably think so, too, and contentedly yield the treasure of herself to a man who had not sense enough to value it. Kirk felt very bitter. An unwarrantable jealousy made him sick at heart. What business had this insufferable Mins to force himself on the girl, and coerce her by sheer noise and bulk? Plainly, he was pioneering the way for the two others, who were covertly looking on, ready to advance when the stout skirmisher should have effected his work. Anybody could see that he was an annoyance to her. Kirk ached to take him by the collar and throw him overboard. That was what it was to be a gentleman—to be hampered by a finer instinct. A gentleman kept aloof, a trifle jaundiced, perhaps, while bounders butted in. Such at least was the way Kirk put it to himself. The truth was that he would have given worlds to be in the stout Englishman's shoes. But he was a shy man—shy, and innately chivalrous—and would have deemed it a great liberty to accost this young lady—even to ask if she were comfortable, or to propose to move her chair into a shadier place. It took a coarser type to do that—a Mins! And Kirk both hated and envied him.

He moved nearer, teased and tempted, and leaning against a stanchion, not a dozen feet from Mins, moodily filled another pipe. He felt lonely—almost an outcast—for no conceivable reason. He wondered how he was to endure another day of this kind of thing.

Presently he turned toward Miss Westbrook—and as he turned their eyes met. Then to his utter astonishment, she called out, "Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

Kirk could not have been more stupefied if the deck had opened and swallowed him. He gazed at her, unable to believe his ears.

"Here—you—" exclaimed Mins roughly.

"Don't stand there like that—lady wants you!"

Kirk hastened to her side. His face was burning. The sound of his own name, coming from those lips, had fairly unmanned him.

"May I have a turn with you about the decks?" Miss Westbrook asked sweetly, as though it were a most natural request. "No, keep your pipe—I don't mind it!"

"Well, I like that," blurted out Mins in a scolding voice. "As if I hadn't spent an hour trying to——"

"You don't mind, do you?" Miss Westbrook asked, resting her lustrous eyes on Kirk's face, and disregarding Mins's protest.

"Indeed, I'd be only too delighted," said Kirk, recovering himself, and respectfully offering his hand to assist her.

She rose and took his arm, while Mins, rejoining his astonished companions, gazed after the pair, hurt and surprised.

Kirk was very much embarrassed. He was at a loss for anything to say. His divinity was embarrassed also, and a delicate pink tinged her face.

"You must help me," she murmured. "You will think it very strange—very forward, perhaps, but—but—I hardly know how to ask such a favor, but those men are so curious about me—not rude—Heaven knows, they are not actually rude—it would be easier if they were; but they persecute me with little attentions—with questions that are looked even if they are not asked. It makes me very uncomfortable. You could help me a great deal if you wanted to."

Kirk warmly proffered his services.

"I knew you would say that," she returned. "Yet it took a lot of courage to speak to you. But I was driven to it—I had to—that man had planted himself there for the day."

"But what is it you wish me to do?" asked Kirk.

"Oh, just to stand between me and them!" she said, looking up with a troubled smile. "Is it too much to ask? Talk to me, sit next to me at table—monopolize me."

Kirk smiled, too. He was radiant with satisfaction. A favor indeed! Why, the doors of paradise were opening before him!

"There's nothing that would please me better," he exclaimed.

"You must have found it hard, too," she said significantly.

"You mean——?"

"Yes——"

"Oh, I lied," returned Kirk. "It's none of any one's business who we are. A man has to protect himself!"

Their eyes met understandingly. It was a tacit acknowledgment of their common secret. Kirk was tempted to put his thoughts into words. The effect of them on his companion was disconcerting. She withdrew her arm, and impetuously silenced him.

"Don't make me regret my decision," she cried. "We know what we know—but it isn't to be spoken of. If you will not consent to that—if you will not put it out of your mind absolutely—I—I——"

"Oh, forgive me!" pleaded Kirk. "I shall never refer to it again. Please forgive me!"

She relented, and took his arm again. They walked aft and leaned over the taffrail, watching the white birds.

"I wonder where we are going," she said at last in almost a whisper. "I wonder where we are going!" Then she broke off suddenly with a frightened laugh. "Oh, dear! I'm as bad as you are—I must keep off the grass myself. But we shall be good friends, shan't we? You are going to live up to my good opinion of you? I want so much of you—so much! Is it a bargain? Men are so— But you are different—I can see you are different! You'll be good to me, won't you? I shall be so helpless, so lost—if you fail me. Do you know, you have suddenly become the most important person in my life!"

"I hardly see how," said Kirk. "But you can be assured of one thing—I will serve you with all the devotion in me, and count it a very high privilege."

Their hands met in a clasp of confidence.

"Thank you," she said simply. "You've lifted a load off my heart."

This was the beginning of an intimacy that to spectators appeared closer than it actually was. It was really like the friendship of a brother and sister, long separated, almost strangers, reunited after many years. The pair were always together. Their chairs were always side by side, either at table or on deck. They walked together, read together, played unending games of cards together. It was a confederacy that kept busybodies at a distance; so lover-like to all appearance that the hardest interloper was daunted. Madame Jeanne Belliot, Miss Westbrook's maid, was greatly scandalized. She was a

thin, middle-aged woman with a mouth like a wolf's, and something of a wolf's disposition. She was jealous and cowardly, with a rasping temper. Her lack of English saved Kirk many passages at arms, but her mistress, in the seclusion of their little cabin, fared less well at the grim lady's hands.

Miss Westbrook confided to Kirk that she was an intolerable annoyance.

"I'm going to send her back from Bolivar," she said. "I can't stand her any more. She is wearing me out. Every day she gets worse and more religious. Not that I would mind her being religious if she would keep it to herself—but she gets messages from all sorts of saints—messages to me, you know, transmitted through her like a telephone central. It may sound absurd, but it has become absolutely unbearable. The higher powers object to you. They object excessively to the Orinoco river. They order me to go home under penalty of all sorts of dreadful things. You see, she isn't an ordinary maid. She's been with us so long that she has gradually got to own the family. Papa——"

She stopped, and turned away, her eyes brimming with tears. The mention of her father had evidently evoked a painful emotion. It was some time before she recovered herself, and even then her smile was a little tremulous, and her voice still poignant with thoughts that Kirk was not allowed to share.

"I wouldn't do that," he said, referring to Madame Belliot's dismissal. "This is a wild country, and you had better put up with her. You must put up with her! It would be perfect madness to—to——"

"I have you," she returned half pettishly, half in fun. "You won't let the tigers eat me, will you?"

"Well, I'm hardly—the equivalent of a——" The wide-open, innocent gray eyes abashed him. The business of explaining propriety to a lovely young creature was embarrassing. But Kirk floundered through it, genuinely aghast. "Besides," he added, treading delicately on the tabooed subject, "our roads may separate at Bolivar."

Her only reply was a look, brilliant and enigmatic in its denial, that seemed to premise a greater knowledge of his own future than he himself possessed. It made him feel that her liking for him was not a caprice, but rather the result of a fellowship that she recognized and accepted while yet keeping him in the dark. In some strange manner, for a while at least, their fates were joined.

Her dependence on him was not a favor, but a right. She expected him to serve her, not because she was a very pretty woman, but by reason of some invisible authority that was invested in her—an authority that he dimly felt, and readily acquiesced in. It was a singular relation, and to Kirk a very precious one. He was not a vain man—he did not think to presume upon it. He was grateful, very grateful. He was her dog, to watch over and protect her, and he asked no more than a dog's reward—toleration, and a friendly pat on the head. It was the humbleness of a great love—a love that asked for nothing and gave all—rare, beautiful, and ennobling.

As they drew nearer their destination she seemed to lose courage and to cling to him more. She had long sad periods of silence which he forbore to break in upon, some instinct withholding him. He suited himself to her moods, smoking his pipe, saying nothing. She often told him that he was a great comfort to her—a great consolation. "So much company and so little bother," as she said naively. "So big and dependable and quiet. I have a lot to thank you for, Mr. Kirkpatrick!"

It was late in the afternoon when Bolivar came in sight—a low, straggling town on the left bank, with red-tiled roofs, and a few squalid streets losing themselves in jungle. The falls that barred this reach of the Orinoco were not particularly impressive, and suggested an artificial dam, nine or ten feet high, rather than one of the rocky obstructions of nature. Above the falls was a small, rusty, stern-wheel steamer, together with three singular sailing craft of the kind that penetrate the upper waters of the Orinoco. The river sailor is forced to seek his wind above the treetops of the forest, and for this purpose has to rear a mast astonishingly disproportionate in height to the length of his vessel. This towering stick, as lofty as a ship's mainmast, and similarly rattled, bears in the dizzy sky two little gimcrack yards on which are set two little pocket-handkerchief sails. The effect is so grotesque that the eye has difficulty in accustoming itself to the sight. It is perpetually startled, and cannot see a man going aloft without apprehension. It would seem as though his weight would topple over the whole crazy structure, and lay the tiny vessel on her beam-ends.

El Capitan moored off the town, and was

at once boarded by the port authorities. Kirk and Miss Westbrook had drawn aside from the confusion of frantic passengers, heaped-up baggage, and gesticulating functionaries. Behind them, on a camp-stool, was Madame Belliot, dejectedly eating oranges, and resigning herself with what grace she could, to being deserted. Miss Westbrook was pale and frightened. She was holding to Kirk's hand like a child, and shrank close to him as people passed and jostled her. Kirk, too, was uneasy, and his eyes searched the unfamiliar faces for some gleam of recognition. It was hard to resist the conviction that something had gone amiss—that he was not to be met and taken charge of, after all. The destiny of his companion fretted him even more. She also was waiting. She also was searching the faces with timid persistence. Were they to be separated? Was he to stand there and do nothing while she was led away by some of those swarthy cut-throats? Why had she not trusted him entirely? Why should she persist in screening herself in mystery? By so doing she had put it out of his power to help her—to advise and protect her. He was not even allowed to speak to her. Ah, it was intolerable—cruel!

Kirk noticed beside him a half-breed Indian, barefooted, bareheaded, in red-striped pajamas, impassively smoking a cigarette. He was short and thick-set, with high cheek bones and beady eyes. From time to time he spat on the deck, and rubbed the place with his naked foot. Kirk disliked his proximity and edged away. But the half-breed stuck by him. His persistency annoyed Kirk, who was about to shove him away when something in the fellow's manner arrested him. The beady eyes had a curious, seeking look.

Kirk chanced it.

"Looking for anybody, senhor?" he asked carelessly.

The half-breed drew out a dirty scrap of paper, on which Kirk read: "*Lewis Kirkpatrick.*"

So this was the agent!

The half-breed stolidly continued to puff at his cigarette.

Kirk produced his pass. The man gazed at it indifferently. Then, laying his hand on Kirk's sleeve, he made a pantomime of leading him to the gangway.

But Miss Westbrook interfered. Before Kirk could realize what she was doing, she

had drawn the Indian out of ear-shot, and was speaking to him in a low and agitated voice. He submitted woodenly, cigarette in mouth. The girl pleaded. She held to his arm. Her face was paler than ever, and almost desperate. But the creature she addressed made no sign. His beady eyes settled themselves on a little diamond heart at her neck. She unsnapped it and offered it to him, but he pushed it away. She turned to a passing Venezuelan officer, who stared at her in insolent admiration, and twirled his mustache. There ensued a colloquy of three. The Venezuelan officer deftly accepted a bank-note. Something was laboriously explained to him—and by him to the Indian. The latter's mask-like face relaxed, and showed dim comprehension. He put out his hand, and patted her on the shoulder, respectfully, reassuringly—stroking her like a dog. It was all right. He understood. This way, please!

Kirk and Miss Westbrook resigned themselves to him. Peons seized the young lady's trunks—three in number—together with her dressing-case, and Kirk's bag. The half-breed came behind, urging them toward the gangway as though they were sheep. The whole party descended into a boat and shoved off. It is strange how naturally one accepts a leader and follows him. Kirk made no demur. The girl was as submissive as himself. They smiled at each other and acquiesced, not knowing where they were going. The situation was even piquant. Kirk said it reminded him of the Babes in the Wood. High above them Madame Belliot alternately waved her handkerchief, and cried into it. She seemed the emblem of a disappearing civilization—the last outpost, so to speak, of a world they were leaving behind.

They brought up at a wharf, landing at some green, slimy steps. Here were custom house officers, of a sullen and slovenly aspect, who had things their own way for twenty minutes. But the little men were very polite, and made the ordeal an easy one. The trunks were carried into the boat again, and the passengers retook their seats; and a course was set across the river to the opposite bank. The half-breed, by way of conversation, occasionally stroked his charges on the back—an ingenuous performance of the good-dog, good-dog order. Kirk stroked him—and everybody was pleased.

Grounding on the shingle the crew leaped

out, and dragged the boat high and dry. The trunks were raised on brawny shoulders, and, with the half-breed leading, the whole party struck inland. The track was rough; the trees met overhead; an agreeable twilight relieved the eye after the glare of sun and water; the falls boomed dully in the distance. It was all a singular spectacle—the trunks pasted over with European labels; the shuffling peons; the leader in his red-striped pajamas; Kirk and Miss Westbrook delightedly watching the parrots overhead as though they had no other concern in life. The spirit of adventure was in them both. An exhilarating comradeship animated them. It was all so mad, so laughable! What were they doing in this extraordinary Zoo? Where was Coffeecake taking them? They had caught the name from the peons. It was very close to Coffeecake, anyhow. Coffeecake! How they laughed! What fun it all was! Only why weren't there any monkeys? It needed only monkeys to complete the tropic picture!

The road turned, paralleling the river. They were mounting the left bank, making a detour that would bring them out, apparently, above the falls. The trees thinned. The rusty white steamer loomed ahead, coupled to the shore by a plank. Coffeecake's steamer? It would almost seem so. What was the name, in faded gilt, on the front of the pilot-house? Bis—yes—Bismarck! The steamship Bismarck, Captain Coffeecake! Such a disreputable old Bismarck, with the paint peeling off his plates, and several floats of his stern-wheel missing. A three-veranda vessel, so to speak, with an aged engine on the ground floor. Dirty, dilapidated, down at the heel—given over to squalor and Coffeecake.

They passed up the plank. The deck was piled high with firewood, roughly stacked, with little lanes running in and out. Coffeecake led the way up the ladder to deck No. 2, where was more firewood, more little lanes, and a shabby saloon amidships, with four cabins off it, two on either side. Over the door of one was a brass plate marked "CAPTAIN." Coffeecake indicated that this was for Miss Westbrook, and threw it open. A peon within was busily engaged in filling two gunny-sacks with the belongings of its late occupant—razors, pajamas, shoes, underclothes—all going in pell-mell.

"Where is the captain?"

"*Muertos, senhor.*"

"Dead!"

Then followed gibberish to the effect that the cabin would soon be in good shape, with well-aired bed, fresh sheets, everything indeed to the young lady's satisfaction!

Across the way, under a plate marked "CHIEF ENGINEER," was the door of Kirk's cabin. It was in somewhat better condition than the other, and the packing process, as evidenced by a stout gunny-sack, had already been completed.

"Where is the chief engineer, then?"

"*Muertos*, senhor!"

They reached the top-deck in a less cheerful frame of mind. "*Muertos*, senhor" was disturbing. How *muertos*? Whether by knife or by fever, it seemed equally depressing. The holiday flavor had somehow evaporated. It was rather a grim little steamboat after all. Yes, a very grim little steamboat, with dead men's beds to sleep in. Ugh! Well, Kirk had his pistol, and Miss Westbrook had a two-ounce bottle of quinin. But it was all a trifle creepy-crawly just the same.

There were several empty grass hammocks swinging between the stanchions. Coffee-cake curled up in one and went to sleep. Kirk and Miss Westbrook settled themselves respectively in two others, and wondered what was going to happen next. The drowsy afternoon was sinking into sunset, and there was no particular indication that the Bismarck would ever move. The pair talked together in low tones. Miss Westbrook was confident it was fever that had carried off the captain and the chief engineer. It was a frightful country—the white man's grave. They must boil every drop of water, and keep out of the sun. No gunny-sack wind-up for them.

They were still deep in these reflections when there arose a shout from the bank. Coffee-cake roused himself, and went forward, followed by his two passengers. They beheld a peon bearing a large mail-bag. He hurried up the gangplank, and even as he did so the sleepy Bismarck awoke. There was a rumbling of steam, the reverberation of engines, the sound of guttural orders. Coffee-cake ran up into the pilot-house and took the wheel. Bells jingled; ropes were cast off; the plank was drawn in. And before Kirk could fully realize what was taking place, the steamer was under steerageway and swinging out into the stream.

He dashed below to examine the bag, which

was lying on the forward deck, where the peon had thrown it.

On it he read:

DR. VON ZEDTWITZ,
Orinoco Improvement Company,
Bolívar.

CHAPTER IX

IN all Kirk's adventurous past there had been nothing to compare with the Bismarck, or with those days that now unrolled themselves before him. The unending river, the vast and impenetrable forests on either hand, the mystery of the destination to which he was being borne—all stirred him with a feeling of romance that he had not known since boyhood. The glamour of exotic scenes was heightened by a companionship that made every moment precious. There were but two people in the world—Vera Westbrook and himself—and what lover could but envy him?

Kirk arranged a little paradise on the upper deck. Here were their hammocks, a table, books, binoculars, chairs, and a canvas screen that could be shifted to protect them from the dazzling glare. This camp was on the forward part of the vessel, so that they had but to raise their eyes to watch the unfolding panorama before them. They read aloud to each other, taking up the book in turn. They talked, discussing the imaginary characters, Vera speaking for the women, Kirk for the men. They watched monkeys in the treetops—parrots—alligators on sandy banks. And above everything they laughed, with an unfailing entertainment in the trifles that made up their day.

Kirk knew she liked him. But beyond that he was baffled, not knowing what to think. He was all right so long as he treated her as a charming boy whom chance had thrown in his path. But let him grow serious, and she shrank into her girlish armor—with a vexation, a resentment that was not to be easily appeased. Love, or the pretense of love, was utterly out of the question. It affronted her, and Kirk soon learned to submit himself to her will though this renunciation cost him some bitter moments.

She had no compunction in drawing him out about himself. Her rule of reticence was extraordinarily one-sided. He had to lay his whole life bare, while she remained, as she had begun—a mystery. He was at a loss to guess even her nationality. London,

Washington, and Paris were constantly on her lips. She passed indifferently from one to another, somehow conveying in her manner that she had a place in all three. But Kirk learned only one definite thing about her, which was that her mother had died when she was yet a child, leaving her, as she expressed it, "with a father to take care of." The mention of her father always plunged her into a reverie. She would hastily change the subject, though her face would remain overcast for an hour afterward, and her gaiety would become forced and unnatural. There was little doubt that her journey had some connection with her father. It almost seemed, indeed, that she was going to him, though the why and wherefore of it racked Kirk's head with unanswerable conjectures.

The third person in their strange life was Coffeecake. This astounding mariner was everything on that ship, from captain to cabin-boy. Kirk and Miss Westbrook saw little of the crew, who pigged together on the engine-deck, and never trespassed above, save at times to relieve Coffeecake in the pilot-house. Coffeecake housemaided their cabins. Coffeecake brought them their unassuming meals. Coffeecake smoothed them down literally, with a large brown hand, whenever they seemed to him out of spirits, or in need of sympathy or affection. It was Coffeecake who, when doubtful of his course, or perhaps to ascertain his position—the question was never actually determined—tasted the water in which they floated and with connoisseur-like sips out of a tin can solved wonderful problems of river navigation.

The meals he served were as queer as anything else connected with the Bismarck. A can of some kind of meat, presumably chosen at random, together with a can of vegetables, similarly picked out: add ship's biscuits *ad lib.*, and a steaming pot of chocolate flavored with cinnamon—and there was lunch or breakfast or dinner, as the case might be. He seemed to be guided by the pictures on the can. A bullock stood for beef, a sheep for mutton, and so on. Once he picked up a can on which was the effigy of a red devil (it was deviled tongue) but when the label caught his eye, he suddenly stopped, transfixed. He pointed at the red apparition with his finger, and with a nauseated expression ran to the rail and threw it overboard.

Coffeecake drew the line at canned devil!

This rough-and-ready housekeeping was answerable for some unheard-of combinations of meat and vegetable: lobster and green peas; sardines and sauerkraut; sausages and asparagus. Once, too, they sat down to plum pudding and string beans. But the chocolate was excellent in spite of its peculiar flavoring, and though the diet could not be called luxurious, they made out well enough, and enjoyed these artless meals with the relish that comes from long days passed in the open air.

At sundown the Bismarck tied up beside the bank, and the toils and perils of the day were over. The half-breed would not allow his charges to land, dissuading them by a pantomime of the awful things that might happen if a jaguar should attack them. It was noticeable that the crew, who were withheld by no such prohibition, kept close together when ashore, never separating by more than a few yards. Man, in this region, held nature in a very uncertain bondage, and single-handed was no match for his myriad enemies.

These silent nights followed as an exquisite relief to the sultriness and glare of the day-times. A full moon lit the sky; the air was cool and hushed; the dark forest gave back no sound; and the ear was untroubled save by the ripple of water along the keel. Side by side, Kirk and Vera Westbrook would look down, often not exchanging a word, but more drawn together, more subtly in accord than they were at any time in the day. The spell of that untrodden wilderness was upon them—the spell of the moon, of the tropic night, of strange and exotic scenes. Their crazy steamer seemed a sort of citadel, from which, secure and guarded, they gazed at the savage landscape as though from some magic carpet borne by genii. They had no map; they knew nothing of the windings of that mighty river on which day by day they steamed into the heart of the continent; they knew only that civilization was receding; and that before them was the still and shining Orinoco with its secrets yet untold.

A week went by, and brought with it no interruption of their voyage. They passed a few villages desolately set on the edge of the forest, with boats drawn up on the river beach, much like rows of alligators. Lifeless little hamlets they were, consisting of a dozen tumble-down sheds, roofed with thatch. The glass showed some recumbent figures in hammocks, naked children, and pigs. Cof-

feecake did not care to stop at any of them. He made unintelligible gestures of disapprobation. No villages for Coffeecake.

Eight days, nine days, ten days—they had almost lost count. A drowsy routine had settled on them, a drowsy contentment and *laissez-faire*. Kirk would willingly have gone on thus forever to the end of his allotted span. But this, of course, was not to be. The Bismarck, one torrid noon, slowed down beside a ramshackle wharf, from which a path led up to two large wooden sheds. A few Indians were there to meet them with a bullock-wagon. It was an ungainly, prairie-schooner affair, with a tent-like top of canvas, and was drawn by three yoke of oxen. Into it were put Miss Westbrook's trunks, Kirk's belongings, and the mail-bag, together with some hammocks, canned stuff, and camp-kettles. The day was suffocatingly hot. The very air shivered with heat. The Babes in the Wood sat on an empty gin-case, and watched the proceedings with immense depression. They were too dizzy and blinded to have any curiosity left. But the indefatigable Coffeecake took command, bustled about, and gradually got things into shape.

The Babes in the Wood were invited to get in, which they did, although with no particular enthusiasm. Coffeecake gave the word to move. The oxen were goaded forward with hoarse cries and the thrusts of long and sharp-pointed sticks. The ponderous wagon started, jolting and creaking like a field-piece on the march. The expedition was off, laboriously doing three miles an hour, Coffeecake leading, with his pajama jacket negligently carried over one arm, and his bare brown back glistening with sweat.

The road, though narrow, was surprisingly good. There were culverts to prevent it from bogging in the rain, and rough, substantial bridges over the streams. It followed the river, rising gradually as the banks grew steeper and more precipitous, and occasionally made a detour inland to avoid some jutting promontory or impassable cliff. It was a clever piece of engineering, and Kirk, who himself had had some acquaintance with road-making, eyed it with approval. The man who had laid it out had been an expert, no Venezuelan assuredly, but some long-headed foreigner with Molesworth at his fingers' ends.

A few miles brought them high above the Orinoco, overlooking some rapids. Here was

the explanation of the desertion of the Bismarck. She could go no farther. The falls of Bolivar and this second barrier were the limits of her activity. The view grew more bold and picturesque as they toiled along the cliffs. The river whitened below them, a wild and flashing torrent, boiling furiously between narrowing walls of rock. The grandeur of the scene was intensified by its utter loneliness. Forest, sky, and roaring river, but of man no sign. Forest, forest, forest, as far as the eye could reach—a savage wilderness, somber and frowning, as unconquered to-day as it was a thousand years ago.

It took Kirk and Vera a long time to learn that they did not have to remain in the wagon. At last they revolted; got out and walked; and joined Coffeecake at the head of the procession. The girl raised a pink silk parasol, and Kirk stuffed leaves in the crown of his sombrero; and then their principal trouble was to relax their gait so as not to outstrip the oxen altogether. It was a most loitering and snail-like business, with long rests beside the road, and fatiguingly tedious. But Coffeecake would not let them go on in advance. He indicated that he was accountable for their safety, and that anything in the nature of a jaguar incident was likely to cost him dear. They were both a little incredulous by now of this jaguar that had been so consistently foisted upon them ever since leaving Bolivar. But it was not easy to argue with Coffeecake, especially as an argument involved one in a sort of personal encounter in which he yowled, bit your shoulder, and went through with a blood-curdling pantomime of scratching the skin off your face. In anything like a disagreement Coffeecake always came out on top.

At sundown, after having accomplished about fifteen miles, they arrived at a large bamboo shed, roofed with galvanized iron. The wagon was driven into it, and the oxen unyoked, while Coffeecake started a camp-fire and busied himself in preparing supper. It was a wild and lonely spot in a little clearing overlooking the river far below. The disregarded jaguar, who in the sunlight had been scorned and derided, became much more real as the shades of night began to fall. The glancing firelight showed what seemed to be his eyes staring at them out of the gloom, and every rustle was ascribed to his stealthy approach as he crouched down before his spring.

The fourth instalment of "*The Adventurer*" will appear in the June number.



THE PLAYERS



AFTER a succession of plays with reformatory bent in New York came intellectual drama. With Richard Mansfield and Alla Nazimova in Ibsen plays; Ellen Terry in a Shaw comedy and a pessimistically powerful Dutch play; E. H. Sothorn and Julia Marlowe presenting Hauptmann, Sudermann, D'Annunzio, together with a home-made poetic drama and Shakespeare; and Katherine Grey in a fine depressing play of modern Vienna life—with all these to choose from, those whose brows have pronounced elevation or whose hair is long where it should be short, or vice versa, have had no excuse for complaining.

It is conceded that Mr. Mansfield's production of "Peer Gynt"—pronounced *Pair Günt* according to William Archer, the best of Ibsen's translators—is the most interesting if not the most important event of this theatrical season; in other cities it has been hailed as epoch-making. Certainly it is one of the great triumphs of the actor's long and distinguished career. For years Mr. Mansfield has made it a rule to present a foreign classic unknown to the American stage. "Peer Gynt" is the first of these to overshadow the star who is hailed as the greatest American actor—when he isn't called the worst. Heretofore interest has centered in Mr. Mansfield's portrayal; in this latest production we are more impressed by the poem which Georg Brandes characterizes as the meatiest and strongest of Ibsen's works, and the chief merit of which, according to William Archer, is "its magnificent, reckless profusion of fantasy."

Ibsen himself demanded that "Peer Gynt" be considered as a poem and that the excursions into the supernatural which are so important a part of the drama be accepted for what they are worth—for the quality they possess, leaving their interpretation to the individual. Undoubtedly much of the

brilliant satire has political and social significance which means nothing to us. But no one can fail to understand that the play is a "phantasmagoria of human life," a modern exposition of the Faust idea. "Peer Gynt" is so human, so real, so profound in its insight into the human soul that each individual finds a personal message for himself, and it is this universality that makes the poem truly great. It is this sense of a personal message that irresistibly impels us to interpret symbols, to seek hidden meanings that probably never occurred to the author. I always have thought that if Shakespeare were to return and read all the explanations of exactly what he meant to say, he would be much surprised and sorely puzzled. Possibly he might be edified, but I think he would long to return to the Other Land.

Of course Ibsen knew that "Peer Gynt," the last important work of his earlier years, before he took up the modern realistic plays through which he is chiefly known in this country, could not be played as it is written; if it were, the presentation would take about ten hours. For stage purposes Ibsen directed that the fourth act, which has to do with *Peer's* experiences in Africa, be omitted, and that the story of his wanderings be told by a tone poem. Indeed it was at Ibsen's suggestion that Grieg composed the "Peer Gynt" suite, and that wonderful music, which became familiar in this country long before the poem was generally known, adds in no small measure to enjoyment of the magnificent stage production that Mr. Mansfield has given us.

It is not because of any failure on Mr. Mansfield's part that we have thought more of the play than of the player. For he plays *Peer* excellently. He looks the youth of twenty, the lazy, drunken braggart with his riotous imagination, his impulsive daring. Never was creature of poet's imagination more human, more real; never was a man more



Photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia, Pa.

ROBERT WARWICK AND MARY MANNERING IN "GLORIOUS BETSY."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

ROBERT McWADE AS SIMONIDES AND MABEL BROWNELL AS ESTHER IN "BEN HUR."

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

FRANK DANIELS AS "OMAR KHAYYAM, JR." IN "THE TATTOOED MAN."



Photograph by Hall, New York.

ELLEN TERRY, SUZANNE SHELTON, AND JAMES CAREW IN "THE GOOD HOPE."

lovable in his weaknesses, his swaggering grace, his impish humor. At the parting from *Solveig*—that was the only really unselfish act of *Peer's* life, you remember—Mr. Mansfield shows deep and moving feeling. But in the scene in which his mother dies, the mother who had brought up the imaginative boy on fairy stories, who all her life had vibrated between reproach and extravagant praise of him, who would beat the boy herself and would have given her life to save him a blow from another—in that scene it seemed to me that the profound pathos of the situation escaped Mr. Mansfield. The mother's life had been hard and bitter, with no joys except those created by her own fancy; and it is on the wings of that and of *Peer's* own luxuriant imagination that she is borne to the gates where St. Peter waits. In the last few moments she has to live, she joins happily with *Peer* in a make-believe—a version of a story the little mother had told him when he was a child—in which a cat on a chair stands for the horses to bear her away, the bed on which she is dying for the coach, and *Peer* for the

coachman. I think this is the finest scene in the play, or in the whole poem, for that matter.

Mr. Mansfield gives a very little bit of the fourth act, enough to show *Peer Gynt* at middle age, rich, courted, and the supreme egoist that his early life gave promise he would become. He is filled with dreams of becoming emperor of the world. The next act shows a shipwreck on the Norwegian coast and the return of *Peer Gynt*, stripped of his possessions, but still the magnificent egoist. *Solveig* has waited for him, as he bade her, all these thirty years, and at last he finds peace and consolation in her arms. I have not mentioned the scenes with the supernatural beings, the *Trolls*, *The Strange Passenger*, and *The Button Molder*, because without the atmosphere of the poem they would seem ogreish and unconvincing—and even then, as I said, it is left to one to interpret them according to his own philosophy.

Mr. Mansfield's very mannerisms, which antagonize so many people, seem to fit into *Peer Gynt*, and never was that superb voice

of his heard to better advantage. Like the original, the translation is in verse, in a meter difficult for the actor. Mr. Mansfield reads the lines with beautiful phrasing, with a keen appreciation of their meaning that makes their beauty luminous.

Almost as fine as Mr. Mansfield's portrayal is that of Emma Dunn as *Ase*, the mother. She is a little wisp of a woman who has great power and intense conviction, and who knows how to act. *Ase* is a bit of a shrew, but ever to be wheedled by a fairy story, and this the actress brings out deftly, while behind all else one feels profound, unreasoning maternal love. Henry Wenman, as the *King of the Dovre Trolls*, is admirable, and Arthur Forrest plays the difficult rôles of *The Strange Passenger* and *The Button Molder* with nice discrimination and excellent effect. Apart from these, the players in the cast—there are some forty-six characters on the program—are mostly disappointing.

Ellen Terry has a perennial spirit of youth and lightness, of joyous vivacity, which strikes one as almost incongruous when it is remembered that she has celebrated her fiftieth anniversary on the stage. The years seem to add to her exquisite acting skill. Especially does one feel this when she plays *Lady Cicely Waynflete*, that dainty, uncannily clever creation of George Bernard Shaw in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." It is difficult to imagine a character in the whole range of modern plays that would better fit Miss Terry's personality. For *Lady Cicely* carries everything before her by the charm of her own bubbling personality and her infinite tact, by which she molds men (whether it be her brother-in-law, the English judge, *Captain Brassbound*, or the Arabs of the desert) to her own sweet will. She has so keen an appreciation of the paradoxical Shaw humor that

she makes the performance a kind of frolic. I did not dream that the comedy would act so well. One reason for its effectiveness is the Shaw skill in presenting characters in clear, definite outlines without making any apparent effort to do so. It is said that Shaw wrote the comedy for Miss Terry.

She followed "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" with "The Good Hope," from the Dutch of Heijermans, one of those modern, beautifully written realistic plays of low life in which the tragic note is sounded with poignant insistency, in which there is not a single ray of hope. The characters are people living in a Dutch fisher village, dependent for their livelihood upon a smack owner who has no thought save the making of money, and their hard lives are presented with impressive fidelity. Miss Terry plays the part of *Kniertje*,

a fisherman's widow with two sons. *Geert*, strong and fearless, has been imprisoned and dismissed from the navy for striking a petty officer who slandered *Geert's* sweetheart, *Joe*. The other, *Barend*, hates the sea with a horrible dread. *Kniertje* forces him to ship on *The Good Hope*, a rotten hulk of a smack, along with his brother.

In the second act, during the frightful gale that sends the highly insured craft to the bottom with all on board, the women of the village gather in *Kniertje's* cottage and frighten one another with fearful tales of the sea. In the last act, the author piles on the horror by having widows and sweethearts come to the office of the

shipowner and wail out their sorrow and grief. That is the only punishment inflicted upon him—a remarkable touch of realism. One leaves the theatre with an overwhelming sense of depression.

If proof were needed of Miss Terry's well-nigh perfect acting skill, her performance of *Kniertje* would furnish it. She is the fisherwoman, dutifully accepting the doctrine that



CLEO SWENINGER IN "THE RED MILL."

might is right, and determined to make the best of it. And when she expresses her profound grief, the elemental, simple directness of her acting grips the hearts of her audience.

In one respect this admirable actress shows the advance of years—her inability to remember the lines of new plays. This is common to all players of long experience who have memorized many parts. There comes a time when they cannot depend upon their memory. It is certain to play them false a dozen times in the course of a performance. One night they may forget a passage which will come to them without effort on another night, when a different passage will escape them. These old players reach a point where the brain cells that govern the function of memory seem charged to their utmost capacity and can no longer be depended upon. They do not forget the parts that they learned in their earlier years; in these they are likely to remain letter perfect until they die. But many a fine actor has been compelled to relinquish an engagement because he could not memorize a new part.

Miss Terry's leading man is James Carew, who plays *Captain Brassbound* rather well, according to his own conception, which isn't convincing, and who does *Geert* in "The Good Hope" admirably. He is an American who made but an indifferent impression in this country, and who went to London and rose to a prominent position, although his work in the rôles he has played here with Miss Terry shows no great improvement. Suzanne Sheldon, who is now Mrs. Henry Ainley, gives a really strong portrayal of *Joe*, the full-blown, self-reliant, laughing young pagan, but it would be better if she would curb a tendency to over-act.

A simple, powerful story is told in "The Reckoning," as the American version of "Lieberlei" is called; and it is told with fine technical and literary skill. It scored because of the direct truthfulness of the play and the excellence of the acting. The story deals with two young Viennese students who have flirted with girls whom they met casually. *Mitzi*, a milliner, looks upon the affair simply as an episode. To the other, *Christine*, her love for *Fritz* means everything in the world. She is the daughter of a violin player who has given her every freedom because he realized that the life of a sister whom he zealously safeguarded from the world was hopelessly dull and gray.

In the first act the four young people are having a supper party in *Fritz's* rooms and the scene bubbles over with the spirit of youth, of its joyous irresponsibility. It is interrupted by the appearance of a man with whose wife *Fritz* has been having an affair, and who has discovered everything. There is a scene of tremendous dramatic intensity in which Albert Bruning proves that an actor having the finished power that he possesses, can make five minutes stand out in a whole play. He is on the stage scarcely that long. In the last act *Christine* discovers that *Fritz* has been killed in a duel by the husband; no one thought of telling her until after *Fritz* was buried.

Katherine Grey plays *Christine* superbly. In the first and second acts she shows a girlish sweetness, a winsome sincerity, a fine naturalness, yet there is an undertone of seriousness and deep feeling. She rises to the tremendously powerful scene in the last act and carries her audience along breathless. Her beautiful contralto voice gives deep meaning to those passages that tell of a soul in torment. "The Reckoning" is not a pleasant play, but it has a profound purpose



Photograph by Sottuto, Genoa, Italy.

ERMETE NOVELLI AS SHYLOCK IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.

FANNY WARD AS RITA FORREST IN "A MARRIAGE OF REASON."



Photograph by Sweet, Minneapolis.

RICHARD MANSFIELD IN THE TITLE RÔLE AND ADELAIDE NOWAK AS *SOLVEIG* IN "PEER GYNT."

which it carries out most impressively. People leave the theatre looking exceedingly thoughtful, and men not easily moved show slight inclination for conversation.

It is not likely that plays having the Civil War as a background will ever go completely out of fashion, because each new generation finds them tremendously interesting. Louis Evan Shipman evidently thought the time ripe for another drama revolving about what used to be referred to as "the late unpleasantness," and so he built up "On Parole" on the good, safe, tried lines. It is really a love story which uses the war as a background. The heroine is one of those high-bred Virginia girls who are devoted heart and soul to "the cause," while the hero is also a Virginian, but a renegade to his state, inasmuch as he has cast in his lot with the Union. This situation gives opportunity for what old-

time stage managers elegantly refer to as "sure-fire hokum." The development of the drama is reasonably obvious; one knows perfectly well that when the heroine lays a trap for the hero, she will fall in love with him before the trap is sprung and will try to undo her own work. Mr. Shipman really doesn't make the most of the possibilities, for the climactic scene almost misses fire.

Charlotte Walker is the Virginia lady who wears a red feather in her slouch hat and who carries the despatches for the Confederates; she is also the rider whose capture is *Major Dale's* particular business. She looks most picturesque and overacts to the point of becoming utterly ridiculous, while her poses would provoke laughter in one who had forgotten how to smile. She is really excellent during the few moments when she is posing as the daughter of *Tom Cress*, poor white, in order to throw *Major Dale* off the track. And

she is quite as pretty as ever, and that means much these days.

Vincent Serrano, who made a hit as *Lieutenant Denton* in "Arizona," again wears a uniform, but instead of the quiet intensity that made his *Denton* so effective, he rants with much enthusiasm whenever he has the least possible excuse. The *Tom Cress* of Francis X. Conlin is a real characterization, quite the best in the play. He gives it originality and genuine strength.

It seems to please, this little drama; it has to be a pretty bad love story that doesn't please some one. Also it has mildly amusing humor. One is a little curious to know how the line that provokes the most laughter will appeal to New Englanders. *Captain Fraser* remarks that the ways of Virginians annoy him, whereupon *Major Dale* retorts: "Fraser, you had the misfortune to be born in New England; that annoys everybody."

While intellectual drama flourished, its antithesis, musical comedy, tripped along with more or less sprightliness and inanity. There isn't any music in "The Aero Club," but there should be in order to carry it over dull places. Perhaps it is because Lulu Glaser is the star that one thinks of jingles, for her popularity is based upon success as a singing comedienne. But she elected to try a straight farce, which Sydney Rosenfeld constructed for her. It starts out with a situation that has much humor, but that comes near the danger line. An effervescent young woman has determined to make a balloon trip with a young man in order to prevent a married woman from being his companion. When they start to descend, the wind dies out and they are left hanging over a lake. They are compelled to sacrifice some of their clothing in order to escape falling into the water.

For two acts, or rather for a part of them, lively fun is developed from this situation, but it flattens out when it shouldn't, and then one rather wishes for the handy chorus with its energetic cavortings.

Several months ago we were informed that the musical show had lost its popularity, but it seems to bob up constantly. Apparently it has a wider appeal than any other kind of entertainment for people who have money to spend. But if the jingle humor shows of the late season are to be accepted as a criterion, musical shows are not likely to last. Cer-

tainly without Victor Herbert's music and Julian Edwards's arrangement of the chorus numbers, "The Tattooed Man" could hardly endure, because of the downright dulness of the book. It is a sort of hodgepodge composite, in situations and characterization, of the vehicles in which Mr. Daniels and his eyebrows have formerly starred. As long as he is on the stage he is bound to make people laugh, for his drollery is irresistible. And of course Victor Herbert's music is very much worth while. He seems to have an unfailing supply of melody upon which to draw, and his orchestration alone is worth going to hear. If the book were half as good, the show would be admirable.

Louis Mann has returned to the kind of character with which he won his reputation as an actor, one that gives him opportunity to do a vast amount of "explanationing" in a dialect that is a combination of German-Swiss and French and that is a very wonderful thing, as wonderful as it would be useless if it didn't make people laugh. Almost everybody likes a little of Louis Mann, and some people cannot get enough of him. But there is much more of "The White Hen" than anybody cares for. The cry of those who are supposed to know all about musical comedy is for a story and real situations. "The White Hen" has both—indeed, the plot is excellent in rough outline; but, probably because it is crudely developed, the play has no humor. It is unfortunate that Gustave Kerker, who wrote the music, should have had such poor material to work with, for in spite of his handicap he has produced probably the best music of a career in which he has turned out dozens of scores. He is as prolific as Victor Herbert.

Given half a chance, Jefferson De Angelis can make most people laugh, although many may resent the touch of vulgarity that commonly enters into his humor. Now, he avoids the vulgarity in "The Girl and the Governor," and "The Girl and the Governor" failed; but it is not therefore fair to say that De Angelis is dependent upon vulgarity for his effects, for this attempt at comic opera is so conventionally commonplace, so contentedly stupid that the star has practically no chance. Julian Edwards wrote pretty music for it, but it could not carry the book, and "The Girl and the Governor" stole softly away from New York, which did not miss either of them.



"THEY WERE GRAND GUYS!" SHE SIGHED WISTFULLY.

Daly, the Troubadour

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

IT was at the ninth annual outing of the Eighth Ward Social Democratic and Clam Chowder Association that he first met her. He was introduced to her by himself in one of those brief intervals between dances that the management of such affairs arranges, in order that the guests may find opportunity to moisten their inner men and women without losing any of the "spiel."

She was standing by an open window of the pavilion in company with a short, anemic young man with an almost diamond in his shirt-front, an abiding air of self-esteem, and a pair of striped cuffs that required an inordinate amount of pulling to keep them down to the knuckles, as the cuffs of all "swell guys" should be worn.

Daly's introduction was characteristic. Nonchalantly he strolled over to where she stood.

"Hello, Sadie," he said. "Tell de skinny

guy wit' de awnin's on his wrists to beat it. I want youse all to meself."

The girl surveyed him haughtily.

"Fresh," she commented, with much dignity.

The "skinny guy" gazed at Daly belligerently; at least he did at first; but when he got a good look at Daly's breadth and height and the size of his fist, he hastily muttered something about having an engagement with another "dame" and ambled away, leaving Daly master of the field.

"Is dat de kind o' skates youse travels wit'?" demanded the autocratic Daly of the girl, who was surveying her erstwhile partner with a not inconsiderable scorn.

"Not on your life," she returned. "I like men."

"Good," approved Daly. "Dat's me."

The music had begun again, and beer-satiated couples were swinging around the

smooth floor with heads locked and hands on each other's hips, as the latest dictum of the East Side's Beau Nash decreed those must dance who would be *de rigueur*.

Daly "spieled" with her all that afternoon. Several other gentlemen from time to time attempted to "butt in," for the girl was very pretty; and pretty girls were scarce. But Daly repelled them with chill gaze and air of authority; and they "butted out" again.

He had supper with her; and the evening they spent together on the soft sands of the shore, listening to the dull rumble of the surf and the music of a band that was imbued with melody and Irish whisky, though with far more of the latter than the former. And, though I should like to say that the dreamy poesy of the surging, pulsing surf filled their beings with unformed longings and vague yearnings, I cannot tell a lie; so I'll only add that the surging, pulsing surf interfered with their hearing to such an extent that they moved down nearer the band.

"Ain't it grand!" exclaimed the girl, caressing her lofty pompadour with careful fingers. "Honest, I could die listening to music."

Daly shrugged his shoulders.

"Some o' dem guys sounds like dey was goin' to die makin' it," he commented. "Say, what's your name, Sadie?"

"That's it," she replied.

"What's it?" he demanded.

"Sadie," she replied.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Now wha' jer t'ink o' dat, huh? I nails it de foist crack out o' de box. Oh, I'm a bad guesser—not. An' what's de last name?"

"Doyle," she returned succinctly.

"A good name," he commended. "Mos' as good as me own. . . . Any relation to Alderman Doyle, o' de Ate?"

"He's my father," replied the girl, who did not seem at all to resent the cross-examination. "Say, listen. Ain't that music grand?"

"Sure," he assented amiably. His answer would have been precisely the same had her question been exactly antithetical in meaning. He had no time for music then. He was wondering what Sadie'd do if he should grab her and kiss her.

"Do you read much?" she asked, at length.

"Sure," he replied again. It's a non-committal sort of answer, is "sure," and will fit well in almost any place.

"I read a perfectly grand book the other day," she continued. "It was about a

beautiful princess who lived in a castle. There was a picture of it and it looked just like the Tombs. Her father was a king, or something like that, and he wanted her to marry another king, but she loved a troub—a trouba—a troubadour," she finished desperately, making a determined stab for the unfamiliar word, and then gazing nervously at her companion to see if he appeared to notice anything peculiar. He didn't. So, taking courage, she went on:

"He used to come and play under her window nights."

"Craps?" asked the modern and practical Daly.

"No, music. He was a grand player, too. He could charm the birds out of the trees."

The love-laden Daly, abstracted, heard but the last sentence.

"Must 'a' be'n a cat," he said. "I seen one do it oncet in Hamilton Fish Park."

"A cat!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Didn't I say he was a troub—a trouba—a musician?"

"Oh!" said Daly humbly. "Excuse me-e-e. I t'ought youse said he use' to charm birds out o' trees."

"So I did," she replied.

"Well," commented Daly, "if he was like this bunch o' hams," indicating the band stand with a backward jerk of his thumb, "he



"PHWHAT D'YE WANTER SEE HER F'R?"

could charm a bird out of a tree so's it wouldn't light for eighty miles. . . . But youse was sayin'——"

"It was just grand," she went on. "That's the kind of a man I want to marry. I often sit in my window nights—it's in the back of the flat, on the fire-escape, you know—and wish that some man like that would come and serenade me."

"What's dat?" demanded the up-to-date Daly, who was not posted on the romance of the Middle Ages.

"Why, play tunes to me under my window," she replied. "That's what those troubadours did. They were grand guys!" she sighed wistfully.

Daly started to make reply, but just then some one yelled that the last car was about to start; so he saved his breath for a sprint to the waiting trolley and for the fight that he knew would be necessary to secure a seat for the "dame."

They caught the car; and the "dame" got her seat; and seven men of varied sizes, temperaments, raiment, and condition stood on the bumpers behind the rear dashboard, rearranging mussed and disordered apparel and making solemn and profane vows anent what they'd do to that "big guy wit' de peach" when they caught him alone.

He was not a laggard—Daly; so, when he left Sadie at the front door of the flat-house in which she lived, he held her hand for ten minutes, and promised her, and himself, that he would come to call on her the next evening. Then he kissed her and went home nursing a slapped cheek and a throbbing heart in which he sought in vain for some definite information as to "how he stood wit' her."

Promptly at seven-thirty on the following night, he entered the ill-lighted hallway of the flat-house and hunted for the name of Doyle on the soiled visiting cards and the little brass, tin, and aluminum plates that decked the tiny squares in the letter-boxes, above the round, dark, dirty circles of the speechless speaking-tubes.

Finally he found it; the only clean card of the lot; and he pushed the button above it. . . . The door clicked invitingly. He pushed it open and entered. . . . The hallways were so dark that he could not read the names upon the individual flat bells, so he walked up, and up, and up, and up, and then up some more, expecting at last to find a door open, and in it, waiting with hands outstretched in welcome, the girl whom he had come to see.

He found the roof. So he turned and walked down again. The door of the third-floor rear apartment was open; and there was standing in it, not his divinity, but a short, stubby little man with a belligerent look in his eye, a bunch of Glengarrys on his chin, and a short, black pipe in his mouth.

"Did ye r-ring me bell?" he demanded.

"I did," returned Daly, "if your name's Doyle."

"It is," returned the little man. "Phwhat for?"

"I want to see Miss Doyle."

"Honoraria, Bridget, Mary Ann, Em'leen, Norah, Katie, Maggie, Anastasia, Im, 'r Sadie?" demanded the little man.

"Sadie," returned Daly tersely.

"Phwhat d'ye wanter see her f'r?"

"I came to call on her."

"Who ar-re ye?"

"Me name's Daly."

"Wan o' thim Connemara Dalys?"

"Me fader came from Connemara," returned Daly.

The little old man bristled.

"Goowan out o' me house!" he shouted.

"Goowan out o' me house! How dar'st ye coom duckin' aroun' me gur-rl, ye blather-skite! Goowan out o' me house 'r, ol' as Oi be an' yoong as ye be, Oi'll go to th' flure wid ye!" And he doubled his fists belligerently.

"But—" expostulated the amazed caller.

The little old man hopped into the air a full two feet and came down with hands re-clenched and whiskers bristling.

"T' t'ink o' wan o' thim Connemara Dalys darin' t' coom t' me house t' see me Sadie!" he howled. "Git out! Goowan! 'R Oi'll rowl ye, an' rowl ye good. Goowan out o' here, Oi say!"

Daly stood for a moment irresolute. Then he dodged just in time to escape a number eleven boot, and the door slammed in his face.

As I have said, Daly was not a laggard. The next two hours he spent sitting on a bench in the Public Playground, trying to decide what to do next. And sundry hours thereafter he spent in his room in the composition and writing of a letter. He met the milkman as he returned from posting it.

On the following evening, about seven o'clock, he went around to the residence of his divinity; just why he went he did not know, and he did not have to know, for events determined for him.

As he neared the stoop of the flat-house

that was his purposeless destination, he saw a small group of people of various sizes, ages, and conditions of dishabille seated on the steps, bending over something and from time to time laughing immoderately, with many slaps of thighs and many loud guffaws.

Naturally, he was interested to know what it was that so excited the amalgamated risibilities of the gathering; and besides, he felt that in his present mental condition a good laugh wouldn't do him a bit of harm. So he pushed his way into the group, and on toward the center of hilarity.

An ample woman, with a careless coiffure

feller?" demanded a small man with a mortar-sprinkled derby and an alcoholically illuminated nose. "Ain't yuh got no better manners'n tuh git frish wit' a lady?"

"W'ere'd she git dat letter?" he demanded.

"Seen some ol' guy trun it out de winder an' picked it up," returned the ample lady.

"Did yuh t'ink I was a secon'-story woiker?"

"Well, gi' me it," commanded Daly authoritatively.

"Gi' youse it!" cried the ample lady. "Gi' youse it! Well, I should say nit! I ain't ha'f read it yet."

"Why should she give youse de letter?"



"COME BACK IN A COUPLA HOURS AN' WE'LL GIVE YER ORGAN BACK TER YER."

and an intermittent gown, was engaged in deciphering something written on a sheet of paper, stopping ever and anon to slap two fat knees with two fat hands and to chortle gleefully.

"—me own troo love," read the ample woman gurgingly, as Daly arrived within earshot. "'Yure ol' gent he hands me a lemon—'" She stopped to permit the laughter to abate. Daly scratched one ear reminiscently.

"—but you're all right, Sadie, an' I loves you," continued the ample woman chokingly; and Daly suddenly ceased scratching.

The words came from his painfully born brain-child of the evening before.

"Gi' me dat," he ordered, shoving aside three men and four women, and climbing over seven or eight children.

"Aw, what's gittin' t'rough youse, young

demed the man who had spoken before. "It ain't yours, is it?"

"Yes," returned Daly shortly; and he snatched the letter from the fat hands of the amazed reader.

"Well," exclaimed the man with the mortar-sprinkled hat and the alcoholically illuminated nose, "now wha'juh t'ink o' dat! Now wha'juh t'ink o' dat?" But before any one had time to say what he thought of it, he himself decided that it was most amusing, and he broke out into a loud guffaw.

"Gee, but dat fresh guy's a gran' writer, ain't he?" inquired the ample lady ironically. She was naturally wroth, for there was still much of the letter that she had not had time to read.

To the accompaniment of derisive hoots and jeering comments, Daly made his way down the block and around the corner to the

Playground and there he sat himself down upon a bench and immersed himself in thought.

He remained there for two hours; for his mental processes were slow.

At length he arose and went across to a drug-store that had a pay-station telephone, and, borrowing the book, he sought in it until a caustic clerk, who was on the other side of a glass counter, told him that it was a drug-store that he was in, not a reading-room.

Daly paused long enough to state that it would give him great pleasure to knock the caustic clerk's roof off if the latter would step out into the alley for a brief period; and then returned to the book.

After half an hour more, he ascertained that there was no telephone in the castle of his princess; so, shaking his head sadly, he went back to his bench.

He sat there while the round moon rode grandly down the star-studded heavens and dipped beneath the western horizon (which was the roof of a brewery) and at length he stretched himself wearily, and heaved a sigh that caused three cats to retire in a state bordering on nervous prostration—and it takes much to prostrate nervously a city-bred feline.

"She said she liked guys what could sere—sere—what could play toons under her winder. I—" His mouth gaped, his eyes grew big. An idea had found birth in his brain.

"Gee!" he exclaimed. "Why di'n' I t'ink o' dat before! . . . I'll do it! I—" His eyes relapsed to normality; his mouth closed.

"Pshaw!" he said. "I can't play nothin'!"

Just then, from through the darkness of the trees there came to him the mechanical strains of a belated hurdy-gurdy.

Again his eyes bulged; and again his mouth opened; for another idea had been born.



HE CARRIED A POTTED GERANIUM IN EACH HAND.

"Me f'r dat!" he cried. "I'll serenade her an' serenade her good! I'll bet dem ol' guys what lived in castles like de Tombs di'n' have hoidy-goidy music fer deir goils!"

He listened. "Sweet Evening Breeze" resounded tinnily on the night air, followed immediately by "I'm Dying for to See My Love Again," and this, in turn, by "I Love You Like I Never Loved Before," and then, "He Handed Me a Lemon," which gave place to "Run Away with Me, My Own, Oh, Run Away with Me."

Daly scratched his head.

"I couldn't 'a' done no better 'f I'd framed it up meself," he commented; and he rose and made hasty progress toward whence came the turgid strains.

The owner of the organ, a son of Sunny Italy, was an obdurate individual who was not overconversant with the American tongue, and who believed in the fundamental law that one's property is safer in one's own hands than in those of another. Daly argued and pleaded and threatened for ten minutes and then was striving to make up his mind whether or not he should take the organ by force of arms (and possibly legs) when assistance arrived in the shape of Officer Rafferty. Officer Rafferty and Daly were old friends. The owner of the organ, at this particular juncture, was friendless.

Daly laid his case before his friend; and then Officer Rafferty with the end of his club prodded the organ owner in a cinnamon-pink patch.

"How long d'youse want de organ f'r, Tirince?" he asked of the persistent Daly.

"'Bout a coupla hours," returned the latter.

"Dem Guineas is stingy guys an' ain't got no sense, nohow," said Officer Rafferty. Again he prodded the vociferously protesting organ man. "G'wan out o' here, youse!" he said truculently. "Y'ain't got no bus'nness round annyhow, excipt en 'lection day when

we needs yer votes. G'wan, now! Beat it. Skidoo! Come back in a coupla hours an' we'll give yer organ back ter yer. Now chase yerself. See?"

The organ owner at first did not see. But two more prods and a shove opened his eyes as well as several cursorily sewn rents in his raiment; and he proceeded sullenly, mutteringly, threateningly, to skidoo as ordered.

"Much obliged, Mike," acknowledged Daly, as he swung himself into the shafts and prepared to tow the hurdy-gurdy to his lady's bower.

"Don't mintion it, me boy," returned the minion of the law. "'Tis a pleasure; an' I hope dat Guinea comes back too early so's I can give him anodder wallop 'r two. Dem furriners is roonin' de country f'r us Americans, annyhow. Good luck to youse."

It was two-fifteen, exactly, when Daly backed the organ up under the fire-escape appertaining to the boudoir of his heart's desire, and took a grip on the handle. And the opening strains of "He Handed Me a Lemon" rang out upon air that had a couple of centuries before been pure. But the strains ceased suddenly, for Daly discovered that he was starting his repertoire in the middle. By the time he had backed around to Number One on the disk, and was finally started right with "Sweet Evening Breeze," seven windows were open and seven sleep-laden, wondering faces were poked forth.

Ere "Sweet Evening Breeze" was half

through blowing, nineteen windows were open and thirty-seven faces peered from them, but they were not so very sleepy, nor so very wondering. And when he started on "I'm Dying for to See My Love Again," there wasn't a closed window on the block—save one; and every window was full of faces and every face was full of burning wrath and yet more burning words.

"Hay, youse—!" "Now what th' div-
vle—!" "Get off de block, you long-legged stiff—!" "Cut it out! Cut it out—!" "G'wan out o' here 'r I'll knock yer roof off—" Such were, expurgated, the remarks that came floating down to Daly's ears amid the classic strains of his serenade. But he ground away industriously, his eyes upon the one closed window—that of his lady-love's bower.

Persistently he watched—persistently, that is, until three bottles, seven shoes, a wash-board, a chair, a shower of coal, and an ice-pick came hurtling down around him; and then he was forced to remove his gaze from the window in order that he might pay attention to the First Law of Nature.

The organ caught most of the fusillade; and he found that, by crouching a bit, he was reasonably safe; for the people across the alley were rather poor shots, and some distance away. And from the neighbors of his lady the hurdy-gurdy protected him.

He looked up at the window. It was now open. His eyes sought eagerly for his divin-



IT COMPARED WITH BALAKLAVA AND WATERLOO AND GETTYSBURG AND THE SULLIVAN-CORBETT FIGHT.

ity. She would understand—of that he was sure. She would appreciate the danger he was running for her sake—to what lengths his devotion for her was carrying him; and, incidentally, he began to have much more respect for those troub—trouba—troubadour guys. He dodged a beer-bottle and a coal-scuttle; and cast a hasty glance at the window. She would understand! She would find some way to show him that his devotion was appreciated—she would discover some manner of showing him that his love was returned—she—

The watched window opened and there stepped forth—a little old man, clad in a white nightshirt. He carried a potted geranium in each hand.

Daly crouched warily.

The little man in the white nightshirt laid one geranium carefully at his feet. Then he raised the other aloft and took careful aim.

It struck fair on top of the hurdy-gurdy and the strains of "He Handed Me a Lemon" ceased to sound.

The little man in the white nightshirt picked up the other pot and raised it above his head. He leaned far over the fire-escape rail. He had only this one geranium and the kitchen range left; and his daughter's sere-nader was still uninjured. Farther and farther over he leaned, and farther, and yet farther—and the rail broke!

The little man, white nightshirt, potted geranium, and all, struck Daly fair on top of the head; and they went down in the dust together, amid the delighted whoops of the spectators.

Daly wriggled out from under the white nightshirt, spat out a mouthful of dirt and geranium leaves, and scrambled to his hands and knees just in time to see, charging upon the scene, the imported owner of the organ, waving a large domestic knife. And before he could interfere, the organ owner had

alighted with both feet upon the embonpoint of the white nightshirt.

It was an insecure footing, for just as he alighted the white nightshirt moved; and the son of Sunny Italy sat down with such force upon the back of Daly's neck that the knife was jolted from his hand.

For the next few moments the interested spectators could see nothing clearly; the scene closely resembled a mass play in a football game conducted under the old rules.

The first thing distinguishable was the son of Sunny Italy fleeing down the alley, with the little man in the white nightshirt in close pursuit and the long-legged troubadour a bad, but constantly becoming a better, third.

Through a half-mile of deserted street and alley the parade flew, the distance between the fliers steadily lessening; and, just as the son of Sunny Italy, looking over his shoulder, had begun shrilly to request the aid of eighty or ninety patron saints, the three ran into a delegation of other sons of Sunny Italy that was coming home from a celebration, covered with green feathers and tin-foil and filled with maroon vinegar and bellicosities.

Not for nothing had the man in the white nightshirt spent his days at fairs and his months in recovering from them.

"Back to back!" he yelled, stopping and retreating toward Daly with the easy grace of a brewery horse on a slippery pavement.

And not for nothing did there course through Daly's veins the blood of Connemara. The father of his heart's desire did not have to yell twice.

As the Roman cohorts formed for fray and drawing trusty knives, looked for a back to stick them into, his eyes roved over the cobbles at his feet; half a dozen scattered bricks lay within reach. Leaning over lithely, he picked up two.



"IS IT REALLY YOU, SADIE?"

"Take dese!" he shouted, thrusting them behind him. The man in the white night-shirt stretched out fumbling hands and took them; and he heaved a huge sigh of relief.

Daly had time, and just time, to pick up two more. Then the battle was on.

It was a memorable battle, comparing favorably, in some respects, with Balaklava and Waterloo and Gettysburg and the Sullivan-Corbett fight. It took the reserves from three stations to end it, and seven ambulances to clear away the wounded; and nineteen medical students, who needed practise but didn't want it, cut and whittled and sewed and ripped and sewed up again until Rosy Fingered Dawn and his friends, the milkmen, appeared upon the scene of the world's endeavors.

The little man in the white nightshirt went home on one foot between two solicitous policemen; and he carried a brick in each hand.

"'Tis foine soov'neers they'll ma-ake, Dimpsey," he commented chattily, as they wrapped him in a horse blanket in order that the neighborhood might not be scandalized; for a white nightshirt is not the best armor for primitive warfare. "Phwha-at happened to th' la-ad?"

"Wan o' dem Guineas cracks him on de roof wit a 'Peace on Eart' Good Will to Men' banner, sir," returned the supporting officer.

And the little man in the white nightshirt shook his head gravely.

Daly awakened to find himself between clean-smelling sheets of spotless white, his head going round like a squirrel cage with all the squirrels busy. So he sighed and closed his eyes to wait until the foot of his

white-iron bed should get through hopping up and down and the windows in the opposite wall should become less drunken. If they wanted to march around, they might at least do it soberly and gracefully, as decent windows should.

At length, after a long, long time, he felt a cool hand on his brow—a cool, caressing hand. It felt very good and he lay, eyes closed, enjoying it, for another long, long time.

"It ain't really dere," he told himself. "In a minnit I'll bat me lamps an' bing! it'll be gone."

Still he lay with closed eyes; but, contrary to his expectations, the hand did not go. . . . And at length he waxed braver and slyly opened one eye.

He saw a face above him—a very pretty face, with red lips and red cheeks and, be it added, red eyes—although the lakes of soft sympathy that they held made them but the more beautiful for their redness.

"Sadie!" he cried.

The head nodded. Daly closed his eyes.

"Gee," he said, "but dat was a great dream!"

"It isn't a dream," came to his ears.

He opened his eyes—both eyes.

"Is it really you, Sadie?" he demanded.

She nodded.

There was a pause.

Daly shifted a little, heavily.

"What are youse doin' here, Sadie?" he asked. . . . "They'll find it out an' youse'll get into all kinds o' trouble—and youse mustn't. . . . An' how did youse know I was here? Your father said——"

She pressed her hand gently, firmly against his brow; and she smiled a little through her tears.

"Father sent me," she said softly.



LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE



The Restoration of Melie Ziegler

By Elsie Singmaster

PETER stood in the sitting-room, which had not been opened since his wife's funeral, three weeks before. The women had left it just as Melie had always kept it, the round table exactly in the middle of the floor, the gay chairs in a row against the wall. Peter's eyes ranged higher, however, than the gay brocades, and rested on two portraits, hanging side by side. One was unmistakably himself, the other was a woman, who from the lines of care in her face might have been his mother, but who had really been his wife.

"She looks much older than I," he mused aloud.

Suddenly raising his arms; he lifted his wife's picture from the hook, and carried it up-stairs.

All Peter's married life he had suffered from lack of appreciation. His wife had never understood him. In some ways, of course, she had been a good wife. She had tilled the garden, she had scrubbed and sewed and washed and ironed and grown old before her time. It was not with her incessant labors that he found fault. It was because she could not realize that to greater souls labor with the hands is torture, because she expected him to devote his nobler talents to shoemaking or harvesting.

Now, however, at last, there was some one who understood. The day after the funeral he had received a letter, directed in a woman's hand. Opening it, he read:

FRIEND MR. ZIEGLER:

The consolations of friendship are best withheld until the *first mad passion* of grief is asswaged. Let

me remind you of the bright regions to which she is wafted on the wings of the celestials, and also that friends are left on earth.
E. J. D.

The first reading left but a vague impression upon the mind of Peter. Perhaps it was meant for some one else. Then he read it again, and slowly comprehension dawned. He was the grief-stricken soul, Melie the being borne on the wings of the celestials. But who was E. J. D.? Could it be the Reformed preacher? No, his name was Saeger. The Lutheran? His name was Mattern. There was but one other person in Millerstown who could have written such a letter—but that was impossible. He read it again. It was—it could be no other—the school-teacher. And the school-teacher's name was Eustoria J. Dodge!

Where she came from, neither he nor any one else in Millerstown knew. She had been elected to the primary school when the board was so bitterly divided between two rival candidates that only the selection of a third was possible. Peter had seen her go past to school, and long before the departure of the prosaic Melie he had compared his wife's short roundness with this slender figure. Nothing could have astonished him more than that she should burden herself with his woes. They assumed suddenly a far greater significance in his eyes. He was bereft, widowed, and—the last did not dawn upon him for several days—since widowed, therefore eligible for further matrimonial engagement.

All Millerstown had begun to speculate meanwhile as to when and with whom he would begin to "keep company," and Millerstown gasped with surprise when one Sunday early in November he stepped proudly up the aisle of the Reformed church with the teacher by his side. Millerstown did not approve.

"They say she can't do nothing at all," said Susannah Kuhns the next day. "And Peter took Melie's picture down what used to hang on the wall."

"Not the big one!" gasped Sarah Ann Mohr, Melie's cousin, with whom the teacher boarded.

"Yes, he did," insisted Susannah.

"She'd better keep at her school-teaching," said Mrs. Billy Knerr. "Peter, he don't earn nothing."

"Now, Maria," laughed Susannah, "have you never felt love?"

"Love, your gran'pappy!" retorted Maria.

"Sarah Ann, will you let them sit always in the parlor?" asked Susannah. "I'd make them sit in the kitchen."

"Ach, no," said Sarah Ann. "It sha'n't be said that I don't treat the boarder right."

It was not the expense of keeping an extra fire that brought the worried frown to Sarah Ann's placid face. She was angry and grieved that Peter should replace Melie with this "doppas" (slouch). She thought of little else, and at the end of a week, during which Peter had visited the teacher every day, she made up her mind that for once she would disregard her dislike of meddling, in order to save Peter from making a fool of himself.

That evening, armed with a raisin pie, she entered the parlor, and in spite of Eustoria's frowns, sat down.

"It is something I want to talk about, teacher," she began. "I want to go to South Bethlehem over Christmas. Would you care to stay alone?"

"Oh, no," responded the teacher obligingly.

"But I said Peter should eat along with us. Would you mind to cook the dinner?"

"Oh, I couldn't," began Eustoria. Then she translated Peter's pie-choked speech into a murmur of pleasure. It would not do to show any hesitancy before Peter. "I—well, I—all right."

"Then it is all fixed," said Sarah Ann, as she rose.

"Well, this is fine," said Peter, when she had closed the door. Her action in leaving them alone seemed to put the seal of Millers-town's approval on his courtship. After the dinner he would ask the teacher to marry him.

On Christmas morning, Sarah Ann arose early. When she was ready to go, she called loudly:

"Teacher! Teacher!"

A sleepy "What?" answered her.

"You better get up. It is already six o'clock."

"All right," floated shrilly down the stairway, and Sarah Ann departed.

Nearly three hours later the teacher, sleepily rubbing her eyes, came down the stairs. The fire had burned itself out, and the room was cold. So astonished was the nearest neighbor, Susannah Kuhns, to see the smoke of a freshly kindled fire rising from Sarah Ann's kitchen at nine o'clock on Christmas morning that she sent little Oliver to find what was the trouble.

"Teacher's cookin'," he reported. "And she ain't got her bangs on. Sarah Ann is off. Teacher was putting the turkey in the stove."

"Putting her turkey in the stove with the fire just made!" exclaimed his mother. "I never heard of anything so dumb."

At eleven o'clock she sent him over again, ostensibly on an errand.

"Peter is going to eat with teacher," he said when he returned. "He has on his Sunday suit. And they ain't going to eat in the kitchen, teacher and Peter."

"Where then?" demanded his mother.

"Everything is fixed up in the sitting-room. And teacher and Peter are sitting in the parlor. Teacher has cologne at herself. It smelled fine. But it smelled awful funny in the kitchen. And Sarah Ann's kettles were cracking. I came away. I was afraid it might do me something."

Susannah looked fearfully across the fence. To her relief, she saw the teacher moving about the kitchen.

Peter had arrived at ten o'clock, according to Eustoria's invitation. To his surprise, she did not once leave the parlor to attend to the dinner. He was distressed by a curious odor when little Oliver Kuhns opened the door, and again when, shortly after eleven o'clock, the teacher went to put the dinner on the table.

At half past eleven, when Eustoria had not yet invited him to the kitchen, he considered the advisability of offering to assist her, but concluded that she would rather accomplish her labor of love alone. Finally the door opened, and he was invited to the feast. As he crossed the room he again noticed the peculiar odor.

"She must 'a' let something get dry," he said to himself. As he saw the table spread in the sitting-room he was sure of it.

"Well, this was makin' you a lot o' trouble," he said consolingly. "You could 'a' aired it."

"Aired what?" asked the teacher, motioning him to the head of the table.

"Aye, the kitchen. Didn't something get dry for you?"

"The kitchen is no place to eat," answered Eustoria emphatically.

"Oh!" responded Peter in confusion.

His embarrassment changed to wonder as he gazed at the table upon which the feast was spread. It was covered with Sarah Ann's best tablecloth, starched so stiffly that it stood out all round the table. At one end reposed the turkey, at sight of which Peter could scarce forbear an exclamation. It lay upon a bed of greens—Peter's second glance proved correct his suspicion that they were geranium leaves—and was itself almost covered by a quantity of parsley, the entire crop of Sarah Ann's parsley box, which she cultivated so carefully in the kitchen-window. There was but one dish of vegetables, and the teacher had forgotten the preserves and pickles that Sarah Ann had put out for her.

In spite of the gay decorations, the feast had to Peter's hungry eyes an air of incompleteness. The turkey did not greet his nostrils with the odor so inseparable from Christmas feasts. It lay weakly beneath its chaplet, not as if to say, "Here I am; I have feasted and grown fat that you might be merry," but as though it meant to discourage any effort at gaiety over its obsequies. Peter was conscious of a grave sinking of the heart.

Eustoria bade him say grace, and he limited it to a very few words. Then he lifted the carving-knife, tried its edge on his thumb, and rose to the occasion.

"This is the first time we have ever—" He paused in his pleasant speech as he fastened

his fork in the side of the fowl, and turned it slowly over. The parsley leaves fell in a cascade down the side, and there was revealed, as though the vines had been suddenly torn from a fire-scarred hillside, a blackened surface.

"The first time we have ever—" he went bravely on, turning the bird to the other side. There was no blackness there, but a faint, pale brown. He drew his knife across it, and proceeded with his speech. "—we have ever had the chance to eat together. I—I don't think Sarah Ann keeps her knives sharp like some."

He laid the turkey down and sharpened the knife on the steel which lay beside him.

"No," said Eustoria. "She don't."

Peter drew the knife up and down with the vindictive energy of a Shylock.

"Now we try again. What part you like, teacher?"

"A little white, if you please," answered Eustoria delicately.

"And of course stuffing?"

"Stuffing? Why, no, why, n-no, I guess I wouldn't choose stuffing."

Peter laid a slice of white meat—it was well the teacher had not asked for brown—upon her plate, and picking up a spoon brushed aside the parsley around the throat of the turkey.

"Ach, of course you take stuffing," he urged. "You——"

For an instant he hesitated. Then he thrust the spoon in farther and drew it forth, looked at it, and laid it down.

"It is here no stuffing!" he announced, as though he had said, "The world is coming to an end!"

"Well, what of it?" asked Eustoria, a sudden sharpness in her voice. "Where I come from it isn't fashionable to have stuffing."



HE STEPPED PROUDLY UP THE AISLE.

"Oh!" said Peter. Well, Eustoria would have to learn his ways—Melie had—and that would be her pleasure.

"Well, now," he went on with commendable cheerfulness, "what have we in this dish?"

He lifted the lid. There lay two boiled potatoes—who ever heard of boiled potatoes with turkey? Moreover, the skins had not been removed.

"They are potatoes in jackets," explained Eustoria, a bright flush on her cheeks. "They are considered a great delicacy where I come from."

"Ach, yes, in jackets. But that is a good one! In jackets," laughed Peter weakly, as he passed her the plate.

The potatoes, however, for all their jackets were cold. And the turkey! Peter chewed and chewed, while Eustoria picked delicately at her dinner. Presently the door opened and little Ollie appeared, a covered dish in his hands.

"Mom says it is here some oyster pie."

Peter took it eagerly.

"But you are a good boy, Ollie!"

Eustoria declined her share of the pie.

She seemed to have acquired a certain aloofness from the scene about her, and sat with folded arms, watching Peter eat. And presently, from the fulness of her heart, she spoke:

"Susannah Kuhns is a slave!"

"Why, teacher, it wasn't never no slaves in Millers-town, and it ain't no slaves anywheres now."

"There is a slave in every house in Millerstown."

"What you mean, teacher?" Peter suspended the process of eating, and gazed at his hostess, whose eyes sparkled behind her glasses.

"Any one who works like Susannah Kuhns is a slave."

"Susannah! She don't have it hard."

"Don't she? She rises before dawn. She washes, she cooks, she bakes. She is a slave."

"What else shall she do, teacher?"

"What else? Improve her mind. Let her have the same opportunity as her husband."

"But Oliver, he works all the time. He earns the money. He is a good man."

"That may be true. But how much broader his task. What opportunities!" In reality Oliver ran the engine at the cinder dump. "His wife works at the wash-tub. Her life is bounded by her kitchen. But how thankful I am that I have discovered one man worthy of the name, one man who regards the female mind as equal to his own."

"It is so," answered Peter meditatively.

Then, while Eustoria went to bring in Sarah Ann's mince pie, Peter fell to thinking. He had not understood everything she had said, but he had understood enough to make him tremble. He had never dreamed such doctrine as this. Susannah Kuhns a slave! The teacher had better not let that reach Susannah's ears!

Suddenly, as he pondered, the beautiful structure he had built up about Eustoria tottered, and Peter did not stop to think of the elements that had gone to its making; he only hastened to escape its fall.

"Teacher," he called, "I must go home. It is a important reason why I must go home. I—" He heard Eustoria's approaching footstep. There was something ominous in the sound. Without waiting to taste his pie, without even finishing his sentence, he fled.

At seven o'clock that evening Sarah Ann came home. Her tired face grew steadily brighter as she approached the house. Every window was dark. Peter was gone, and all was well. She sniffed audibly as she opened the door, then she shivered. A few minutes later, lamp in hand, she surveyed the scene.

"They ate in the sitting-room! And it is nothing put away, and she didn't

wash a dish. I knew you could expect much from these English, but I didn't think it would be so bad. Well, poor Melie, her things won't get spoiled. This makes to me a fear-



WITHOUT TASTING HIS PIE HE FLED.

ful slop! I go to get Susannah to help me clear up."

Down in Peter's lonely house there was also a scene of reconstruction. He did not clearly remember how he had got away from Eustoria. He might have blamed Sarah Ann for the toughness of the turkey, he might have excused the absence of the stuffing and the presence of the potato peelings—jackets, indeed!—but the heresy to which Eustoria had given voice was beyond any madness of love to endure.

"Melie, she loved to work for me," he said to himself with something like a sob. "She would 'a' got up in the middle of the night to cook for me."

He sat for a long time before the kitchen fire, which he had built up to a cheerful blaze, and whereon he had made coffee, and heated some "bumble soup" left over from the day before. Then, stumbling awkwardly up the stairs, he opened the door into the garret. A few minutes later, Melie, in her gay gilt frame, hung once more upon the parlor wall.

Widowed

By Georgina S. Townsend

EVERYTHING was over, and every one gone. She went to their room—her room, early, and nervously locked the door behind her, for the first time in ten years. She turned on all the electric lights, and peered cautiously under the bed, then opened the closet door with an extended, timorous arm and trembling finger-tips, and gazed cautiously into its cavernous depths. There was a superlative nothingness everywhere. His old smoking-jacket hung on the inside of the closet door. She laid her cheek against it, and its faint pungent odor of cigar smoke and of his personality filled her quivering nostrils, and her eyelids reddened. But she did not cry. Instead, a heaving convulsion of the diaphragm seized her, and she coughed and then hiccuped, and was fearful that she was about to laugh.

She undressed hastily, with no lingering touches on her hair. The glorious riot of auburn beauty had been his delight. She avoided looking at herself in the mirror, and kept murmuring pityingly:

"Poor girl. Poor little girl."

But after the lights had been turned off,

and she lay in bed, her eyes would not close. She watched the weaving, wavering leaf shadows on the wall, as the head-light from the Santa Monica car passed through the lemon orchard, and threw the silhouette of the branches and leaves up into the room. They had planned almost all of their life out, watching those same weird shadows flit and vanish. Now they were gone, just as he was, but they would come back when the next car went through. But he would never come back—she crowded her quivering mouth against his pillow, and shook with a sudden terror.

After a time she realized that her diaphragm was fluttering and that she was hiccuping. She almost wanted to laugh.

It must be very nearly eleven o'clock now. Car after car ran rapidly through the lemon orchard. They were going into the barns two miles beyond. Generally at this hour she was sweetly asleep, feeling so secure in the care and strength of her husband that she never wakened at the continued roar and rattle of the cars, as they spun down the grade in the last hurry and rush of the long day's work. She raised up on her elbow now, and watched the cars as they rumbled away into the distance.

"Dearest—" she began, then fell back upon her pillow, a cold dew breaking out upon her lip.

In a few moments the old dining-room clock began to sound thickly through the closed doors, as it laboriously thumped out the eleven strokes. "The old clock goes bung," he always said, laughing at its wheezy efforts. It was Friday night. He always wound the clocks on Friday night. That was why it was so slow now; it was almost run down. Then the quick impulsive library clock chimed in musically, and finished one stroke ahead of the other. He had given the library clock to her for a Christmas present one year. She was like it—always striking one ahead of him, wearing herself out in her quick impulsiveness, while he struck slowly and faithfully, up to the last, the very last.

A team rattled by, and Spank growled deep in his throat, with a suppressed, protecting bark. A brooding silence fell at last over all. She began to review her life from the time she was a young girl. She dozed and dreamed, horrible strangling dreams in which she was agonizingly endeavoring to

save him from some awful peril. She sat up affrighted.

The distant rumble of a market-gardener's wagon on the lower road, driving his truck into the city, broke upon her dulled senses.

"It must be two o'clock," she thought as she sank back upon the hot pillow. As if in answer, the library clock spit out two sharp little barks, and the dining-room clock in a deep, slow, admonitory voice protested twice. Then she heard the half-hour. Then it sounded three, but the next half-hour she missed. It was just at four that the long-drawn howl of the coyotes roused her again. She shivered with fright. Never had she been able to listen to them, even with his strengthful presence beside her, without sheer terror. The long, quavering howl shortened into a short, sharp, jerky kiyi, and came rapidly closer. There was the rattle and joggle of a chair on the porch, as Spank sprang out with his challenging answer, which began with a hoarse, savage roar, and ended in a frightened shriek. He, too, was afraid of the coyotes. Coyotes and dog threatened back and forth vociferously. She hoped the chicken corral was closed. She must see to it after this. He had always looked after it. The kiyi passed farther away, growing fainter and fainter, until only a distant sound was heard. Spank gave a satisfied growl or two at the rout of the arch-enemy. She

heard the soft pad of his feet as he came up the porch steps, and the thud of his body as he threw himself down in the corner.

The half-hour struck. The faint far cry of a rooster broke melodiously upon the morning air. One nearer at hand spoke in reply, and then the big brahma in her own corral sounded his morning alarm, deep, prolonged, and musical. A dozen others followed with a spatting of wings and various voices. The young leghorns joined with piping, husky imitations of the older cocks. In her east window was a faint light. It broadened and grew rosy with promise. A linnet nesting in the rose over the porch chirped lazily. The butcher-bird took up his harsh, insistent scream from his perch in the rice-paper tree under her window. She got up hastily and threw a brush broom at him. He merely flew into the oleander, cocked his head at the window and shrieked the louder, taunting her. She spat her hands and cried "shoo" at him. He flew into an orange-tree, and chattered angrily. She went back to bed, and tried to sleep. Then softly, sweetly, thrillingly, coming ever closer and nearer, she heard the liquid melody of the mocking-bird. "Sweet, sweet, pretty, pretty, cheer up, cheer up," he caroled from a eucalyptus-tree. "Happy, happy, happy," he sang with riotous joy.

Happy!

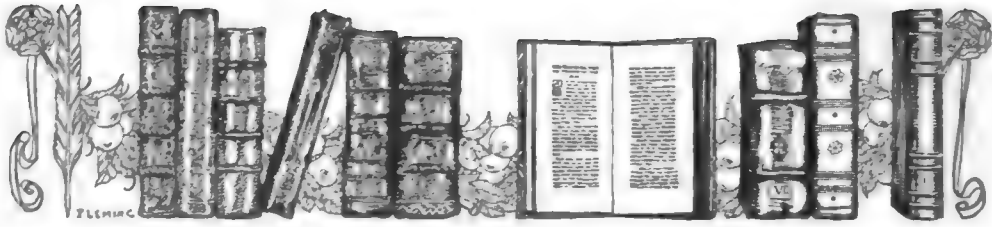
She burst into soul-refreshing tears.

I Found in Thee

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

WHAT have I found in thee? I knew, before,
The splendid promise of the mounting sun,
The strife of noon, the rest from labor done,
And dreaming peace beyond the midnight door;
I knew, far overseas, the mystic shore,
Deep in romance, that bards and heroes won:
So many sweet and perfect things—yet none,
None but hath presence in thy heart's sweet core.

So when I loved, my lore of life and light
Faded to chronicles of ancient woes,
And I awoke, as from a weary night;
Spring was within me; faint and very far
The old joys echoed; some dim secret rose,
Bloomed, and the sunset gathered in one star.



A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

THERE is, if one considers it, more than one point of analogy between the pleasure of reading Henry James and the delightfully exhilarating pastime of swimming under water. In each recreation one is required to leave for a time one's normal and familiar element. In each, at the first plunge, if one has allowed even a short period of neglect to dull one's habit of accommodation, one is conscious of little besides words or water. And in each one soon acquires a sense of quasi-native at-homeness; moves open-eyed through strangely translucent depths, and brings back to the upper and lighter air the memory and knowledge of submerged forms, of limpid delicacies, and of unsuspected meanings. But just how much of one's pleasure in either exercise springs from the physical or intellectual contact, and how much from the unconscious vanity of living and moving where others stifle, it would take a very clear self-knowledge to declare. I myself have never succeeded in making the allotment, although conscious that both elements enter into my enjoyment. But in "The American Scene" (Harper) Mr. James has (if I may be allowed to complete the simile) supplied a tank in which diving is more of a stunt than an exhilaration. "The American Scene" is the record of Mr. James's impressions of America, and of his analysis of these impressions, and of his analysis of himself while analyzing these impressions! It is a succession of subtle reflections, comments, characterizations, comparisons; now held to the light in delicious turns of thought and phrase, now plunged in characteristic convolutions of linguistic vagary. But one emerges at the end with no spoils except the memory of an experience and the fugitive recollection of opalescent ideas, like little fishes caught by the tail in passing.

Any one who is interested in the mental chemistry of his own enjoyments; any one, let us say, who has smiled at his own half-detected pride in reading Henry James "at sight," or who has

been amused to discover that one of the lures of "dialect stories" is their appeal to the self-satisfaction of the successful reader, will, if he be also something of a sportsman, find an interesting problem and a very charming little book in Grover Cleveland's "Fishing and Hunting Sketches" (Outing Co.). The charm is patent enough. It inheres in the flavor of the text and in the sound philosophy and hale spirit of good sportsmanship and good-fellowship that underlie it. But this charm and this flavor are so inextricably intertwined with our concept of the author that it will be a shrewd self-examiner who can say with certainty how the book would strike him if it were fathered by John Smith and if its odd constraints and genial suggestion of a mastodon at play did not so pleasingly evoke the image and personality of one whom we know and honor.

Mr. Henry Hall, for many years connected with the New York *Tribune*, has, with the best intentions in the world and with complete conviction of the helpfulness of his instructions, written a book called "How Money is Made in Security Investments; or, A Fortune at Fifty-five." Now we believe that this subject is one that should concern many thousands of ordinarily well-to-do business men in America; men who know their business, attend to it, and have a thousand or two (or more) to invest every now and again. We believe that if these men, watching the barometer of general business conditions, and realizing the periodic ebb and flow in the tide of commercial prosperity, would post themselves upon the nature and value of securities, and would buy and pay for those of good intrinsic worth in periods of depression and sell them in periods of good times, they would secure a safe investment for their savings and would increase their capital. But believing this, and recognizing that Mr. Hall believes it, we nevertheless consider his book a dangerous and misleading one. And the reason for this is that it is written from the

Wall Street point of view, and Wall Street should concern the business man we have been considering only as the department-store and the department-store price-lists concern the housewife who buys a barrel of flour there when she thinks that it is cheap. The merchant who uses his own knowledge of general conditions as a guide to his investments and liquidations is in very different case from the merchant who is persuaded by Mr. Hall's formulæ that he can tell a Bear raid from a February slump. The one is using his business knowledge legitimately and conservatively in a cognate field. The other is getting ready to monkey with the buzz-saw.

If any one is sufficiently interested in this question to want to get an imaginary look behind the scenes and have the insidious danger of a "little knowledge" suggested to him by something more dramatic than mere precept, he can hardly do it more entertainingly than by reading Edwin Lefèvre's "Sampson Rock of Wall Street" (Harper). Of course, since this book is fiction and, of its kind, very good fiction, this object lesson is not its chief claim to our notice. But Mr. Lefèvre is so perfectly conversant with both the manners and the mechanism of the Street that the accuracy of his picture is worth calling attention to. There have been many Wall Street stories, but most of them have been lamentably superficial and more concerned with spectacular incidents than with either the personal equation involved or the interpretation of the spirit of the game as played by the masters of it. And no one of them has combined the intimate knowledge, the close observation of types, and the constructive cleverness which Mr. Lefèvre had at his command. Not that he can be accused of undervaluing the spectacular! Indeed it may be urged with some reason that when Sam Rock, Jr., finally surrenders to the necessity of the situation and goes to fighting the devil with fire, the climax of the tale stretches one's imagination a bit uncomfortably. But what is a little exaggeration among friends?

A diagnostician, occupied in sizing up the condition of the public taste in literature, might conceivably regard as a grave pathological symptom the fact that George Barr McCutcheon has frequently stood at the head of his class in the department-store examinations for popularity. Mr. McCutcheon, who developed suddenly some seasons back as an imitator of Anthony Hope, and has recurred periodically as an imitator of his own imitations, is unquestionably a symptom. But we are optimistically inclined to regard his

prevalence as indicating a childish disorder and not as suggestive of an organic weakness. Moreover, there seems to be some hope of disposing of the case by curing Mr. McCutcheon instead of curing the public. His last novel, "Jane Cable" (Dodd, Mead), while abating nothing of the buoyancy of style and of spirit that has been, one imagines, the germ of his infectiousness, is far and away the most original and the most realistic of his productions. It is the story of a blackmailing lawyer who, driven from New York, has set up shop in Chicago and finally come to grief in trying to hide his real character from his son while persecuting the family of his son's fiancée. It is marked by a showy sensationalism, and the author's old habits have led him to interrupt his drama in order to take every one for a romantic interlude to the Philippine Islands; but the characters are flesh and blood people and the story helps us to forgive "The Sherrods" and "The Purple Parasol."

Under the title of "The World Machine" (Longmans, Green) Mr. Carl Snyder, a writer upon science and scientific philosophy for the educated layman, has projected a tripartite work intended to cover, historically, man's progress in the fields of cosmic and biological physics and of that branch of sociology which he very aptly terms "the mechanics of society." The first volume, "The World Machine. First Phase. The Cosmic Mechanism," has recently appeared, and, to a certain class of readers, should prove an alluring gateway to what for them is the untrodden country of coordinated knowledge as applied to our conceptions of the universe in which we find ourselves and of our relations thereto. As a historian Mr. Snyder's attitude toward his subject is excellent, as is also his appreciation and presentation of what one may call the psychology of scientific progress. His explanations and demonstrations, when he has them to make, are lucid and succinct. He is widely read and filled with a generous and hearty enthusiasm for his subject. Unhappily, it is this very enthusiasm which has, for more serious or more accustomed students of these matters, marred the interest of his work; for it constantly fluoresces in a rhetorical "style"; and "style," except in the perfect humility of apparent absence, should not link arms with cosmic philosophy.

Will Payne's novel, "When Love Speaks" (Macmillan), is a comparatively safe answer to that most embarrassing request, "Tell me a good book to read." This request, which, if one meets it often, one comes to duck as a gun-shy

setter dodges an aimed gun, is disconcerting not because there is a scarcity of books good enough to read, but because the only logical reply to it is "What kind of good books do *you* like?" and human nature is so constituted that to have the burden of proof thrown back on to its own shoulders makes it lay back its ears and bare its teeth. Mr. Payne's novel, although a modest and unheralded piece of fiction, is at once so contemporary in its setting—so "up to date," to use the current phrase—and yet so perennially human in the moral struggle it portrays, that it should appeal to both the interest and the experience of a large percentage of those who chance to pick it out from the multiplicity of contending titles and barbaric bindings. It deals with the clashing of interests and ideals brought about by a campaign of reform in a Western city. But although greed and graft and politics and pull play their part in the action, they play it, not as principals, but through their pressure upon the individual men and women whose private happiness and personal honor are staked upon the issues of the drama.

And now, having spoken of several entertaining and ephemeral novels, let us turn for a moment to a volume less ephemeral if no less engrossing, the delightfully intimate essays of Arthur Symons, published under the title of "Studies in Seven Arts" (Dutton). Representing, as these papers do, interpretative criticism of far more than ordinary insight, they are so direct, so simple, so unaffected, as almost to deserve the description of "confessions." Indeed they are, in a sense, confessions; confessions of faith in high ideals and of experiences in understanding. It is always a privilege to be admitted to the thoughts of one who sees and feels, and who shares these gifts with us frankly; and did we not already know that Mr. Symons possesses them, two of the essays in this volume would suffice to convince us. First, his essay upon Rodin, which not only says what has long needed saying in English about that side of the great Frenchman's work that is least understood, but also catches and echoes the very note of his art in the almost plastic relief of its phrases. Second, the paper on Eleonora Duse, so subtly charming in its delicately hinted characterization. Taken together, these two fairly measure the range of Mr.

Symons's sensitiveness. The volume also contains an article of much interest upon Whistler; and, among others, papers on The Problem of Richard Strauss, The Painting of the Nineteenth Century, Cathedrals, Beethoven, and The Ideas of Richard Wagner.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Port of Missing Men"—(Bobbs-Merrill). A new novel of artificial excitement by Meredith Nicholson, who wrote "The House of a Thousand Candles."

"The Plow Woman"—(Century). A tale of Dakota pioneers by Eleanor Gates. An excellent, wholesome, whole-wheat, human story.

"The Issue"—(Doubleday, Page). A story of the London docks by Edward Noble. Heavy melodrama written in altogether too Carlylian a manner for the subject.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson"—(Macmillan). A new number of the English Men of Letters series by George E. Woodberry, and a very enjoyable biography and critique.

"Truthful Jane"—(Appleton). A love story by Florence Morse Kingsley, which is so inconceivably banal that it deserves mention for the warning of the unwary.

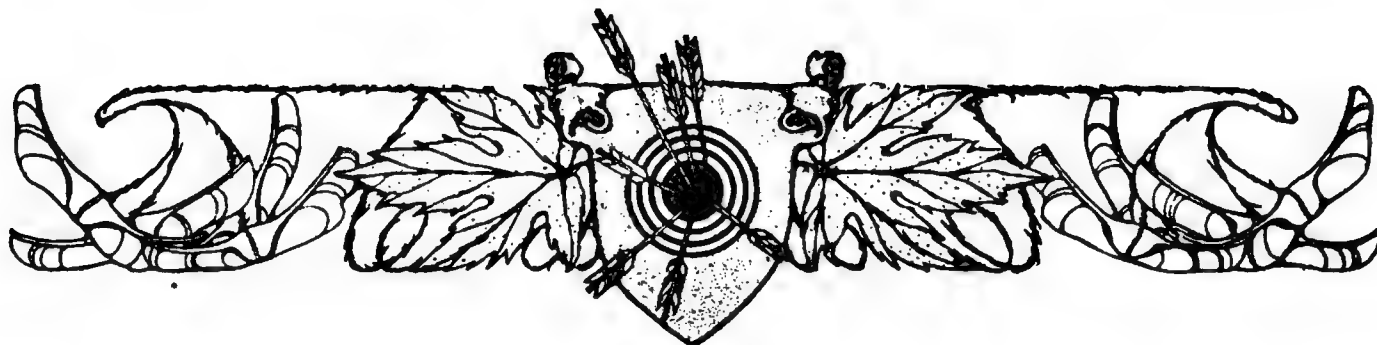
"Christian Science"—(Harper). A study of Mrs. Eddy by Mark Twain and a searchingly witty rendering unto Cæsar of the things which are Cæsar's.

"Why Men Remain Bachelors and Other Luxuries"—by Lilian Bell (John Lane). A collection of essays, amusing and otherwise, but mostly otherwise.

"Sex and Society"—(The University of Chicago Press). A series of rather interesting papers by Professor William I. Thomas upon the psychology of sex, past and present.

"The Nine Swords of Morales"—(Altemus). A story of Spanish California by George Homer Meyer. A bit of genuine "romance," love, and daring deeds naively idealized.





STRAIGHT TALK

If at any time there are statements in *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE* which you believe to be incorrect, or views expressed to which you take exception, or subjects discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your initials unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE*, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or to any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

CLEAN SUCCESS

CONGRATULATIONS on your new series, "Romances of Success." As outlined, it should form a complement to your work in exposing the shameful methods by which so many great fortunes have been amassed. By emphasizing the worth of cleanly achieved success you give more balance and character to that work.

The moral of James J. Hill's life story is that a man can reach the summit of achievement and win an enormous fortune in this country with clean hands. It seems to me that this is a moral to be taken to heart, not only by the men of affairs, the "captains of industry," but by every business man in the United States.

There is a disposition to regard the questionable and the corrupt methods of certain large corporations and industries as being of a peculiarly evil and malevolent character not to be found outside of such great enterprises.

But I think if we look about us in the business world and reflect, we shall find that this is not so; we shall find that the methods of these great corporations do not differ in kind from those in vogue in many smaller enterprises, even in the smallest—they differ only in scale and degree.

I execrate the methods of the Standard Oil in destroying competition, and I think none but the Standard Oil could be guilty of such practises. And one day I see a fourteen-year-old newsboy knock down and beat another newsboy and destroy his stock of papers. And I discover that he has done this to eliminate competition at a certain desirable corner for selling newspapers.

At a small Eastern summer resort a few years

ago, most of the washing of the cottage colony was done by a farmer's wife, who lived back in the hills, and who had had about as much financial training and experience as a hen. The first season she was employed, she charged a reasonable price for her work. The second season it happened that she had a monopoly of the washing privilege, and promptly her prices advanced 25 per cent.

No excuse for the Standard Oil; no excuse for the newsboy; no excuse for the washerwoman. But the point is obvious. Questionable and morally wrong methods are not peculiar to any special kind or to any special scale of business enterprise, but they are the perpetual temptation of all because business is only another name for the struggle for existence, and when we struggle we are not very moral.

But we ought to be, and the value of the lesson of Hill's story is that we can be and win out.

New York.

L. K. T.

THE "WAR AGAINST CHRIST"

THE "War Against Christ" article in your March number is a noteworthy production. In the circumstances, it was a brave thing for Mr. Thompson to write it. He might have excused himself on the ground that he knew nothing of the subject and that, being away from Paris, buried in the gray olive groves of the Italian village of San Remo, he had no means of informing himself with the promptness you required. Before leaving Paris he had doubtless heard of the crazy speeches imputed to Viviani and Briand, but he left before those statesmen repudiated the speeches and chal-

lenged proof. What wonder is it then that he repeated the disproved slanders? He had no time to verify them by examining the stenographic Assembly Record. It is a pity, too, that he had never read either of the two important documents in the case, *The Concordat*, of 1801, and the *Statute of Separation*, of 1905, and that he puts into the first what is not there and ignores the most important provisions of the second. His errors will do little harm, however, for the American public is pretty well informed about the documents. He makes a serious blunder in regard to the alleged confiscation of the "seminaries," confounding *great* and *small* seminaries, and evidently not knowing that the Pope has never had a jot of title nor has made any claim of title to the "great seminaries." The article seems to impute this blunder to Cardinal del Val; but it is probably an inadvertence of Mr. Thompson's, for the Cardinal must be well informed on the subject.

A similar slip is made in the insertion of the picture of Archbishop Richard, of Paris, leaving his palace. The facts are: the palace belonged to the government and during many years of permitted occupation, rent free, by the archbishop, had been kept in repair for him. When the prelate refused to comply with the law of separation, he asked the government, in consideration of his feeble health, to waive the immediate surrender of the palace; and the government answered by a courteous letter telling him to take his own time! Under orders, probably from Rome, the archbishop declined to accept the time he had asked; and the "fake" ejection came off in great style. Hundreds and thousands of Catholic partisans were present to pull the old gentleman's carriage and to shout themselves hoarse over his "cruel expulsion" from his "home of many years"! The appeal had no effect in Paris; it was unmercifully exposed by the press.

But Mr. T. was ignorant of all these things.
Washington, D. C. W. B.

CONGO REFORM

THERE is a persistent effort being made to minimize the effect of the recent disclosures in your magazine and in the public press in regard to conditions in the Congo State. Now there is, or should be, no controversy over the facts. Any one who will read the findings of the king's own commission and that portion of the evidence presented to it that has been made public, should realize, with even the most primary knowledge of native peoples and of colonial affairs, that the king's system is a pernicious one. To refer to the Congo as a Belgian enterprise, as Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, does, in his recent articles in the *Chicago Tribune*, and to suggest that England or any other country is seeking to rob Belgium of a colony, is to perpetuate a misconception of the facts. The object of the agitation for reform in

the Congo, now waging in England and in America, is to make the Congo a national enterprise rather than the personal enterprise that it now is, and to brush away the subtleties of international law, which now permit the king and a few Belgian financiers to maintain a system in Central Africa monstrous in theory, and inhuman in results. The aim and central purpose of that government cannot be better stated than in the words of Professor Félicien Cattier, of the University of Brussels, who has been a profound student of this anomalous institution from the beginning:

"An examination of the Congo Free State's administration," he says, "reveals the clear, indisputable fact that the Congo Free State is not a colony. It is a financial speculation. The real aims of those in authority are pecuniary. . . .

"Everything else is subordinate to this end. The colony is administered neither in the interests of the natives, nor even in the economic interest of Belgium; the moving spirit is the desire to assure the sovereign king the maximum of pecuniary benefit."

The man who writes this is a student of political institutions, a monarchist, and a loyal Belgian, interested in preserving for his own nation the fruits of the enterprise and efforts of her people. The thing to which he is opposed is a commercial clique, headed by the King of Belgium, which is seeking to protect with the authority of the Belgian State an institution that is at once a political monster and a constant menace to the constitutional liberty of the Belgian people.

The people in England who want Congo reform are the descendants of the people who gave \$100,000,000 of England's money to free England's slaves and who have since led the world in every movement for freedom. The government that has pledged itself to Congo reform is the government of the Liberal Party, which opposed the Boer War, and has fought consistently for a humane treatment of native people in all parts of the world.

The only means that England has yet proposed for correcting the Congo evils, has been an international conference. As to the Congo Reform Association or any member of it having been bought with English gold to carry on a campaign for the liberation of the Congo people, I can only advise those who are making that suggestion to press the resolution introduced by Senator Patterson, last winter, to have the king's Congo lobby investigated, and to let it also include an investigation of the Congo Reform Society. I believe the Congo Reform Society would welcome an investigation of its work. In the mean time, it is disgusting that Americans should make themselves the tools, simply because he happens to be a king, of a man whose private life is without defense, and whose public career, so far as the Congo is concerned, has been that of a mercenary and bloody tyrant.

ROBERT E. PARK.

Boston, Mass.

AN ENGINEER'S TESTIMONY

I WISH to say a few words from my own knowledge, on the cause of railway wrecks, so frequent a subject of newspaper comment in these days. For most of the recent wrecks there are two or three causes given: danger signals passed, brakes failing to hold, or signals not displayed. Now, we all know that the safety of a great train depends upon the engineer up front. But probably few of us really understand the details of his responsibility. Hundreds of lights, signals, etc., glide by, each one having a different color, each with a distinct meaning, and the false reading of one passed in a fraction of a second may mean death or destruction for all. But the time must be made; the water in the boiler must be kept at a certain height; the engineer must watch his steam-gage, his air-gage, his car-heater, and he must watch the precious little pint of oil that he has in his lubricator, so that not one drop shall be wasted. (Only one pint of oil is generally allowed to valves and cylinders on locomotives on 100-mile runs.) He must look at his watch, his time-table, read his orders, etc. In order to see them, he must stand upon his seat or other convenient place to get the light from a small lamp 'way up on top of the boiler, generally five or six feet away. While he is doing all this, who is watching the signals ahead? The fireman has all he can do to shovel coal, etc. Indeed, on some classes of engines of the Mother Hubbard type, the engineer cannot see the fireman at all, and could not speak to him if he tried. There are supposed to be speaking-tubes between the fireman's cab and the engineer's cab on such engines, but a thorough investigation would reveal that if there are any, they are in no shape to be used.

When the wreck at Westfield, N. J., occurred, a year or two ago, what was the cause? Running by danger signals, true. But the dying statement of the engineer was that he could not get his injector to work and that the steam from it blinded him so that he could not see. Yet there is no more reliable piece of machinery made when it is kept in proper working order. How about the responsibility of machinists who do not do their work thoroughly when the engine is in for repairs?

Another thing, I can prove that the automatic block signal sometimes does not work, as I have passed them myself when they showed clear track ahead, and have found a train in the block ahead. I admit that this is not often the case, but there are times when such things do happen. And since the automatic signals are used, the flagman makes no effort to protect the rear of his train at all. The surprise business of setting signals to catch engineers is good as far as it goes, but why not go a little farther and surprise some of the flagmen who do not even pretend to do what they are paid for? I know of railroads that pay \$30 every six months as reward to all flagmen who do not have their rear struck, or who are not reported for not flag-

ging. If these men were watched closely on the road for thirty days, money would be saved in the next six months, and afterward a much more efficient force might be created than there is at the present time. There are a good many other things that I could call attention to: locomotive injectors placed in such positions that engineers cannot reach them and keep a lookout on track and signals at the same time; train crews on freight trains kept on duty from twenty to thirty hours without rest; train crews asleep in caboose while train is running (much more prevalent than generally known, especially at night), etc.

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.



MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP ABROAD

YOURS of January 21st with reference to my failure to renew subscription to your magazine received. I dropped your magazine because of its socialistic and anarchistic tendencies. You have published a lot of articles on municipalization of various public utilities, which only *half state* the case, and frequently represent facts in such a way as to give your readers a very false impression.

I have been *all over Europe repeatedly* and know whereof I speak. London municipalized some of its tramways and after full and complete trial of several years admitted that it was a great failure, and is now trying to dispose of the roads at a loss. The municipalization party was *overwhelmingly voted down* last fall. Glasgow has given up the telephone business and pocketed a loss of \$750,000. Manchester has accepted the bid of a private company for electric lighting, which was less than they could light the town for themselves with their own plant, and they have pocketed a loss of about \$500,000. It is you and others like you, who talk without knowledge, that are paving the way for the worst panic this country has ever seen. When that time comes and your circulation is cut in half and your company is in the hands of a receiver, you will regret your indiscretion. You can't hurt me, because I am ready for that panic now, but I hope you will enjoy it when it comes. Very respectfully,

Trenton, N. J.

JAMES W. RUSLING.

The writer of this interesting letter is evidently one of the victims of the Bureau of Misinformation maintained in New York by the gas, traction, and telephone corporations of America. All of these assertions first appeared in the beautifully printed literature with which that bureau has so thickly sown the country in the last two years, with the sole purpose of deluding the people of the United States into continuing a system by which the corporations interested secure monstrous and illegitimate profits.

I am glad to be able to reassure Mr. Rusling. He has been sadly misinformed. London has never admitted that its excellent municipal tram-

way was a great nor any other kind of a failure. It is not trying to dispose of its roads at a loss nor otherwise, but only to extend them on a plan that will give it the best transit facilities that any city has ever had. Municipalization was not involved in the election of last fall, which turned on the increase of rates (taxes) caused by the enormous and (so far) unprofitable expenditures in opening the new thoroughfares, Aldwych and Kingsway, and in widening the Strand. Glasgow did not give up the telephone business because of any failure to operate it successfully, but surrendered it to the British Government, which is absorbing and unifying all the telephone systems of the country—a fact that is hardly an argument against public ownership. The city of Glasgow made a small profit while it operated its own telephones and furnished a good service at a fraction of the rates that we pay for a bad service. I have not heard from Manchester about the electric-lighting fiasco, but having investigated and disproved about one hundred of the false assertions sent out by this bureau, I am quite confident that this is of a piece with all the others.

But I, for one, should be glad to hear further from Mr. Rusling. He has here a new and what seems to be a most interesting idea in economics. Heretofore we have supposed that prosperity is caused by good crops, sound currency, and world conditions of supply and demand. Mr. Rusling seems to think it is caused by robbery. With the utmost sincerity I hope he will give us more light on this remarkable theory. If it be true that between this country and a panic is no barrier but the sanctity of a system by which a few men pile up enormous fortunes from special, unjust, and often illegal privileges, we should know it, and as quickly as possible. If much robbery makes some prosperity, more robbery ought to make more prosperity, so that by extending the robbery we should eventually extend the prosperity until some of it should reach the small householders, now confronted with increased rent bills and increased cost of living without increased incomes. In addition to these matters I wish Mr. Rusling would kindly explain how one magazine can have at the same time socialistic and anarchistic tendencies, socialism and anarchism being exactly as reconcilable as Christianity and atheism.

CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

New York.



AMERICAN VS. BRITISH

RECENT occurrences at Kingston, Jamaica, and the charges of almost inhuman conduct made by American refugees against the English on board Sir Alfred Jones's ship, indicate most pointedly the fundamental difference between American and British impulse.

It was quite natural for Britons of the type represented in Sir Alfred Jones's ship to leave strangers out on the docks after the earthquake. Their sympathies, undoubtedly, were aroused, and there is no doubt that if contributions of money, or even of food and drink, could have been made without serious inconvenience, they would gladly have made them. But the idea of *mingling* with these strangers, merely because they were in distress, was just as foreign to their temperament as would have been the idea of going into Soho and living among the sick and maimed of that London slum, if there had been some disaster confined to its boundaries. Centuries of caste had made them indifferent to anything stronger than a sentimental interest in the sufferings of their social inferiors, or even the sufferings of persons of another nationality of whose status they had no knowledge. Had all of them been in a wrecked British railway train, and had they suffered equally with the persons in the second- and third-class compartments, their discomfort would have been greatly increased if they had been obliged to resume their journey, or to go to hospitals, in conveyances in which the classes were not kept separate.

With the American temperament, on the other hand, the mere fact that a lot of people were injured together would level, for the time at least, any merely social distinctions that might have grown up through wealth or association, and, as in the case of Kingston, all would become merely units of a compact horde of humanity which would take care of itself in the best and quickest manner possible for the comfort of everybody affected. In other words, where we merge our individuality, in emergencies, into one mass, the British, under similar conditions, divide promptly into three classes.

It is this fundamental difference that always will make an alliance impractical. Such an exhibit as the, to us, incomprehensible snobbery of the British, on the one hand, and the, to them, overfriendly and officious attitude of the Americans on the other hand, will always become evident in emergencies. Where we do a generous thing from impulse, they suspect ulterior motives; where they demand form and ceremony equally in times of calm or stress, we suspect them of unfriendliness. With each it is purely a matter of temperament; but the two temperaments are incompatible. The one people is democratic at heart; the other intensely aristocratic; neither can understand the other, and the fact of their speaking a common language serves only to make each more conscious of the antagonistic attitude of the other. It would seem to be time that Americans fully understood this, and in looking for alliances turned their eyes toward nations, if there be any, of similar temperament and impulse.

New York.

A. L. B.

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THERE'S a touch of spring in our hearts these days—a feeling of hopefulness, and something akin to the joyousness of youth and health. And as we look about us and forward, it seems that we really are in the springtime of our work, as well as of the season. We feel like talking about ourselves.

In the making of magazines, variety is as important as in the ordering of meals. Roast beef is good, but if a man is served nothing else, day in and day out, he may well learn to hate it. Our readers have doubtless noticed that the "Exposure" item on EVERYBODY'S bill of fare has been missing of late. This is not because we imagine that Wall Street has become less corrupt or politics more perfect. Through the efforts of Lawson and Russell, we do believe that we have helped cripple the arrogance and greed of the overlords of finance, have made them realize that they, too, are human and that the respect and good-will of their fellows are measures of some value even in the "higher sphere" in which they move. To-day it is not nearly so wonderful to be a multimillionaire Captain of Industry as it seemed two years back—nor so desirable. Some good idol-smashing has been done, thank Heaven, and we have the satisfaction of knowing we helped to do it. But because we are not still banging away, don't think we don't see the other false gods stuck up on the altars. Time enough for them, later. It may occur to you that the man who always wants to be fighting and the man who always wants to be reforming become bores.

But after all, what can we do—what can any publication do but lime-light the sore spots of our civilization so that you yourselves may see and cure them? True, illumination is quite an important function in the organizing of virtue. But think of what real opportunities some people have of putting their hands into the world's machine and setting the cogs and wheels aright. Take Brand Whitlock, for example. In this May number he has an article, "What Good Does It Do?" which we think is a most remarkable statement of conditions needing treatment. Now,

Brand Whitlock is more than a literary reformer, for he is Mayor of Toledo and has real power to straighten out wrongs. We do not go so far as he; do not agree with all he has to say—are not ready for a jail delivery by any means—but does he not make you feel that there is something dead wrong in our way of handling criminals, and punishing wrong-doers? Doubtless, Mr. Whitlock, with his franchise from the people to fool with the works, will attempt to set straight some of the things he writes about so ably. Our part will be to go on with the lime-lighting. If the present system of jailing men who do wrong has really no better result than recruiting and maintaining a criminal class, it is surely obvious that the system must be changed. We propose next to show the hopeless lot of the convict who has paid the penalty of his crime, and, liberated from jail, comes out again into the world and attempts to find work. I. K. Friedman, an able writer, who has devoted much time and thought to the subject, has given us an article that will appear in our June number, and later he will tell about the curious facts of juvenile crime, which seem to show that wrong-doing among minors is to be considered a disease rather than a sin, and requires treatment in a hospital instead of in a prison.

Whoever goes about setting the world straight finds his hands full. We suppose most of you have read what Arthur Reeve and John Fox and Carl Snyder have written in recent numbers of EVERYBODY'S about the killing and the maiming that go on through the daily grind of our industrial system—that great spectacle of commercial and manufacturing and transportation supremacy which is our national pride. Human life—the most sacred thing in all the world—is as ruthlessly sacrificed in our daily dollar fight as on the battle-field. This waste of men is far more cruel than the robberies of Wall Street, and many of us who in the average round of life hold ourselves blameless must be accomplices therein. The manufacturer who does not properly protect his machinery, the builder who is careless about the construction

of his scaffoldings, the railway managers who fail to take fair and honest precautions to guard their men against accidents—these are guilty of crimes against their race, and the burden and responsibility of this guilt should in some way be brought home to them. Without sensationalism, and with such clearness as can be commanded, we intend to keep on trying to make you realize the tragedies of industrial success—the dark shadows clustering about our prosperity. The thing is not right; it is not even profitable. It cannot pay us as a nation to kill and maim hundreds of thousands of people every year. If remedies are not suggested by the quickened conscience of a humane people, the brute necessity of economy will force some reorganizing of conditions, some limiting of speed, some remodeling of machinery that will put an end to this horror.

These are some of the big human subjects that we are attempting to elucidate for ourselves and our readers. Another series of articles that we have been laboring over for the past twelve months concerns the work of women—the part of women in industry. Do you know that to-day more women are at work in mills and factories than at any other period of the world's history? Why is this? What does it involve to our civilization? Under what conditions are the mothers of future Americans toiling; how are they paid; how do they live? These are phases of the problem we have been investigating. And we hope that when we are ready to bring out these articles, they'll be real, human documents—not mere masses of economic facts, but the embodiment of actual experiences and fraught with conviction and character.

However, we did not set out here to catalogue all our intentions. The other big features under way must be allowed to develop. We may say, though, that these are every bit as important and as interesting as those you have had from us in the past five months. We have gained so many new readers since the beginning of the year that we have the impression you are liking this new gait of ours. If the present rate of increase keeps up, the news-dealers of the country will have to their credit the sale of many hundreds of thousands more copies of *EVERYBODY'S* during the year 1907 than in 1906. Just ask your own news-dealer if this is not true. Or stop and consider the whys and wherefores of more pages of advertising in *EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE* these past two

months at \$500 per page, than in the pages of any of our friends and competitors.



REPORT TO BONDHOLDERS OF "EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE"

WE are now busy making definite arrangements for the installation of our printing-plant. We find that 40,000 square feet of floor space is necessary for the plant and offices, and we have under consideration several propositions for the erection of a building in the heart of New York City that shall be especially adapted to our requirements.

In the selection of our equipment we find ourselves confronted by a problem different from that of any other publisher, with possibly one or two exceptions. This is due to the number of copies that we are obliged to put to press every month, the high grade of printing that we exact, and the short time in which we are obliged to get out the magazine, because so many of our articles are timely and deal with current events. We must have at least twenty printing-presses, and some of those we propose to put in are of a new type, of which only two or three are now in operation in this country. They are much larger than the average and will take the paper from the roll, print it upon both sides, and deliver ninety-six pages of our magazine, folded, cut, and ready for binding, at the rate of 4,000 copies per hour.

The printing-press manufacturers require six months in which to build the first of our large presses, and can then deliver them at the rate of one press per month. We expect to be able to complete the installation of our equipment in time to print the May number of the magazine next year, which will be at the end of our present printing contract.



THE WEATHER BUREAU

WHAT is your opinion of the United States Weather Bureau Service? Are the governmental sharps successful prophets of meteorological conditions in your section of the country? We should be glad to have any light you can give us on the efficiency of this important department of Uncle Sam's business. Some of you, perhaps, have kept definite account of the predictions and of their fulfillment, and we should like you to send in to us such facts and figures.